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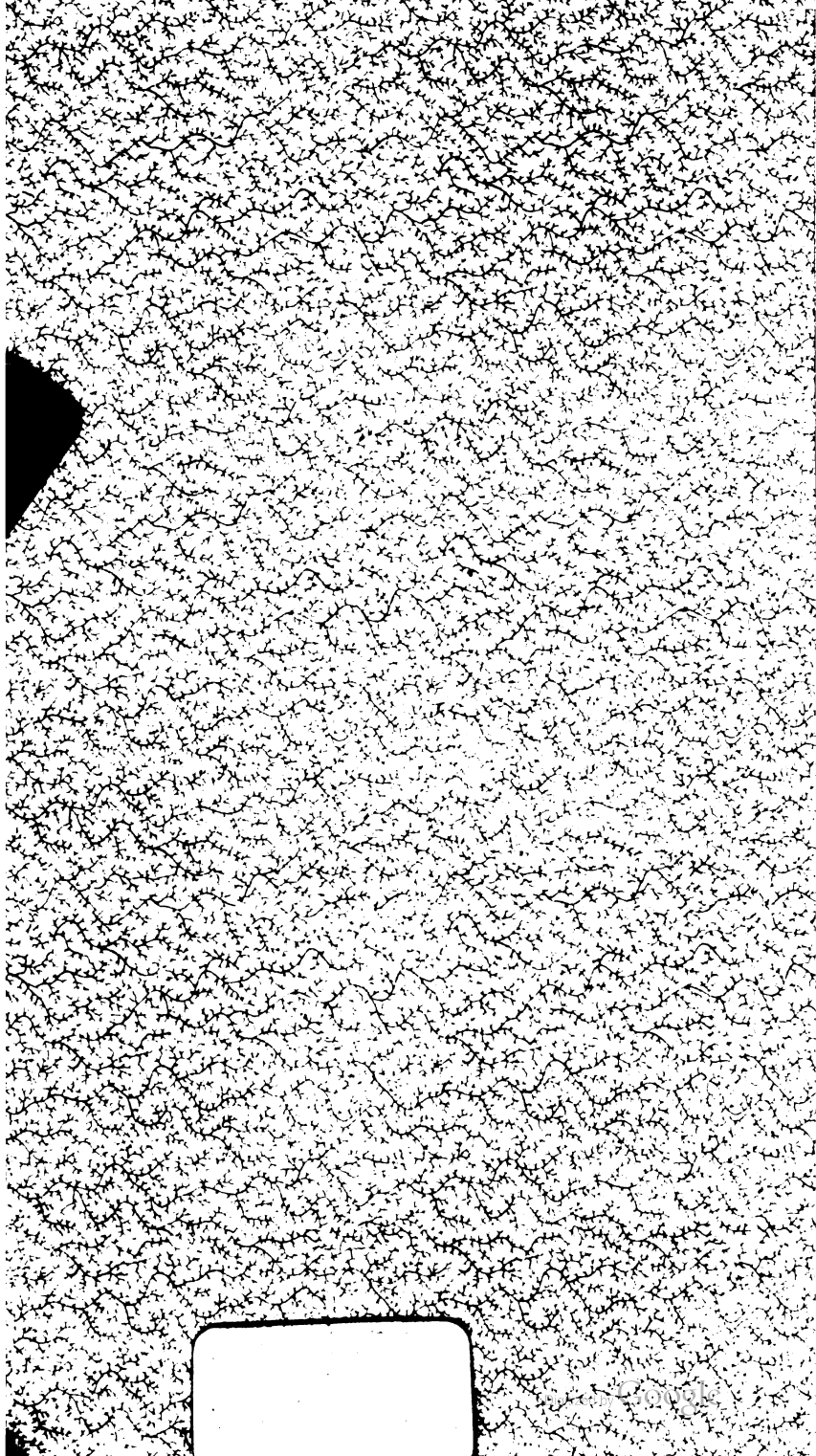
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THE CRITICAL REVIEW.

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Vol. XIV.

MAY, 1808.

No. I.

ART. I.—*Anecdotes of the Manners and Customs of London, during the eighteenth Century; including the Charities, Depravities, Dresses, and Amusements of the Citizens of London during that period; with a Review of the State of Society in 1807. To which is added a Sketch of the domestic and ecclesiastical Architecture, and of the various Improvements in the Metropolis. Illustrated by Fifty Engravings. By James Peller Malcolm, F.S.A. Author of Londinium Redivivum, &c. &c. 4to. price 2l. 6s. Longman. 1808.*

THE following sketch of the contents of this performance will convince the reader that he may expect much information and amusement in the perusal.

‘ Chap. 1. Persons of the aborigines of London.—Reasons why their descendants degenerated, and afterwards recovered their pristine beauty.—Causes of disease and distortion in parish children.—Sketch of the history of the Foundling-hospital.—Welsh charity school.—Miscellaneous anecdotes of numerous acts of charity.—Chap. 2. Anecdotes of depravity, from 1700 to 1800.—Chap. 3. Manners and customs, including many descriptions of folly which may be considered as ramifications of depravity; and others that rather excite mirth than reprehension.—Chap. 4. Eccentricity proved to be sometimes injurious, though often inoffensive.—Chap. 5. Publick methods of raising money exemplified in notices relating to lotteries, benefit societies, &c.—Chap. 6. The religious and political passions of the community illustrated by anecdotes of popular tumults.—Chap. 7. Amusements, detail of all its varieties.—Chap. 8. Anecdotes of dress and of the caprices of fashion.—Chap. 9. Domestic architecture traced from its origin to its present improved state in London; lighting and improving

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of streets, obstructions in them, ornaments, &c.—Chap. 10. The ecclesiastical architecture of London.—Chap. 11. Sculpture and painting.—Chap. 12. Sketch of the present state of society in London.'

List of Plates.

'Foundling Hospital: Bancroft's Almshouse: The Small Pox Hospital: The Plates of dress (chronologically): Croyden Palace: Brick Gateway near Bromley: The Views of Ancient and Modern Houses: Westminster Abbey (two plates): The Altar Pieces: The General Views.'

Such is the bill of fare which the industry of Mr. Malcolm has prepared: in which perhaps the generality will find many agreeable dishes and savoury ingredients. It is, however, rather a confused medley than a well assorted, or nicely selected entertainment. Mr. Malcolm has very industriously perused the public papers, periodical works, &c. of the last century; and from these he has culled as much matter as with his own head and tail-pieces of remark, explanation and connection, composed an ample quarto of 490 pages. It is impossible to give any thing like a complete analysis of a work, which is made up of insulated facts, and in which there is little method or continuity. All that we can do is to offer some detached specimens of the performance or to make a selection of such particulars as we think most likely to excite attention or to gratify curiosity. In traversing the pages of this bulky volume, we have sometimes been instructed and often amused; but on the whole we have experienced sensations of tediousness and languor, which the author will perhaps impute to our squeamishness of appetite or apathy of temperament; but which we are more willing to ascribe to the prolixity of the work: When the reader has taken the trouble to go through the book, we shall leave him to determine whether the critic be insensible, or the author occasionally dull. We should be unwilling to accuse Mr. Malcolm of practising the art of book-making, or of inserting every piece of information which came in his way relative to the manners, &c. of the metropolis in the eighteenth century; but we would willingly have dispensed with many of his details in which there is nothing either to edify or amuse.

In the first chapter Mr. Malcolm favours us with some information respecting the persons of the aborigines of this island, before the physical deterioration which he seems to

suppose that they underwent from an admixture of foreign blood, whether from Roman, from Saxon, or Danish veins.

'Then,' says Mr. Malcolm (meaning before the invasion of Cæsar) 'the hardy native stood erect in the full dignity and grace of nature, perfect from the hands of the Creator, and tinted with those pure colours which vary with the internal feelings. Cæsar doubtless found the males muscular and full of energy, the females graceful in their forms, and both wild and unrestrained in his estimation of manners; though probably they were such as we now admire in the savage, sincerity unpolished, and kindness roughly demonstrated.'

This, which by the bye, has little relation to the state of London in the eighteenth century, may serve as a specimen of that affected, stiff, and verbose style in which Mr. Malcolm *sometimes* thinks proper to indulge, and on which, we should fail in our duty to the public if we did not fix the seal of our utter reprobation. Perspicuity and ease, are among those constituent principles of good writing, which we should be unwilling to sacrifice for any of the starched refinements and elaborate perplexities of modern composition. When Mr. Malcolm tells us that Cæsar found the aborigines of Britain '*tinted with those pure colours which vary with the internal feelings,*' he seems to have forgotten that Cæsar himself tells us (B.G. lib. v.) that he found these 'hardy natives' and 'perfect forms,' bedizened with a coat of paint. And we leave our modern fine ladies to inform Mr. Malcolm whether this artificial *discoloration* were likely to serve as a mirror for the varying emotions of the breast.

In p. 4, Mr. Malcolm tell us, what we suppose he discovered after many nights of sleepless meditation, that

'There are in every human circle persons whose patriotism may be lulled; and glittering ornaments of dress and indolence soon produce unfavourable comparisons between the former and a naked limb, and the exertions of what is termed savage and the more refined conceptions of quiet life.'

Without staying to make any remarks on the phraseology or the structure of this sentence, we shall proceed to shew Mr. Malcolm as a collector of curious anecdotes and amusing details; in which he appears to much more advantage than as a philosopher or a rhetorician.

The greater mortality which formerly prevailed among the infant poor of the metropolis, and consequently the

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more cruel and injudicious treatment which they experienced in the middle of the last century, than at present, may be estimated by the following circumstance, that 'of the children born in workhouses or parish-houses or received at and under 12 months old in the year 1763 and following the same into 1764 and 1765, *only seven in one hundred* survived this short period.' This great mortality among the parish poor in the metropolis appears to have been considerably diminished by a parliamentary regulation 'that the parish infant poor within the bills of mortality should be sent into the country to be nursed at a distance not less than a certain number of miles from any part of the town.' From a return inserted in the journals of the house of commons in 1778, it appears that in 15 parishes and in the preceding eleven years out of 9217 children under six years old only 2042 had died; or rather more than one in five. The institution of the Foundling hospital, the first stone of which was laid in 1742 perhaps contributed to lessen the mortality among the infant population of the metropolis. This foundation owed its origin to the active benevolence of Captain Coram. It would be impossible for us barely to enumerate all the acts of public and of private charity which Mr. M. recapitulates in his first chapter. We can select only a few; but we have perused the whole with that serenity of delight which the contemplation of beneficence seldom fails to inspire. Public institutions, such as hospitals, asylums, &c. which were founded by the charity of the last century, and are supported by that of the present, must strike the eye, if they do not soften the heart of every person who visits the metropolis. They need not our commemoration; but there are some acts of private charity of which we shall be happy to make our journal the means of reviving the recollection.

In the year 1764 some Germans to the number of 600 had left their native country under the promise of being conveyed to the island of St. John and Le Croix in America, where they were to be established at the expense of the person who had encouraged them to emigrate. But the contriver of this scheme instead of conveying them to the place of destination, had brought them to England and left them to perish in the neighbourhood of London. Some of them lay during the heavy rains in the open fields adjacent to the metropolis, without money, clothes, or food; and exposed to all the extremities of hunger and disease. A party of these famishing strangers were languishing in the fields near Bow, where it is asserted that they had not

eaten for two days, when a baker passing along the road with a basket on his shoulder, containing 28 two-penny loaves, threw it down and observed that his customers must fast a little longer that day, while he distributed the bread among this afflicted and grateful group. Mr. Wachsel, minister of the German Lutheran church, in Little Ayliffe-street, Goodmans fields, exerted himself with exemplary diligence in favour of his suffering countrymen, who altogether amounted to six hundred, men, women, and children. Subscriptions were opened; food and necessaries were provided for these poor emigrants; a sum was raised sufficient to convey them to America; and government appropriated lands in South Carolina for their support. 'The parting between these poor people and their guardian Wachsel was exceedingly affecting; nor were their expressions of gratitude to the inhabitants of London less fervent who accompanied them in boats.' M. Mahomet, a Turk, and a valet de chambre to George I. is said to have discharged near 300 persons from prison for small sums since his coming into England. In August, 1717, a person unknown 'released thirty persons from Whitechapel prison, cloathed them, gave them a dinner, and 2s. 6d. each; six months afterwards the same benevolent unknown repeated his charities at Whitechapel, and released all confined for small debts, one of whom was imprisoned near six months for 5s. 6d. which had been swelled by charges and fees to 40s.' In 1719, the same beneficent unknown released thirty-five poor debtors at Whitechapel, besides giving them money as before. In 1720, on an examination of the Marshalsea books, it appeared that 'upwards of eleven hundred persons, confined for small debts, had been discharged within three years by the charitable contributions of Roman Catholics.' *Faith may be of many sects, but CHARITY is OF NONE.*

We shall pass rapidly over chapter II. which contains anecdotes of depravity, for the last century. It is the general supposition, that the present times are worse than the preceding, and that there was more virtue in the days of our grandfathers and grandmothers than in our own. We have never entertained this opinion; and we think that this chapter in the work of Mr. Malcolm will prove that it is not true. If we compare the present population of the metropolis with that in the beginning of the last century, we shall find that the instances of depravity are altogether less frequent; and that some vices were more prevalent among our ancestors than among us. Amongst these we may reckon drunkenness, obscenity of language, which seems, at that

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time, to have been almost essential to give a zest to the dialogue of the theatres, and which we may be certain was much more frequent than at present in the idiom of private conversation, the practice of cruel sports, which are now almost disused, as cock-fighting, bear-baiting, bull-baiting, cudgel playing, &c.

In the year 1700 the number of persons who were condemned at the Old Bailey, in the space of four years, amounted to 696, of whom 301 were reprieved, and 301 executed.

'In the mayoralty of Sir Francis Child, 1732, five hundred and two persons were indicted at the Old Bailey, seventy of whom received sentence of death; 308 of transportation; eight were fined, imprisoned, or pilloried; four burnt in the hand; four whipped, and 288 acquitted.'

Common begging, fortune-telling, necromancy, guinea-dropping, quackery, swindling, gaming, pocket-picking, and every species of fraud, imposition, and outrage, aided by those powerful incentives to immorality called gin-shops, seem to have been practised with more frequency than in the present period. Manners were more gross, education was less common; and whatever the croaking hypochondriacs of the present day may say to the contrary, virtue rather than vice is always the effect of a diffused literature, and an increasing civilization. Even gaming, which is certainly one of our crying sins, was yet, perhaps, more rife in the times of which we are speaking. In 1718, this vice was so prevalent, that the leet jury of Westminster presented no less than thirty-five houses to the justices, for prosecution. The present "*society for the suppression of vice*," no doubt, think that they have to do with a degenerate race, "*pejor avis*;" but the '*society for the reformation of manners*,' in the early part of the eighteenth century, seem to have had stronger reason to make the same complaint. For, from a statement of their proceedings, it appears that they had prosecuted from December 1, 1724, to December 1, 1725, two thousand five hundred and six persons for keeping lewd and disorderly houses, swearing, drunkenness, gaming, and proceeding in their usual occupation on Sundays. The total amount of their prosecutions for thirty-four years amounted to the amazing number of ninety-one thousand eight hundred and ninety-nine.'

Among his instances of depravity Mr. Malcolm classes the Cock-lane ghost, because the *knockings* of the celebrated ventriloquist Miss Fanny Parsons were designed to encourage the belief that Mr. —, had poisoned a woman with

whom he had cohabited. The father of Fanny was clerk to the parish of St. Sepulchre; and two years seem to have been employed by him, his wife, and daughter, in getting up this serio-comic drama, before the representation excited general attention. But in 1762, the report became very prevalent that strange and unaccountable noises were heard in the house of Parsons who lived in Cock-lane near West Smithfield. The whole town was soon agitated with the marvellous tale; and, though the noise was never heard till Fanny was in bed; yet it was some time before the imposition was discovered or the physical cause was known. The noises were believed to proceed from some departed spirit in order to bring to light the deed of blood, which is mentioned above. Many gentlemen of rank and character, at the invitation of the Rev. Mr. Aldrich of Clerkenwell, went into the church at midnight, and two of them descended into the vault where the person, who was said to have been poisoned, was interred. Here the ghost which tenanted the viscera of Fanny, had promised to give notice of its presence by a knock upon the coffin of the deceased. The spirit was adjured to perform its promise, but the invocation was in vain. The person, supposed to be accused by the spirit, then descended into the tomb with several others but no effect was perceived. The principal actors in this iniquitous scheme were afterwards brought to trial;—Parsons was ordered to be imprisoned for two years, and to stand three times in the pillory; his wife was imprisoned for one year and their servant for six months. The stock of popular credulity with respect to apparitions seems to have experienced a considerable diminution within the last fifty years; for a similar attempt to impose even on the belief of the vulgar would we believe, at present, meet with nothing but derision and neglect. In the beginning of the last century the tradesmen seem to have been constant attendants on the morning prayers;—but, if we may credit contemporary evidence, the practice did not exert any favorable influence on their morals. A weekly paper called the Dutch prophet which was published at the commencement of the century says,

' Wednesday, several shopkeepers near St. Paul's, will rise before six; be upon their knees at chapel a little after; promise God Almighty to live soberly and righteously before seven; take half a pint of sack and a dash of gentian before eight; tell fifty lies behind their counters by nine; and spend the rest of the morning over tea and tobacco at Child's coffee-house.

Fleet marriages were common in 1723. An author of the time says, 'It is pleasant to see certain fellows plying by

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Fleet-bridge to take poor sailors, &c. into the noose of matrimony every day throughout the week, and the clock at their offices for that purpose *still standing at the canonical hour*, though perhaps the time of the day be six or seven in the afternoon.

In p. 170—6. Mr. Malcolm exhibits from Read's Weekly Journal a long account of the marriage of the Prince of Wales, the father of his present majesty, which took place in 1736. There were some circumstances in that ceremony which must seem rather repugnant to the notions of modern delicacy and refinement. After a magnificent repast,

‘ Their majesties retired to the apartment of his royal highness the prince of Wales; the bride was conducted to her bed chamber and the bride-groom to his dressing room, where the duke undressed him, and his majesty did his royal highness the honour to put on his shirt. The bride was undressed by the princesses, and being in bed in a rich undress, his majesty came into the room, and the prince following soon after in a night-gown of silver stuff, and cap of the finest lace, the quality were admitted to see the bride and bridegroom sitting up in the bed, surrounded by all the royal family.’

The ancient, rough, and intractable behaviour of John Bull, is not badly exemplified in the following. In August 1737 the prince of Wales, on account of the birth of a daughter, treated the populace with some barrels of beer and a bonfire before Carlton house. The liquor was pronounced bad, and the people threw it into each other's faces, and the barrels into the fire. The prince with great good humour ordered the same quantity of beer from a different brewer, with which he regaled his turbulent guests on the succeeding night, and they were pleased to be satisfied with the entertainment. We believe that the manners of the populace of London, during the greater part of the last century, are not very inaccurately represented in M. Grosley's journey to the metropolis. Some slight allowance must indeed be made for the irritation of a Frenchman who had himself felt the want of civility, which he describes. They

‘ are as insolent a rabble as can be met with in countries without law or police. The French at whom their rudeness is chiefly levelled would be in the wrong to complain, since even the better sort of Londoners are not exempt from it. Inquire of them your way to a street; if it be upon the right they direct you to the left, or they send you from one of their vulgar comrades to another. The most shocking abuse and ill language make a part of their pleasantry upon these occasions. To be assailed in such a manner it is not absolutely necessary to be engaged in conversation with them, it is suff-

ficient to pass by them. My French air, notwithstanding the simplicity of my dress, drew upon me at the corner of every street, a volley of abusive litanies, in the midst of which I slipped on, returning thanks to God I did not belong to them. The constant burthen of these litanies was French dog, French b——; to make any answer to them was accepting a challenge to fight.'

Mr. Malcolm's fourth chapter is entitled 'eccentricity proved to be sometimes injurious though often inoffensive.' We could willingly have spared Mr. Malcolm the necessity of exhibiting any proofs on this occasion; most of the anecdotes which he has scraped together are destitute of interest. We are more pleased with faithful delineations of general nature, than with the account of any anomalous productions. Among other pieces of information exhibited by Mr. Malcolm, we are told that 'two gentlemen laid a wager that they would eat a bushel of tripe, and drink four bottles of wine within an hour; that Mr. Elderton, an avaricious farmer at Bow, suffered himself to be confined in Newgate, where he died, rather than pay his assessments in common with his neighbours; that James Austin, out of gratitude to the purchasers of his *Persian ink powder*, determined to regale his customers with a pudding which was to be boiled for fourteen days and to consume a bushel of coals in the operation; that Mr. Dyche an obstinate nonjuror made a solemn vow some time before his death *not to shift his linen* till the pretender was seated on the throne of these realms.' These, with many other instances of folly or caprice which it would be tedious to relate, are detailed by the author, and perhaps in the present rage for desultory reading, they will render his performance a favourite of the circulating libraries. At p. 264, &c. we have an abridgment of the life, robberies, escapes, and death of John Sheppard who was executed at Tyburn in 1724. This celebrated depredator told a gentleman on the morning of his execution that 'he had then a satisfaction at heart, as if he was going to enjoy an estate of 200l. a year.' Next follows some account of Mr. Jonathan Wild, who had formed a sort of corporation of thieves, of which he was the acknowledged head, but he had such a sense of justice in his composition, that he took care to have those brought to the gallows, who concealed their booty or did not share it with him. This notable offender eluded the arm of the law for about fifteen years.

In 1736, a laudable attempt was made to suppress the excessive use of gin; and the resentment of the populace became so very turbulent that they even presumed to explain in the streets, 'No gin, no king;' Whatever respect

we may have for the exclamation, 'No bishop, no king;' we do not think that either monarchy or any other government needs the support of this pernicious distillation. In 1738 the numbers convicted under the act for preventing the excessive use of spirituous liquors, amounted to 4896. We pass over the numerous instances of popular vengeance and private outrage, which Mr. Malcolm details in his sixth chapter; and which are interesting as far as they shew the spirit of the times. The disposition and manners of the people have undergone a very considerable change since the period of which we are speaking; and the John Bull of 1808 is certainly a much more quiescent and passive animal than the John Bull even of the beginning of the present reign. The weight of taxation may have had some effect in producing this change; but perhaps the increase of civilization has had more. As far as the influence of taxation has extended, it has been morally deleterious in its operation on the character of the people; it has at once increased the mass of indigence and idleness; but the malignant influence of taxation has been, in a great measure, counteracted in its vitiating tendencies, by the diffusion of knowledge and the improved modes of social life..

In 1701 the grand jury of the county of Middlesex presented that the plays which were acted in Drury-lane and Lincoln's-inn fields were

' Full of prophane, irreverent, lewd, indecent and immoral expressions, and tended to the great displeasure of Almighty God, and to the corruption of the auditory both in their principles and their practices. " We also present," say they " that the common acting of plays in the said play-houses very much tends to the debauching and ruining the youth resorting thereto, and to the breach of the peace, and are the occasions of many riots, routs and disorderly assemblies, whereby many murders and other misdemeanors have been frequently done, &c.

Will the ranting methodist or the desponding religionist pretend that in this respect we are not only not worse; but preeminently better than our ancestors? Mr. Burder and many others of the same sect may rail against the present state of the theatres; yet we believe that the manner in which they are conducted merits extraordinary commendation when compared with the unrestrained profligacy and licentious practices of former times.

In 1715-16 was one of the hardest frosts ever known; the Thames was consolidated into a quarry of ice. Mr. Malcolm has extracted from Dawke's News Letter of Jan. 14th

the following curious account of the busy scene which prevailed on the frozen stream.

‘The Thames seems now a solid rock of ice; and booths, for the sale of brandy, wine, ale, and other exhilarating liquors have been fixed there for some time. But now it is in a manner like a town: thousands of people cross it, and with wonder view the mountainous heaps of water, that now lie congealed into ice. On Thursday a great cook’s shop was erected there and gentlemen went as frequently to dine as at any ordinary. Over against Westminster, Whitehall, and White-friars, printing-presses are kept upon the ice, where many persons have their names printed to transmit the wonders of the season to their posterity.’

Among the *humane* amusements of the metropolis about this period, we read of a leopard being baited to death in an amphitheatre at the back of Soho-square; and soon after we are told of a proposal to

‘Exhibit an African tiger on a stage four feet high and worried by six bull and bear dogs for one hundred pounds; a mad bull and a bear, both covered with fireworks; and lest those pleasant spectacles should fail to amuse, six young men were to play at blunts; or in other words, he that broke most heads obtained the prize.’

However much we may condemn the barbarism of the practice, we have still but little comparative objection to a number of human beings combining either for play or pay to break each others heads, *with their own consent*, but our indignation is most keenly excited when we behold human beings torturing dumb animals *without their consent*. When a bull gives permission to a greater brute than himself to bait him to death with dogs, we will allow that something like a sanction is given to the sport; but we do not conceive that we can plead any thing like a justifiable excuse for making a pastime of the sufferings of any part of the irrational creation. Some persons have thought that bull baiting and other savage sports have a tendency to keep up the courageous qualities, and to kindle a *martial spirit* in the breast. But as far as we have observed, we are conscious that the contrary is true; and that the cruelty which is evinced in the infliction of pain on the mute and unoffending creation, is always less intimately allied to courage than to cowardice. We have often heard of butchers shrinking from trials of danger or of suffering which the peaceful husbandman who never had his *courage* hardened by knocking down an ox, or cutting the throat of a sheep would encounter without fear. At the battle of Minden we

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have read of the gallantry displayed by a company of tailors, but we never yet heard of a company of *bull-baiters* or *butchers* being signalized by their military prowess or their heroic deeds.

We have not yet ceased to encourage boxing, though we seem to consider it as exclusively a masculine *amusement*; but in June 1722, two female pugilists made a *public spectacle of their prowess* in the Bear-garden at Hockley-in-the-Hole. Mr. Malcolm has detailed the challenge which was sent on this occasion by Elizabeth Wilkinson of Clerkenwell to Hannah Hyfield of Newgate. Though many of the follies of past times have ceased to be practised or remembered, yet most of the follies of the present time seem to have had their counterpart in the past. Thus our recent passion for the dramatic performances of young masters and misses just out of the nursery, was anticipated in the year 1728, when the Beggars Opera was performed at the theatre in Lincoln's-inn Fields by a company of *children*.

The following anecdote of Sir Robert Walpole, is characteristic of the times and of the man. In 1733, Sir Robert Walpole was present at a pantomimic entertainment called 'Love runs all Dangers,' when one of the actors presumed to hint at the minister's intended excise act.

'At the conclusion of the performance his lordship went behind the scenes, and demanded of the prompter whether the offensive words were part of the play; upon receiving an assurance they were not, he gave the actor a severe beating.'

In 1749, the Duke of Montague, in concert with some other wits, made the following curious experiment on the credulity of the public: They gave out that, on the 16th of January a man at the little theatre should get into a quart bottle and sing in it. This notice attracted an 'overflowing audience, who waited without music and with exemplary patience till eight o'clock.' The contrivers of the scheme now found that they had carried the joke too far, and began to be apprehensive for the consequences. A general riot ensued; and the boxes, benches, scenes, &c. of the theatre were demolished.

In p. 395, we have a long account of a dispute between Mr. Harris and Mr. Colman respecting the management of Covent Garden theatre, which is ushered in with this *novel* observation that 'partnerships too frequently produce dissension and a struggle for individual power.' Mr. Malcolm might have added to the spirit and interest of his work

by omitting such superfluous details. The author opens his ninth chapter in the following *elevated* tone, in which he communicates this *important* information, that

‘The annual movement of the sun to the south renders it an indisputable fact, that the northern climate of England must have made huts or caves indispensably necessary to the inhabitants at least five months of each twelve, from the hour that our country was peopled. *Ideas* are useless on such a subject; *sensation* is sufficient; and instinct which compels a brute to seek shelter under ground or in a hollow tree from the inclemency of the season, cannot have been so far denied to the Briton as to lead him to other expedients less calculated to answer his purpose. I do not hesitate, therefore, to assert that our aborigines fortified existence in caverns natural and artificial, &c.’

In this chapter we are presented with a very amusing extract from Sir William Davenant on the antient state of the metropolis. This account is not a little ludicrous; but seems to have been historically correct.—We can exhibit only a short specimen.

‘Sure your ancestors contrived your narrow streets in the days of wheelbarrows, before those greater engines, *carts*, were invented. Is your climate so *hot* that as you walk you need umbrellas of tiles to intercept the sun? Or are your shambles so empty, that you are afraid to take in fresh air, lest it should sharpen your *stomachs*? Oh the *goodly* landscape of old *Fish-street*! The garrets are so made, that opposite neighbours may shake hands without stirring from home.’

In this picture of the capital, Sir William Davenant notices with a merited severity of reproof, the harsh discipline which the parents of that day exercised towards their children; which was very generally continued to within the verge of the present times, but which has latterly yielded to a system of more endearing familiarity and more tender indulgence.

‘You seem,’ says Sir William, addressing the parents of those days, ‘to make use of authority whilst they are young, as if you knew it would not continue till their manhood; you begin with them in such rough discipline, as if they were born mad and you meant to frighten them into their wits again, before they had any to lose. When they increase in years, you make them strangers, keeping them at such distance out of jealousy, lest they should presume to be your companions, that, when they reach manhood, they use you as if they were none of your acquaintance, &c.’

Next follows the well-known letter from Erasmus to Dr.

14 *Malcolm's Anecdotes of London during the 18th Century.*

Francis, physician to Cardinal Wolsey, in which he describes the disgusting interior of the houses in the metropolis in the reign of Henry VIII. He represents the floors as made of clay covered with rushes, the lower part of which was sometimes suffered to remain for twenty years together, and containing an accumulated mass of filth of every description, from which in hot and close weather the most noxious effluvia were exhaled. 'Heaven be praised,' says Mr. Malcolm, 'that old London *was burnt*.' We are ready to accord in this ejaculation, as the fire prevented the re-appearance of the plague. The improvements in point of cleanliness which have taken place in the metropolis within the last century, must have been highly favourable to the health, and we think morals of the people. We hold cleanliness to be a branch of ethics; and we do not think it possible that virtue should long dwell in filth and nastiness. 'Globular lamps were introduced by Michael Cole' in 1708; the streets had been previously very sparingly and *obscurely* lighted by a few lanterns, with candles in the middle. Previous to the year 1768, London offered no smooth and convenient footway, as at present, for the pedestrian. The law requires every housekeeper to remove the soil from the pavement before his door, under a penalty of five shillings; in many cases this salutary regulation is not sufficiently enforced. In his twelfth chapter, Mr. Malcolm professes to exhibit 'a sketch of the present state of society in London;' in which we do not meet with much sagacity of remark or novelty of information. Take an instance of his common-place details:

'The reader must recollect, that, *when a family is without visitors it is governed by greater regularity*. Many merchants and rich tradesmen pass much of their leisure time at coffee houses; and dinners are commonly given at those places.'

In describing the domestic modes of the nobility, and rich gentry in the metropolis, Mr. Malcolm says,

'Breakfast often makes its appearance at the tradesman's hour of dining; though, in some well-regulated families there is far more rationality. Novels, newspapers, magazines, reviews, and little articles contrived to attract the fancy, are spread abroad in the breakfast room, and afford amusement and conversation while the *languid operation* of eating is performing.'

We do not believe that there is, in general, so much *languor* in this operation of eating, as Mr. M. seems to

suppose. But, perhaps, Mr. M. will think that we judge of the morning appetite of others by our own; and that we reviewers have appetites like wolves, and are ready to devour mountains of toast when they come in our way. The author ends his smooth-papered volume, of 490 pages, with the following sentence: 'Such are the follies of many; but thanks to heaven! there are numbers of our nobility and gentry who live and act for the general benefit of mankind. And now VALE LONDINIUM.' We will add vale, Mr. Malcolm. We have been indebted to you for some information and amusement, but should have been more gratified with the perusal of your work, if you had exhibited more judgment in the selection of the materials, and had not swelled the bulk by a number of futile, irrelevant, and incongruous details.

ART. II.—*Specimens of English Prose Writers from the earliest Times to the Close of the Seventeenth Century, with Sketches Biographical and Literary, including an Account of Books, as well as of their Authors. With Occasional Criticisms, &c.* By George Burnett. 3 Vols. crown 8vo. 11. 7s. Longman. 1807.

AFTER the history of men and manners, perhaps no researches are more worthy of a philosophical, nor more pleasant to an enquiring mind, than those which we make into the origin, progress, and revolutions, of letters. The affinity which exists between these interesting subjects of investigation, struck Horace so forcibly many ages ago, that, in order to express the changeful and perishable nature of language, he had recourse to a parody on Homer's beautiful description of mortality.

Like leaves on trees, the race of words is found,* &c.

Not only is the resemblance accurate, but the connection is very close in many essential points. The literature of

* Ut sylvæ foliis pronos mutantur in annos,
Prima cadunt: ita verborum vetus interit ætas,
Et juvenum ritu florent modo nata vigentque.
Debemur morti nos nostræque.

Hor. Ars. Poet. 60.

past ages presents us with a view of the state of society and manners in those ages, and necessarily involves some of the most important objects of history in its examination. In fact, it becomes very difficult to separate the two pursuits, so intimately are they united, and so immediate is their dependence upon each other. One man may determine to devote himself exclusively to the study of history, and another to that of philology; yet the philologist must be an historian also, and the historian will do little without the aid of the philologist.

For this reason, such a compilation as that presented to us by Mr. Burnet is not to be considered as a mere work of amusement, but as an useful auxiliary to the most important labours. Its utility, in this light, must of course be proportionate to the degree of perfection with which it is executed; and, though it would be too much to say of a collection so new in its kind, that nothing which might be essential is omitted, or that all which is inserted, is deserving of insertion, yet we have sufficient cause to praise the general good sense and discernment of the author, and criticism would be as idle as ungracious on a work so unassuming in its pretensions.

Mr. Burnett informs us that 'the idea of this compilation was suggested by Mr. Ellis's *Specimens of early English Poets*;' of which work it may be considered in some degree as forming a counterpart. 'My first intention,' he continues,

'Was, to exhibit simply a chronological series of selections, as specimens of the progress of English prose style, without any other comment or observation than short biographical notices, of the several authors, like those in the two last volumes of Mr. Ellis. But I soon reflected, that a bare list of unconnected, often of incomplete passages, would probably afford but a meagre entertainment to the general reader; and that a useful principle of connection may be communicated by the interspersing of such remarks and historical matter, as should tend to elucidate the progress of our national literature, as well as language. Conceiving, too, that a work of this nature is likely to fall into the hands of young and uninformed readers, I have thought it of consequence to mark distinctly the great literary æras, with a view less to give information, than to stimulate enquiry. For various literary sketches and remarks (particularly, however, in the first volume,) I have been indebted to Warton's *History of English Poetry*; in a slight degree also to Mr. Godwin's *Life of Chaucer*. My general source for the lives has been the *Biographia Britannica*. Other sources are referred to, where it could be of any utility. It were idle to make a display

of authorities in a work which has no pretensions to originality even of compilement. Indeed, I consider myself as having done little more, than collected into a convenient form and arrangement, some information (I hope entertaining and useful) before incommodiously dispersed either in scarce or cumbrous volumes.'

In order to add 'to the convenience of the work, as a book of occasional reference,' the author has generally inserted 'lists of the different productions of the several writers' and frequently 'a brief account of principal works.' He continues to inform us of the principles adopted by him in the choice of extracts, which are certainly judicious, and from which he appears seldom to have made any glaring deviations. In a subsequent paragraph, he amply apologizes for any faults of selection.

After modestly stating the advantages which he thinks may be derived from his work, and which in our opinion, he rather underrates than magnifies, he proceeds in the following terms:

'Still, however, I do not present these volumes as a work of much research. I have examined scarcely at all into MS. stores; and have been more solicitous to give an account of authors who possess a permanent value, than of productions valuable only as *curious* relics of past literary ages. I considered also, that within the limits I thought proper to assign myself, the number of names might have been too great, as well as too little: for, as prose has not the advantage of poetry, (in which a sonnet is as complete as an 'epic poem') the extracts in the former case could rarely, from their brevity, have possessed a distinct and independent value. It seemed therefore more rational to allot to great and valuable authors a tolerable space, that the specimens exhibited from them might give the reader no incompetent idea of their respective excellencies, or peculiarities.'

He has adopted, throughout, the modern orthography, which he attempts to justify on grounds that we do not altogether approve. To the history of language, this peculiarity is essential; and its absence in a work of this nature, savours too much of the tasteless spirit displayed by most of our historians, in whose indiscriminate style the manners and habits of the heroes of chivalry are confounded with those more familiar to themselves, who make the rude councils of our antient barons proceed on the same system of policy with the refined cabinets of modern Europe, and detail the bold exploits of a Black Prince in the same phrases which they apply to the campaigns of a Marlborough or a Bonaparte.

At the same time we are aware of the difficulties attendant on a close adherence to the spirit of antiquity in the point of orthography. Not that we conceive those persons whose judgments are worthy of being consulted likely to be repelled by the quaintness, or disgusted by the barbarism, of the antique garb; but because, 'from the early multiplication of copies of books, and from the alterations made by successive transcribers before the invention of printing; and by different editors since;' it will be in many cases, very difficult, and in some perhaps impossible, to ascertain the true orthography. But such obstacles should rather serve as a stimulus to the undertaking, than as a dissuasive from it. Mr. Burnett informs us that it 'once occurred to him 'to print a few sentences, or a short passage in each author, in the ancient manner,' and that he may probably adopt this measure at a future time, should his work obtain the public approbation. This, if executed with sufficient care, would certainly, in a great measure, answer the end proposed. But still we confess that we should be more satisfied, ourselves, by a general, than by a partial, adoption of the original orthography.

The series opens with a single writer under the reign of Edward the third, our old entertaining liar, Mandeville. His propensity to the marvellous has brought him into great disrepute; but we ought to recollect that there must, probably, have been some foundation even for his lies; and that, in sifting their origin, romantic as they are, a great deal of very curious truth may still be discovered. The extracts here given are among the most miraculous of all his miracles. 'Of Hippocras's daughter transformed from a woman into a dragon,' and 'of the devil's head in the valley Perilous.' With regard to the first, even Vertot relates with gravity the story of a knight of Malta who acquired immortal honour by combating a dragon in the Isle of Rhodes; and, without presuming to discover who was the daughter of Hippocras, we cannot help suspecting that the two stories have a similar origin.

Under the reign of Richard the second, we are presented with a work of much greater importance, though but a translation, 'The first Prose Chronicle in the English Language.' The original work, 'Polychronicon,' was compiled by Higden, a Benedictine of the preceding reign, in Latin; and this translation was the work of John de Trevisa, a Cornish-man, who undertook it at the request of Thomas lord Berkeley about the year 1387. The work is prefaced by a 'dialogue on the utility of translations,' and afterwards follows a dedication to lord Berkeley. We copy the following extract

for the sake of the excellent rule contained in it, which we recommend to the serious consideration of all future translators.

‘Wealth and worship to my worthy and worshipful Lord Thomas, Lord of Barkley. I John Trevisa, your priest and *bedeman*, obedient and *buxom* to work your will, hold in heart, think in thought, and mean in mind your needful meaning and speech that ye spake and said, that ye would have English translation of Ranulph of Chester's Books of Chronicles. Therefore I will *fond* to take that travail, and make English translation of the same books, as God granteth me grace. For blame of backbiters will I not *blinne* for envy of enemies, for evil spiting and speech of evil speakers will I not *leave* to do this deed: for travail will I not spare. Comfort I have in needful making and pleasing to God, and in knowing that I *wote* that it is your will.

‘For to make this translation clear, and plain, to be knowth and understanden, in some place, I shall set word for word, and active for active, and passive for passive, arow, right as it standeth, without changing of the order of words. But in some places I must change the order of words, set active for passive, and *againword*; and in some places I must set a reason for a word, and tell what it meaneth. But for all such changing, the meaning shall stand and not be changed. But some words and names of countries, of lands, of cities, of waters, of rivers, of mountains and hills, of persons, and of places, must be set and stand for themselves in their own kind; as Asia, Europā, Africa, and Syria; Mount Atlas, Sinai, and Oreb; Maenah, Jordan, and Armon; Bethlem, Nazareth, Jerusalem, and Damascus; Hannibal; Rasin, Ahsuerus and Cyrus; and many such words and names. If any man make of these Books of Chronicles a better English translation and more profitable, God *do him meed*. And by cause ye make me do this *meedful* deed, he that *quiteth* all good deeds, *quite your meed*, in the bliss of heaven, in wealth and liking with all the holy saints of mankind, and the nine orders of angels; as angels, archangels, principates, potestates, virtues, dominations, thrones, cherubin and seraphin, to see God in his blissful face in joy withouten any end. Amen.’

The Polychronicon was afterwards continued by Caxton, from 1357 where the original ended, to 1460. The following observation contains an important fact in the history of our language:

‘What Caxton says of Trevisa's translation is remarkable. In the course of a hundred and twenty years, the time which had elapsed between that translation and its being printed by him, it appears that the language had undergone such alterations, that many words used by Trevisa had ceased to be employed, and even to be understood. This great change was especially pro-

noted by the renowned poets Chaucer and Gower, to whom the early improvement of our language is chiefly to be attributed.'

Many other curious remarks occur in this place on the mutability of our language and the diversity of dialects in Caxton's time; but our limits restrain us from enlarging on them. We will, however, ask Mr. Burnett whether it would not have been more consistent with his general plan if he had deferred all observation on this continuation of Caxton's, till he came regularly to the period of its composition?

Trevisa conferred a still greater obligation on his country than the work we have mentioned, by a translation of the Old and New Testament.—Mr. Burnett apprehends that no copy of this translation is now in existence, and he afterwards mentions it as probable that it consisted only of particular portions of the Bible.

We are now naturally introduced to the venerable Wicliffe who appears justly entitled to the praise of being the first *entire* translator of the Bible.

Then follows *Chaucer*, of whom we have an interesting biographical sketch extracted from the massy volumes of Godwin and a curious passage from his Translation of Boethius. The English language received many lasting improvements under the hands of this great father of our poetry, principally, as Mr. B. remarks, from his acquaintance with the Provencal, then the most polished dialect of Europe.

In the article of Bishop Pecock (temp. Henry VI.) we are presented with an antidote to the poison which we may have imbibed from the heresies of Wicliffe. The character which Mr. Burnett has drawn of this orthodox prelate is justified by the long extracts he has given from his "Repressor."

'Reynold Pecock was evidently a man of strong parts, and of learning far superior to those of his time. He was not only skilled in all the subtleties of the logic and divinity of the schoolmen, but had studied with deep attention the law of nature and nations. He was at once acute and eloquent. But his talents were unhappily engaged in the hopeless attempt to defend the absurd doctrines and usages of the church of Rome, on the principles of reason. To his praise, however, be it said, that he always conducted his opposition with great moderation and candour. He patiently listened to the arguments of his antagonists, without replying to them, as was the custom with the rest of his order, with insult and outrage. This gentleness and forbearance towards heretics, (even more than his heretical opinions) were the cause of his persecution. The following short prayer, composed

by himself in English, as it exhibits a picture of the benignity and candour of his mind, deserves to be transcribed :

' O thou Lord Jesu, God and man, head of thy Christian church, and teacher of Christian belief, I beseech thy mercy, thy pity and thy charity; far be this said peril [of implicit faith] from the Christian church, and from each person therein contained; and shield thou, that this venom be never brought into thy church; and if thou suffer it to be any while brought in, I beseech thee, that it be soon again outspit; but suffer thou, ordain, and do that the law and the faith, which thy chosen at any time keepeth, be received and admitted to fall under this examination—whether it be the same very faith which those of thine apostles taught or no, and whether it hath sufficient evidences for it to be very faith or no:

Sir John Fortescue is next noticed, and ample specimens given from his book, 'On the Difference between an absolute and limited Monarchy,' which was published in 1714 by judge Fortescue Aland. This work is indeed a glorious relique of antiquity, since it teaches us how long-established and how venerable are our proud claims of national freedom.

The book we have mentioned and his more celebrated production 'De Laudibus Legum Angliæ,' are his only printed works; but the MSS. of his writing scattered about in different libraries are numerous and many of them invaluable. We cannot but express our wish that some able person (why not Mr. Burnett himself?) would profit by the suggestion contained in the following paragraph.

'The works of Fortescue contain many facts relative to some of the darkest periods of our history, together with various notices, interesting to the antiquarian. There can be no doubt, therefore, that several of his MSS. which still are extant, may be printed with advantage.'

The publication of 'Fenn's letters' is so fresh in the memory of most of our readers, that we shall make no observation respecting them, except that Mr. Burnett has very judiciously inserted considerable extracts which illustrate, not only the style, but the history of the times.

The next article is that of 'Caxton' which is prefaced by a short but interesting account of the progress of French literature previous to the period of his writing. Caxton is usually known only as father of the art of printing in England. But his services to literature were not confined to that most essential benefit. He translated the greatest number of the works he printed; and, as Mr. Burnett observes, 'those which he did not translate, he often revised and altered; so that in point of language they may be con-

sidered as his own.' He, therefore, is very properly classed among the principal writers of his age; and we do not regret the large space allotted by Mr. B. to extracts from 'the Chronicles of England,' 'the Description of England,' 'the Eruit of Times,' and 'the Golden Legend,' extremely voluminous works which from time to time issued from his press. Much less do we lament those which he has selected for our entertainment from the latter labours of our venerable printer, 'the Book of the Order of Chivalry or Knight-hood,' 'Morte Arthur,' and 'the Book of the Feats of Arms,' written by a female, Christina of Pisa.

At the end of this article we are obliged to Mr. Burnett for a short, but sensible, Essay on the Subjects of Chivalry and Romance, and for a very just vindication of the latter from the 'illiberal and puritanical' censure of Roger Ascham, which has too long passed current among many men even of taste and judgment.

Fabian's silly and bigotted Chronicle 'The Concordance of Stories' (our treacherous, but unhappily only contemporary guide through the uncertain period of Richard the third's reign and the accession of Henry the seventh) is the next work brought to our notice.

We now arrive at a period of greater illumination. The reign of Henry the eighth is introduced by another essay of our author's, containing, in few words, a great deal of useful information, on the revival of letters.

The first personage to whom we are introduced after this, is no other than our old friend Froissart, who not only was not an English writer, but had died a century before. This article in fact is a misnomer. It ought to have been 'Lord Berners;' and it is very extraordinary, as well as wholly irrelevant to the general plan of the work, that the short biographical notice annexed relates solely to Froissart, and that not one word is said on the subject of his translator.

Bishop Fischer, Sir Thomas More, Leland the antiquarian, Harding and Hall the chroniclers, Tynedale, Coverdale, and Rogers, the translators of the Bible, and lastly, the venerable Latinier, furnish the remaining articles under the head of Henry the eighth.

In giving an account of sir Thomas More's celebrated 'History of Edward the fifth and Richard the third' (his only English work,) we are very much pleased to find that Mr. Burnett is a convert to the arguments (in our opinion incontrovertible) adduced by Mr. Laing (See Appendix to Henry's History of England, Vol. 12) to disprove the vulgar story of the murder in the Tower. So strong are the prejudices of

mankind, and so high is the reverence for *respectable authority*, that we believe very few persons have yet been able to enter coolly and dispassionately on this curious controversy.

We will quote but one extract from the writings of this period. It will be sufficient as a specimen of the great improvement in language and is curious as a picture of the times. It is taken from a sermon of bishop Latimer's.

My father was a yeoman, and had no lands of his own, only he had a farm of 3l. or 4l. by year at the uttermost, and hereupon he tilled so much as kept half a dozen men. He had walk for an hundred sheep, and my mother milked 30 kine. He was able, and did find the king a harness, with himself and his horse, while he came to the place that he should receive the king's wages. I can remember that I buckled his harness when he went to Blackheath field. He kept me to school, or else I had not been able to have preached before the king's majesty now. He married my sisters with 5l. or 20 nobles a-piece, so that he brought them up in godliness and fear of God. He kept hospitality for his poor neighbours. And some alms he gave to the poor, and all this did he of the said farm. Where he that now hath it, payeth 16l. by the year, or more, and is not able to do any thing for his prince, for himself, nor for his children, or give a cup of drink to the poor.

In my time my poor father was as diligent to teach me to shoot, as to learn me any other thing, and so I think other men did their children: he taught me how to draw, how to lay my body in my bow, and not to draw with strength of arms as divers other nations do, but with strength of the body. I had my bows bought me according to my age and strength; as I increased in them, so my bows were made bigger and bigger, for men shall never shoot well, except they be brought up in it: it is a worthy game, a wholesome kind of exercise, and much commended in physic.

We have been very particular in our examination of the contents of this first volume; but must now pass over the two that remain more cursorily.

Sir John Cheke, provost of king's college, the celebrated reformer of Greek pronounciation, was no less a benefactor to his native language. He may be considered as one of the earliest *methodical* contributors to its perfection. 'He recommended and practised,' says Mr. B. 'a more minute attention to the meaning of words and phrases, and adopted a more skilful arrangement of them in composition. Before him, the sentences were long, and too frequently involved. He recommended and used short sentences; and thus he has the merit of introducing greater precision of language, more

perspicuity and force of style.' The only English work extant of this learned man is a tract entitled 'the Hurt of Sedition.' We have never seen it; but the extracts given by Mr. Burnett are highly admirable for strength and energy of style, for command of words, and for almost all the peculiar excellences of rhetoric.

The first systematically *critical* work in the language is Wilson's 'Art of Rhetoric' published in the first year of queen Mary. The style does not appear to be answerable to the precepts it is intended to convey; but, under the head of 'simplicity,' we find, by his reprehension of the practice, that the affectation of '*Italianated English*' had already become very prevalent. However good Wilson's intentions were, he certainly did not succeed in checking the mania.

It is not very easy to estimate the advantages which have accrued to literature from the reformation throughout Europe, but most especially in England. These advantages were not indeed immediately apparent; for the polemical contests to which the opinions of Luther and Calvin gave birth, though they tended ultimately to enlarge the human understanding, yet for a time impeded the progress of the fine arts and of all the softer and more agreeable branches of science. The reign of Elizabeth, a period equally proud and glorious to Englishmen, whether considered with reference to religion, politics or literature, removed every remaining barrier to intellectual acquirements. From this period, says Mr. Burnett, 'we trace the regular and orderly march of society in improvement; and from this period, to the revolution, no country has produced a series of more illustrious writers than England.' Under Elizabeth, our language becomes fixed and regular; nor can it be too often impressed on the minds of English students that this is the classical æra of our literature, and that, however we may admire the polished works of a later period, we cannot too diligently or constantly attend to the illustrious models here presented us.

But as weeds are nourished by the same soil which produces the fairest flowers, so some of those corruptions of style which we have before noticed kept pace with the improvements of the age, and in the reign of Elizabeth's successor, far outstripped them. Roger Ascham inveighs still more bitterly than Wilson against the habits, characters, and *language* which our English travellers brought with them out of Italy; and, to corroborate his assertions, gives somewhat a loose translation of what he tells us was a common Italian proverb. '*Englese Italianato è un Diavolo incarnato*.'

that is to say, you remain men in shape and fashion, but become devils in life and condition." We wish our limits would permit us to copy more of this curious invective, which comprises a great deal of historical information respecting our language. Roger Ascham is followed in this collection, by Fox, the author of the Book of Martyrs, and Holinshed, the Chronicler.

We should be happy, were it in our power, to concur with Mr. Burnett and with the critic whose authority he quotes (p. 152. Vol. 2.) respecting the *interest* attached to sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia*. We will agree that his *style*, though not free from affectation, is deserving of praise, and, under certain restrictions, of imitation; but we really cannot 'delight in the story itself,' nor do we feel 'assured that the fault is in ourselves and not in the book.'

Every man has it in his power to refer to works of so general circulation as those of Spenser, Raleigh, Camden, Bacon, &c. in the second, of Jeremy Taylor, Milton, Clarendon, Cowley, Boyle, Barrow, Temple, Tillotson, and indeed of almost all the writers included in the third volume. We cannot help thinking, therefore, that Mr. Burnett might have spared many of his voluminous extracts from these authors without injuring the consistency of his general plan. Our few remaining observations will now be confined to some of his less notorious articles.

John Lilly was the author of many comedies and of a kind of moral satire in prose entitled "*Euphues*," a work much in fashion in its day and the subject of frequent allusions among the wits and poets. We have a most singular instance of its celebrity in the words of Blount, the editor of six of his comedies, who asserts "that the nation was indebted to our author for a new English which he taught them in his *Euphues*; and that all the ladies of that time were his scholars; she who spoke not *Euphuism* being as little regarded at court, as if she could not speak English." In the present age he will be more justly considered as one of the principal corruptors of our style; and his ill-founded popularity in no small degree extended the mischief of his writings.

Mr. Burnett appears to have justly estimated the extraordinary value of Hooker's labours when he says 'I consider the Ecclesiastical Polity as by far the most important work which had appeared prior to Lord Bacon.' After making some further observations on the general character of the performance, and after quoting the celebrated exclamation of pope Clement VIII. when the first book only had been read to

him. 'There is no learning that this man has not searched into;' he concludes by saying that 'as a composition, it presents the first example in the language, of strict methodical arrangement, and of clear logical reasoning.'

The literary character of the reign of James the first, its extensive learning, its intolerable pedantry, is very accurately and ably drawn. However we may ridicule the conceit of affectation which prevailed during this period, and which the example of the monarch encouraged if it did not introduce, we should never forget the high and important obligations which we owe to the literature of this very period. Ought not sir Edward Coke to have been included among the writers here noticed? a stronger instance both of the learning and of the absurdity alike characteristic of the age, cannot any where be found.

Speed, the chronicler, is perhaps most remarkable as deserving the following encomium of Mr. Tyrrel's. 'He was the first English writer, who slighting Geoffrey's tales, immediately fell upon more solid matter, giving us a large account of the history of this island, during the time of the Roman emperors and English Saxon kings.' The eulogy of bishop Nicholson is more general, but perhaps equally merited.

The learned Spelman affords materials for an interesting article; and another very amusing one is formed out of the absurdities of bishop Andrews, who was perhaps the model whom South held up to his imitation, in respect of punning. Both were equally the fashion of the court and of the age; but in point of real worth, Andrews can by no means endure a comparison with his follower.

To those who have been accustomed to consider Donne and Ben Jonson only as poets, the extracts here given from their prose works will be acceptable. Jonson's style, in particular, is well deserving of close attention, though not of indiscriminate imitation. The great antiquaries, Cotton and Selden, Purchas, the laborious compiler of the 'Pilgrimage,' and Burton, the quaint, humorous, and entertaining author of 'the Anatomy of Melancholy,' close the splendid catalogue of this important period.

We had forgotten the 'majesty of Great Britain' itself, which Mr. Burnett's readers may perhaps grudge even the seven short pages allotted it.

In the mean while, however, we have ourselves allotted to Mr. Burnett's two first volumes so large a space in our Review, that we are obliged to close our criticism without extending it more minutely into the contents of the third. What we have already examined is, however, by far the most

important part of his work, From the time of Elizabeth and James, our language may be considered as settled; and its subsequent variations have been in general, too capricious to reward the labours of a painful comparison by the discovery of any very valuable conclusions. In other points of view, notwithstanding, the writers of the period between Charles the first's accession and the revolution cannot be said to form the least amusing portion of such a work as this. But we must repeat our opinion that, throughout this last volume, particularly if Mr. Burnet had curtailed his specimens from the best known authors and added to the number of those he has made from some others of less celebrity, he might have rendered his compilation more curious without any injury to his main design. Perhaps, also, the work is brought down to a later period than that design required. At least the materials of his last volume may have been compressed, and those of the first and second proportionably enlarged, with great advantage, we think, to its general utility.

ART. III.—*A general, historical, and topographical Description of Mount Caucasus, with a Catalogue of Plants indigenous to the Country. In two Volumes. Translated from the Works of Dr. Reineggs and Marshall Bieberstein. By Charles Wilkinson. With a Map and Plates. Two Vols. 8vo. 15s. Taylor, Hatton Garden. 1807.*

THE mountainous district, which lies between the Euxine and the Caspian seas, has not often engaged the attention of travellers. The various small and independent tribes, who inhabit that part, and whose principal business is ravage and plunder, have been very unfavourable to the researches of the curious. Dr. Reineggs appears beyond all other persons to have enjoyed most facilities for this purpose. He passed a considerable time in Georgia, where he enjoyed the friendship and protection of the Zaar Heracleus.—He investigated the characteristic features, the mineral, vegetable and animal productions of that great chain of mountains which goes under the name of Caucasus, with an accuracy and zeal, which evince a mind intent on the advancement of science and the discovery of truth. The account which he has given of this rugged part of the world, abounds with interesting topographical details; and we think that the

translator has rendered an acceptable service by presenting them to the public in an English dress. The mountains of Caucasus constitute one of the barriers which nature has placed between Asia and Europe; the only passes by which any communication can be maintained are difficult and almost impregnable; where a few resolute troops under skilful and experienced officers, might impede the progress of the largest armies.—The submission of all Georgia to the dominion of Russia may seem to have secured to that power the command of this Alpine tract: but the rude tribes, who inhabit the mountains, are a hardy and intractable race, jealous of their native liberty and independance, and equally hostile to the ambitious designs of the courts of Ispahan and Petersburg. Some think that if Bonaparte can secure the co-operation of Russia and of Persia he will march an army over the Caucasus in order to attack our possessions in the East; but we think it more likely that he will trust his army to the difficult navigation of the Caspian than to the perils of a march of more than five hundred miles over the Caucasus, where their supplies will be continually obstructed and their march harassed by the Lesghaes and other hostile tribes.

‘The height of the Caucasian mountains is difficult to be ascertained, for the greatest part of the rocky summits is inaccessible notwithstanding their lowness. Surrounded with clouds and fog they are often concealed a long time from our eyes; and horrible abysses, into which the traveller is afraid of falling every moment, excite shuddering and terror. Even the large masses, that are often hurled down, alarm the most resolute and hinder all approach.’

The lowest part, and at the same time the most fertile, is the Eastern. This is accordingly the most populous region of the Caucasus; in proportion as it recedes to the west the height and the sterility increase.

‘On the western side there is only soil sufficient to produce different species of moss. The beech trees, which have sparingly taken root between the fissures, are stunted and unsightly. There are no inhabitants. The few remains of masonry appear to be the ruins of churches, or the habitations of hermits, who buried themselves in that elevated solitude.’ ‘In the primitive and middle mountains are found veins of very rich ore; and springs of excellent quality. In many parts of the promontory black naphtha arises; and on the S.E. side white petroleum is found. As the surface of all the foremost and most of the middle mountains is covered with a sufficient quantity of soil, and the fertility, according to the difference of situation, is abundant, at least there is no where real want; on that account they are adorned with pleasant forests and rich pasture lands: for whenever the summit allows of any possible approach, it is covered with villages and single houses, and rendered

productive. The contented inhabitant certainly suffers indigence in the midst of abundance; but he feels not the loss, because liberty makes him easy and happy and insensible to every thing unnecessary.

The state of the weather and the temperature of the air vary exceedingly in different parts of this mountainous tract. The lower and more exposed parts along the shores of the Caspian are subject to excessive heat; here the fertility is abundant; and the inhabitants of the internal vallies of the highest mountains are said to enjoy most agreeable summers. In the N. and N.W. the winters are longer and more severe. In the mountains of the west the summer seldom lasts more than three months, from the beginning of June to the end of August. In this short interval there is a rapid but fugitive vegetation; for, by the 4th or 8th of September, the snows commence, which successively cover the tops of the higher and lower mountains till many of the vallies are at last filled up with the frozen mass.

‘The river Terek flows through a great part of the breadth of the Caucasus from S. to N. and nearly divides the whole range into two equal parts; as the Thiuletis, Iskali, and Arakui, do also to the southward.’

The country between Derbend and the Kurr constituted the ancient Hyrcania:

‘The long plain that stretches between the Kurr, the southern part of eastern Caucasus, and westward as far as the Alasan, the modern eastern frontier of Georgia, is known by the name of Schirvan?’

This large range of mountains is occupied by a multitude of tribes whose real extraction it is difficult to ascertain, but who seem to have come from different countries, and at different periods, as they differ in language, governments, customs, and opinions. Many of them are probably scattered remains of the large armies, which in different periods of the world, have endeavoured to penetrate through this rugged barrier from Asia into Europe, or from Europe into Asia.

‘A small river, stream, or mountain, often separates whole tribes, and they must set bounds to their intercourse, because they do not understand one another in their different dialects, and as their unbridled savageness keeps them always in reciprocal fear with their neighbours for the preservation of their lives and property, and does not allow of any friendly communication, so they are often prevented the possibility of learning each others’ language.’

‘Each house, surrounded with a hedge, of the nations of Caucasus, contains its own proper family, who live by each other from time im-

memorial, and possess every thing in common; till their great increase obliges them to separate. The smallest family certainly contains from five to ten men capable of bearing arms, others reckon more; and the force of a single family often amounts to from forty to fifty men, the eldest of whom is always chief, and superintends all family affairs without controul.'

They are desperate robbers; and though they respect the rights of property among those of their own tribe, yet individuals rise in estimation and renown in proportion to the depredations which they commit beyond their own frontiers. Christianity, at least what is *nominally* such, was formerly more prevalent than at present among those mountains, and dilapidated churches are often seen. Many of the mountaineers formerly sold their creed to the agents of the Grand Seignior, who were dispatched to carry on that spiritual traffic; but proselytism is said to have ceased when the annual subsidy for making new converts and encouraging the old was no longer sent.

On the right bank of the Aktasch, in the plain below the eastern range of the Caucasus, is the town of Endrie, containing about three thousand houses; which is considered as a *free city* by all the tribes. Here every stranger or fugitive, will find hospitality and protection. He, who reaches the bounds of this city, cannot be any longer pursued, whatever crime he may have committed. Here Mahomedans, Christians, and Jews, are said to enjoy liberty of conscience; and the followers of Moses carry on a considerable trade. The traffic in slaves is said to be very great; for, 'all the men kidnapped or stolen by the Leaghaes or other robbers as well as all purloined property, are sold to the highest bidder in perfect security, or redeemed by relations or friends.'

The Leaghaes, who appear to be among the most ferocious of the tribes who inhabit the Caucasus, are great men-stealers. In this barbarous occupation they sometimes receive associates from the individuals of other districts. The traveller in this uncivilized region is constantly in danger of being either seized or sold. He is not secure unless one of the natives who is well known, becomes his companion, or

'when he can only name the prefect of a mosk at the place where he is going and claims his acquaintance. Yet the robber does not let go his booty on this account; he accompanies his prisoner to the prince or the prefect of the mosk. Now should the traveller be acknowledged by the first as a friend, or by the last as a guest of the deity, the robber contents himself with a small present, which

the prince or the mosk must equally receive at the stranger's departure.'

But the rights of hospitality are held sacred and inviolate. He who has been entertained as a guest among the people is secure and unmolested. But if the stranger wish to prosecute his journey, his last host must accompany him to the next stage, and receive from the chief of the town or village the promise of hospitality, which is a pledge of protection for the life, liberty, and property of the traveller. 'He who should dare to infringe this hospitable custom, would be put to death, and all his property destroyed.'

Some of the Caucasians are said to pay great attention to their vineyards. The red wine of Gumrah, which is less common, is said to be more prized than all the rest. There are also vineyards in Ischerkai, but the wine is very inferior to that of Gumrah; on the contrary, that tribe has fine arable land. They do not allow dogs to be kept in their villages, and no visitor dares bring a dog with him. They abominate that animal as unclean, and their own vigilance supersedes the necessity of such extraneous aid. Irbscharnul, which lies to the south of Tabasseran, in the province of Kadek or Kasakaidek, contains three thousand families, who are a mixture of Mahommedans and Jews. They are said to live amicably together; the fertility of the soil is exuberant, and the vine shoots spontaneously from every old cleft in the rocks. To the S.W. of Kara Kaidek live 1200 families of a tribe who call themselves Kuwaetschi, (cuirasse makers,) who belong to the most ancient inhabitants of Caucasus. The author exhibits rather an interesting picture of their singular manners and institutions. Such is their character for fidelity and probity, that the superabundant treasures of the plundering princes of other tribes is said to be perfectly safe when confided to their custody. They display a superior cleanliness in their rooms, their furniture, and dress; and, after the European manner, they use tables, chairs, bedsteads, knives and forks. They are addicted to trade, but negligent of agriculture. They manufacture guns, pistols, sabres, knives, and breast-plates; and their works in gold and silver are said to be in high repute, and very dear. Their women excel in embroidery, and they weave carpets, belt-cloaks, and woollen cloths. They do not engage in any predatory incursions, and they never go to war; yet, behind their rocks they are very vigilant and valiant; and the determined resistance which they made set bounds to the victorious pro-

gress of Nadir Shah. 'The only two passes, by which an army can approach, are incessantly guarded, and the entrance is not allowed either to stranger or to neighbour. But, in their frontiers stands a large village, and one of their warehouses, where treaties with strangers, and all other consultations, are settled.' Their political constitution is unknown, but, it is said, that 'they keep a common treasury, which is under the care of twelve elders, for life, who attend to the well-being of their little state; they suffer no beggars or idle and fraudulent persons but the members of the community are all industrious, opulent, and contented; for as soon as any one becomes useless, and will not better himself, he is banished, and never received again.' Their religious system is that of Mahommed, but they are singular in the exposition of the doctrine. They do not practice circumcision; they admit fermented liquors, but they do not eat pork. They allow only one wife; but they place no obstacles in the way of divorce. The burials of their males seem a period of great festivity and joy; but women are interred without similar expressions of interest in the event. We shall not relate the nocturnal orgies, which are permitted to their youths, their widows, and discarded wives. At Derbend, which is built on a mountainous acclivity, on the eastern side of Caucasus, is one of the principal passes between Persia and the north of Europe. This city commands a most delightful prospect, and contains 647 houses, inhabited by Mahommedans, Armenians, Georgians, and Jews. Here were the *Portæ Caspiæ*, or *Caspian Gates* of the ancients. 'The Arabs made the conquest of Derbend by the command of the prophet, for he had styled it a holy city, the 'gate of faith,' (Bab-el-islam) and esteemed it of inestimable worth.' His successors spared no pains in improving and embellishing it. The ruins of aqueducts, which still remain, and which formerly supplied the town with the purest water, are lasting monuments of the industry of the Arabs. The walls of Derbend are continued to a considerable distance into the rocky bed of the sea; and on the land side they are extended 'over a steep, high ridge of mountains. A single large, antique iron gate forms the only ingress at present;' it is called the *porta ferrea*; and 'according to an old prophecy,' it is said, that 'the Turks look upon the destruction of their empire as certain, as soon as a hostile infidel nation, with yellow faces, penetrates into their territory by that passage.' Derbend has fine fruit-bearing gardens and fields; rice, cotton, corn, and saffron are also cultivated; the grape is well flavoured; but 'bad wine is made; for the women superintend the busi-

ness; the care of the silk is likewise left to them, and for want of sufficient information, as badly managed.' The Jews are numerous in the Caucasus, and in a prosperous state; the author says, that 'no Jewish tribe ever brought up finer daughters than that in the circle of Tshauran;' but we were not a little shocked to hear, in the next sentence, that their fathers make a traffic of their charms.

At Baku or Badku, which is situated on the Caspian, about sixteen miles from the southern arm of Caucasus, 'the cotton is much prized for its quality; and though the gardens are never watered, yet the vine, granate, and fig, succeed very well, and even the most delicious sweet and water-melons.' The vicinity of Baku is said to be highly agreeable, and the gales which, during the hot months, blow in the evening from the Caucasus, and waft the odours of numerous fruit-bearing trees and flowers, are said to overpower the sense of the traveller, and to make him forget his toils in a delicious sleep. In this district are numerous springs of petroleum or rock-oil. The oil is drawn up two or three times a day from wells, which are dug for the purpose. Some of the wells are said to yield 1000 or 1500lbs. every day, but the author thinks this calculation too high; and says, that he knew some wells which yielded a daily supply of not more than 50 to 80lbs. The prince of Baku retains the sole right of selling all the oil;

'The colour is quite black, but if poured out against the sun it appears reddish. It does not light very quick, but, when once in flames emits a clear light and much smoke. The inhabitants of that neighbourhood, and along the Caspian, use it as well in their lamps as in flat broad iron pans, filled with sand, into which the oil is poured and lighted. They also paint the terrace roofs of their houses with it, to prevent the rain from penetrating; and in summer buffaloes are smeared all over with it, to protect them from the very dangerous horse-flies and gnats.'

Not far from the former is a well of white oil, or naphtha, which lights very quick even on the water; the middling classes use it for lamps; and, in cases of gout and rheumatism, it is said to be successfully employed. About three miles from the naphtha-springs is a spot called *Ateschjoh* or *place of fire*.

'The diameter of the place exceeds something more than a verst; and from the centre, in dry weather, a strong yellowish-blue flame is emitted, that increases in the night.'

'At some distance from the flame the Indians called Gebur, Gue-

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bur or fire-worshippers, and other poor persons, have erected small stone houses.

They cover the floors with a thick coat of loam, that the flame may not break through; but, when the inhabitants want fire, for any domestic purpose, they have only to perforate the loam floor, and by applying a light to the current which issues from the aperture, it immediately takes fire. The narrower the aperture the greater is the force and heat of the flame. This great subterraneous depot of hydrogen supplies the residents, on this singular spot, with light and heat. Instead of burning a candle they make a narrow perforation in the loam floor, through which they pass a reed which has been completely coated, by lime-water frequently poured through it. A burning paper is applied to the top, and a bright flame, which rises near six inches high immediately appears. This reminds us of Mr. Winsor's gas-lights; and we are almost tempted to recommend the establishment of another *light and heat company*, to convey this native Caucasian gas, by the shortest rout, into Pall-Mall.

The poor Indian linen-weavers, who have fixed their habitations at this '*place of fire*,'

'as soon as it is evening set fire to those reeds, and on both sides of the weaving-stool similar ones are placed; and the workman has neither to keep up the flame, nor snuff the burning wick. Firing is also unnecessary; for the heat is so great that the windows and doors always stand open. The current of air rushing from the incisions or holes is strong; leathern bottles and flasks are soon filled with it, and this confined air is inflammable for some time after. I saw a proof of it at the Prince of Schammaghis', who ordered a leathern bottle full to be fetched for my satisfaction; and though the messenger was obliged to make a long circuit, on account of the Lesghacs, and did not return before the fourth day, yet it was still inflammable.'

Among the Indians who are mentioned above there appear to be some who devote themselves to the priesthood, and prepare themselves for the office with the utmost severities of mortification which the delusions of superstition can inflict, or the obstinacy of pride can endure. Of these devout noviciates 'some stand in an immoveable posture, with one or both arms extended upwards day and night for five, seven, and even ten years,' according as they wish to rise in the scale of sanctity above their peers.

The Duschi, who reside near the sources of the Alasan

and are subjects of Georgia, are said to hold cats in such great veneration, that when they assert any thing in the name of a cat, the oath is as inviolable as when one of the Homeric gods swore by the river Styx. When the Georgian judges wish to extort the truth, an adjuration by the life of a cat is the oath which they propose. The *Lesghaes*, which is a general name for the numerous tribes who inhabit the highest ranges of the Caucasus, are said to be the terror of the Armenians, Persians, and Turks. They are a wild, uncivilized race, whose principal occupation seems to be plunder; but the author says that 'adultery, fornication, and other unnatural vices, are quite unknown amongst them. But revenge is the predominant vice of savages; and this appears to be rife among the *Lesghaes*. The *Lesghaes* excel as predatory and irregular troops, and that kind of warfare seems best suited to the country which they inhabit.

'The middle ranges of Caucasus are covered with the houses of the *Thiulet* up to their highest summits, wherever they allow of any access.' Notwithstanding the inclemencies of the winter and the sterility of the soil, the inhabitants, who can procure only a little barley and millet 'are as numerous as the springs that spout out from every cleft.'

'The road from Georgia to Russia runs over these mountains, and the high *Kumulis Zighe*. It is extremely difficult, and in winter highly dangerous. The passages are then marked by high stakes; but one must often labour through the snow with great fatigue, and every moment incur the peril, particularly in hurricanes, of being overwhelmed and buried in it.'

A general law was once made in Georgia not to permit the sale of the inhabitants any more as slaves. But the interest of the great chieftains stood in the way of the execution; money was thought preferable to humanity; and the liberty of individuals appeared insignificant when balanced against the temptations of Turkish gold. However, the poor wretches who were thus forcibly severed from all their relatives and attachments, were comforted with the suggestion that they *might become beys of Egypt*. A Georgian noble once sold a whole village of Jews to the Turks; and when reproached on the barbarity of the act, he made an apology worthy of an orthodox divine, when he is violating the most sacred precepts, that 'that he had no other object than to avenge the blood of *Jesus Christ* !'

Pheasants abound in Georgia; deer and gazelles are numerous in *Kisik* and the adjacent plains. Falconry is a fa-

avourite amusement with the natives. The falcon is taught to search for and carry off his food from the head of a goat. After being inured to this, he is deprived of food the day before the chase; and, as soon as the hunter discovers a stag or gazelle, the hood is taken off and the bird let loose. He darts at the forehead of the animal which soon stands still or falls down, till it is either killed or taken alive by the hunter. In p. 147 of the second vol. we have a description of the scorpion spider *phalangium araneoides*, the poison of which is said to be hardly exceeded in subtilty by that of the rattle-snake. To the head of this insect 'are attached two poisonous bladders as large as the head, each being furnished with a pointed forceps, placed vertically, which serves for biting whilst the animal at the same time draws some of the poison into its mouth.'

These volumes contain a variety of information on the situation, climate, inhabitants and products of the Caucasus, which are more interesting at the present period, when Bonaparte is supposed to be meditating a way over those mountains to our possessions in the East. Is he likely to be deterred from such an attempt by the Persian adage? *When a prince is too happy let him attack Caucasus.*

ART. IV.—*Inquiry into the Causes and Consequences of Continental Alienation, written as a Sequel to the Inquiry into the State of the Nation.* 8vo. Symonds. 1808.

THE present pamphlet is evidently the production of some gentleman who is intimately acquainted with the subject on which he writes, who clearly understands the state of our foreign relations and of our domestic politics. The turn of some of the remarks, the aptness but quaintness of some of the illustrations, the combinations of language and the associations of ideas with the marks of a reflective and penetrating but rather eccentric genius which pervade the present performance, would almost induce us to believe that it had been revised by a member of the last administration.

The first 46 pages of this work, which are entitled 'Preliminary remarks' contain a very judicious, forcible, and satisfactory vindication of the late ministers; and whoever be the author, we feel much indebted to him for this able defence of those great statesmen, whose *general conduct* had our warmest approbation, and whom with deep regret we beheld dismissed from the councils of their sovereign. The

charges against the late ministers, says the writer, 'have been at length summed up in three counts. They gave no subsidy to Prussia, they refused to facilitate a Russian loan, and they gave no military assistance to the continental allies.' These accusations, if they be true in point of fact, are false in point of inference. The late ministers did not give any subsidy to Prussia, they did not accommodate Russia with a loan on her own terms, and they did not send any army to assist the allies on the Elbe or the Vistula. This we will concede; and we say that this accusation instead of constituting their blame, redounds to their praise; and that these charges of their enemies, which were intended to prove their guilt, establish their innocence: '*They did not subsidize Prussia.*'—After the experience which they had had of the imbecility, versatility and venality of that court, would they not deservedly have incurred the charge of folly and oppression if they had increased the taxes of England in order to swell the coffers of Prussia? Was it likely that Prussia would have fought for money when she would not fight for existence? Was there any man in England, who, after having observed the wavering conduct of Prussia during the coalition of 1805, could conscientiously advise his country to subsidize the court of Berlin with a mite of English gold? Did the unprincipled seizure of Hanover merit any boon from George the third or his parliament? Besides, when Prussia in that moment of infatuation, which accelerated her fall, marched out her military parade against the armies of France, was she not at war with this country as well as France? Were we to lay fresh impositions on the already too burthened industry of this country in order to succour a power who had treated us with treachery and contempt, and who had offered the greatest indignity to the sovereign of this country by wrenching from him the patrimony of his ancestors? The impolicy, absurdity, and injustice which there would have been in subsidizing Prussia on her first rupture with France, are so palpable, that we should hardly have thought it possible to be made a matter of dispute. With respect to the policy of subsidies in general, we think that the experience of a century, but more particularly of the last fifteen years, will forcibly teach us that in the great majority of instances it is not only futile and inexpedient but positively mischievous. 'Can our experience produce a single example, during all the wars of the revolution in which subsidies produced one beneficial effect, in which they animated cowardice, determined indecision, or suspended treachery?—Is there a secondary or a prima-

ry state in Germany which has not received our subsidies and subsequently made its own bargain with the enemy? Our subsidies have scarcely ever been received before they have been abused; and the treachery which we have experienced, has usually been proportioned to the sum which we have paid for the fidelity of our continental allies.—But the policy or impolicy of every subsidy must be determined by the peculiar circumstances of the case; and the more the circumstances of that case which we are at present considering, are examined, the more it will be seen, that the late ministers acted with equal wisdom and integrity in not lavishing the gold of England on the cabinet of Berlin.

‘The late ministers did not promote the Russian loan.’ Is it wise in a nation any more than in an individual to lend money without security? Did the example of the Austrian loan, in which we had to pay both the principal and the interest, encourage us to promote a Russian loan? The ministry left the money-market open to the Russian agent; and the money might have been had, if any satisfactory security for the payment could have been produced. But he who solicits a loan without having any security to offer, either for the principal or the interest, is not likely to experience a very favourable reception from those who have money to lend. If, when the emperor of Russia requested a loan, he used the term only as a genteel synonym for a *subsidy* he should have called the thing by the right name; and not with that sinister duplicity, which is often observed in private life, asked us to *lend* that which he intended that we should *give*. Our ministers would not have refused a *subsidy for a specific object, and to be paid in proportion to its accomplishment*. This they would have done; and, if they had offered to do more, they would have imitated the thoughtless profusion of their predecessors and betrayed the true interest of their country.—But the *late ministers did not send an English army to the continent*. Here, as in the former instance the matter which is involved in the accusation, furnishes the most solid proof that they were both virtuous and wise. The utmost force, which we could in common prudence have sent to the continent, could not have exceeded from twenty to thirty thousand men; and to those, who are at all acquainted with the numbers and discipline of the French armies, it must be self-evident that such a force could not have operated any considerable diversion in favour of the allies. France in addition to her vast superiority of force in Poland, had her frontiers covered with a reserve that would soon have overwhelmed any quota of

troops that we could have transported to the continent. We should thus only have abandoned some thousands of our best troops, to our enemies without affording any reality of succour to our friends.

But 'men,' as this author well remarks, 'were the least want of the allied armies. The king of Prussia surely had soldiers enough in the battle of Jena. Had his numbers been double, the victory of his enemy would only have been more bloody. The battle of Jena was a faithful picture of the whole campaign. On one side every thing was chance, random, an alternate excess of self-confidence and unreasonable despair, a tumultuous battle and a confused rout, in a word, a state of things in which victory would have been without fruit, as defeat was without refuge. On the other every thing was the most perfect arrangement. Victory was followed by conquest, and even defeat would not have been without resource. The battle of Jena, and the battle of Friedland, were lost from the same necessity,—that necessity by which wisdom overcomes folly, and by which skill, foresight, and council, must inevitably prevail in the end against ignorance, chance, and temerity.

'According to the system of modern warfare, war is less a game of chance than of skill. The results must depend upon the moves and not the dice. Fortune may, doubtless, give a favourable cast, but the event must hang upon the skill with which it is employed. It is not in the nature of chance, moreover, to persist in such a constancy of favour, such a uniformity of preference, as is sufficient of itself to decide the event of a contest, and prevail against that permanent superiority, which, in all human affairs, necessarily belongs to superior prudence. The French and Russians were never so equally matched, the scales were never so nearly even, that the little which fortune could either give or take away, could have produced on either side any possible effect. The superiority of the French was decided; there was nothing of accident in the event. The campaign was not lost for want of men—it was not lost only by a little. Thirty thousand men additional would not have altered those relations from which resulted the victories of the French. The main army might have gained so much in numbers, and so much in diversion, but the superiority of Bonaparte and Bennigsen, and of the French and the Russians, would not have been a whit changed. The Russians would still have rushed on the French cannon, and Bonaparte, calm, collected, and immovable, have destroyed them like fire among stubble.'

But supposing the military succours of Great Britain of more importance in averting the subjugation of the continent than they were ever likely to be, at what period of the war could they have been sent by the late administration? They could not have been sent before the battle of Jena; for that was fought on the 14th of October, soon after the

return of lord Lauderdale from Paris, and while we were at war with Prussia as well as France. After that event, the Prussian army never made another stand; the march of Bonaparte from Jena to Berlin, from Berlin to Posen, and from Posen to Warsaw, was rather a triumphant procession than a perilous and impeded march. The military fabric, which the great Frederic had created with so much industry, but, as the event proved, with so little skill, seemed in a moment to have vanished into air. After the single battle of Jena, hardly a trace of this martial colossus was left behind. In the beginning of December, 1806, the French were cantoned on the Vistula. The Russians very inconsiderately hastened, in detachments, to the opposite banks of the river; which the French crossed with a superior force, and beat the enemy in detail. Thus the Russian force was dispirited by defeat, and reduced in numbers before it could be impelled in a mass against the French. When lord Hutchinson arrived at the Russian head quarters, he found every thing in a desperate condition—all was confusion and dismay. In this posture of affairs, even had the season permitted the embarkation of troops to the Baltic, no force, which we could have spared, could possibly have repaired the palpable disparity which there was between the Russians and the French, or have turned the scale of victory in favour of the allies. The late ministry therefore acted with true wisdom and patriotism, in preventing the useless effusion of British blood. The battle of Eylau was fought on the 7th and 8th of February 1807, and the intelligence did not reach England till the beginning of March, when the late ministry, which never enjoyed the favour of the court, were on the point of being dismissed from the councils of the sovereign. But it has been said that we might at least have thrown succours into Dantzic. Those who suppose this, do not consider that between Dantzic and the sea, is a projecting land of some miles, which was occupied by the French lines. The desperate valour of the Russians was in vain exerted to force this barrier, and 'in a momentary attack by water, captain Cheatham lost half his crew and effected nothing. So hopeless was every effort to raise this siege.' The fall of Dantzic was the total subjugation of Prussia; and in fact, it left nothing to expect in the farther prosecution of the campaign, but fresh disasters and disgrace.

'The Russians retreated; the French followed;—the Russians were driven into a corner, they had not another move. The battle of Friedland was but the necessary catastrophe of the drama.

The previous plot had so well prepared for it, and so naturally led to it, that the dagger and the bowl were seen without surprise.

No force, which the late ministry could have sent to the continent, could have prevented the disastrous termination of the campaign; and to have sent troops without a probable chance of affording some effectual aid, would only have been an unnecessary waste of the blood and treasure of this country.

We fear that there is too much truth in the following assertions of the author,

‘That we are considered by the nations of the continent, as the most selfish people on the face of the globe; and that there is not one of them, either amongst neutrals, allies, or enemies, but holds us in an aversion bordering on contempt. Every thing that has happened of late years, the total failure of the war; and the long continuance of it to the total ruin of the continent, has been imputed to us. An Englishman travelling on the continent, is every where received as a member of a company of brigands; not a nation subjugated under the triumphant arms of France, but imputes its ruin to us. We tempted it into the unequal contest, &c. &c.’

We subsidized the powerful, we menaced the weak; and we cemented one coalition after another, considering only our own interest, and regardless of the destruction which awaited our allies.

‘In this manner was Holland involved in the war which with but little difficulty she might have escaped. In the same manner was Austria precipitated into a contest, which terminated in the loss of half her empire. In this manner has Portugal become a province of France. Naples has been dethroned by England and not by Napoleon. And Spain might have been yet neutral and yet safe, had not England forced her into confederacy with France.’

Such is the opinion which is entertained of this country on the continent; and we may thank the mischievous counsels of Mr. Pitt for the unfavourable impression. We are considered ‘as a bad-minded nation;’ and the late attack on Denmark has tended to strengthen that idea, and to make it general throughout Europe. The invidious representations, and the bitter aspersions of the French press, and of the emissaries of France, may have had some influence in lowering the English character in the estimation of foreign powers; but the character of nations, like that of individuals, can be ultimately ruined only by themselves. That this general feeling of aversion to this country cannot be ascribed solely to the machinations of France, is

42 Inquiry into the Causes of Continental Alienation.

evident From this circumstance, that it has become very prevalent in countries over which France exercised no control. Thus in the coalition of 1805, which England was to support by enormous subsidies, and when the sensation of hostility towards France was very rife in the cabinets of Vienna and of Petersburg, our ministers were hardly admitted to any participation in the most general conferences, and were treated with a degree of suspicion and reserve which always indicates latent animosity. It was the endeavour of the late ministers, by the adoption of a line of conduct, less sordid, imperious, and overbearing than that of their predecessors, to diffuse a spirit of amity towards us among foreign powers, and to conduct themselves with that integrity and moderation, which might preserve the confidence of our friends, the good will of neutrals, and command the respect even of our enemies. But unfortunately for the country, the mine of treachery was prepared for the subversion of the late ministers, before they had full time to develop that liberal, enlightened, and comprehensive scheme of foreign as well as domestic policy which they had determined to pursue. Their successors came into office with a fixed resolution to alter the whole system of foreign policy and of internal reform on which their predecessors had begun to act. The attack on Denmark was one of the first measures by which they evinced *what spirit they were of*. The late orders of council, which have completed the alienation of neutrals, and excited the indignation of friends as well as foes, were conceived in the same spirit of injustice and domination.

The alienation of the continent is referred by this writer to two leading general causes; our inadequate diplomacy and our maritime usurpation. Our diplomacy has never possessed ability nor diligence sufficient to counteract the machinations of the French. By sea we have confounded a sovereignty of *fact* with a sovereignty of *right*; and have in too many instances exercised a tyranny on the ocean, similar to that which Bonaparte has practised on the continent. There is nothing permanent in injustice and oppression; and he who has recourse to them as a temporary good, will find that they are a lasting evil. The late orders in council, and indeed the whole series of our vexatious restrictions on the neutral carrying trade, are of that description of measures, which are unjust in their principle and pernicious in their consequences. Like all those exertions of hostility, which are a mixture of iniquity and folly, they will ultimately be found less mischievous to our enemies than to ourselves.

The author gives a very clear and interesting account of the present political parties in Russia. The French party, which owing to the almost exclusive employment of French tutors, &c. to the general use of the French language, the consequent predilection for the literature and the modes of France, assisted by the lively talents and incessant intrigues of that engaging people, has taken deep root in Russia, is, at present, the most predominant. This party, which is supported by the mistress and commander in chief, by the officers of the household, the ministers of pleasure, confidence, &c. &c. has obtained possession of the government, and is in exclusive favour with the emperor. They have got complete possession of the Russian press, and are powerfully aided by a second ruling party, the economists, in diffusing the general belief that the prosperity of Russia depends on the exclusion of English manufactures, and the renunciation of all connection with Great Britain. The character of the emperor Alexander which is destitute of energy, does not promise a speedy deliverance from this fatal influence. 'Russia in the present moment is not only averse but hostile; not only alienated but perhaps the bitterest of our enemies!' The causes of this alienation must be referred to a period anterior to the formation of the late ministry; that ministry did all in their power to mitigate this hostile disposition of the Russian cabinet; but their successors have not only undone all that they did, but have added fresh aggravations of virulence to the former animosity. By annoying the Russian trade, by rejecting the Russian mediation, and above all by the unprincipled seizure of the Danish marine, they have inflamed the discontents which they might have appeased, wounded the pride which they ought to have soothed, and increased the jealousy which they ought to have omitted no possible exertion to abate. While the same spirit prevails in the cabinet of this country, by which it is at this moment infested, there is not a power in Europe which is at present our enemy that is ever likely to become our friend.

ART. V.—*Hoare's Giraldus Cambrensis*, (continued from p. 428, vol. 13.)

GIRALDUS introduces his itinerary through Wales, by two prefaces to Stephen Langton, archbishop of Canterbury. In the second he gives us his motives for writing

this history of Baldwin's expedition, and the subjects of it ; the latter he thus enumerates:

'The difficult places through which we passed, the names of springs and torrents, the witty sayings, the toils and incidents of the journey, the memorable events of antient and modern times, and the natural history and description of the country.'

The first chapter commences with a list of the reigning princes of the year 1188, in which he is guilty of a chronological error, which Sir R. Hoare corrects. Archbishop Baldwin, 'accompanied by Ranulphus Glanville, privy counsellor and justiciary of the whole kingdom,' entered Wales, near the borders of Herefordshire, and proceeding to Radnor, met with Giraldus, who, as we before noticed, was the first who took the sign of the cross. Converts, (if we may be allowed the term,) were at first gained, not without some opposition and difficulty, but example and persuasion at length rendered the scheme popular, especially among young men of rank and enterprise. The remark of one of these is worthy of a Spartan and of a better cause 'what man of spirit can refuse to undertake this journey, since amongst all imaginable inconveniencies, nothing worse can happen to any one than to return.'

We have already observed that this visit of Baldwin was supposed by some to be inimical to the interests and honour of St. David's; and the translator remarks, that one of the reasons assigned for it was; 'that by celebrating mass in the different cathedrals, he might *thereby* set aside the metropolitan right of the see of St. David's, and assert that of his own church of Canterbury.' The first chapter concludes with the relation of several miracles, which generally record the punishments of those who despised or defrauded holy places.

Sir R. Hoare has inserted a short account of the Crusades in his annotations on this chapter. He ascribes their origin to better principles than we feel inclined to allow; the actors we believe were really excited to their mad enterprise by mistaken zeal, and the influence of the church; but we were unwilling to admit the instigators to the claim of such venial motives. The character of Gregory VII. who formed, though he did not live to mature the plan, and the subsequent conduct of Urban II. and his creature Peter the hermit, justify our attributing to avarice and ambition, this remorseless waste of blood and treasure. Fuller observes on this subject: -

' Now, though many cry up this hermite to have been so pious a piece of holiness, yet some suspect him to be little better than a counterfiet and a cloke-father for a plot of the pope's begetting, because the pope alone was the gainer by this great adventure, and all other princes of Europe, if they cast up their audit, shall find themselves losers: this with some is a presumption, that this cunning merchant first secretly imployed this hermit to be his factor, and to go to Jerusalem to set on foot so beneficiall a trade for the Romish church. As for the apparition of our Saviour, one may wonder that the world should see most visions when it was most blind; and that that age, most barren in learning, should be most fruitful in revelations. And surely had Peter been truly inspired by God, and moved by his spirit to begin this warre, he would not have apostated from his purpose: so mortified a man would not have feared death in a good cause, as he did afterwards, and basely run away at Antioch. For when the siege grew hot, his devotion grew cold; he found a difference between a voluntary fast in his cell, and a necessary and undispensable famine in a camp: so that being well hunger-pinched, this cunning companion, who was the trumpet to sound a march to others, secretly sounded a retreat to himself, ran away from the rest of the christians, and was shamefully brought back again for a fugitive.*

This ingenious and eccentric writer remarks, in defence of his unfavourable opinion of the pope's motives, that by contriving to send the emperor against the infidels, he dispossessed him by degrees of all his Italian dominions, by this means relieving himself from the incumbrance of too powerful a neighbour.

' He had the office to bear the bay,' says Fuller, ' and expended but some few drops of the showres he received; ' he stimulated numbers unfit for arms, to take upon them a vow to go to the holy war, and forced them to commute their journey into money. ' And thus scraped he a mass of coin from such silly people as thought themselves cleansed of their sinnes when they were wiped of their money, and who having made themselves slaves to the pope by their rash vow, were glad to buy their liberty at his price.'

After a lapse of six centuries, any endeavours to fix a just odium on the principles of these unchristian wars may appear nugatory and absurd; but when we reflect on the spirit of proselytism, which so much prevails, and the violent ferment occasioned by the proposal of relieving a large portion of our fellow subjects from disabilities, imposed on

* ' Fuller's Holy War.' p. 11.

such of them as refuse to betray their honour and conscience to their worldly interest; when we consider the unexampled cacoethes for expeditions, displayed by the present cabinet, a campaign to Ireland, for the purpose of forcibly protestantising the Catholics, would be no extraordinary measure. Copenhagen can witness that the dread of national dishonour, the abhorrence of injustice and oppression, and the horror of shedding innocent blood, would not be among the obstacles to such a *holy war*.

The second chapter of the Itinerary is crowded with more miracles, two of which we shall quote. The first succeeds the relation of an instance of the miraculous vengeance of St. David, who punished a boy endeavouring to take some young pigeons from a church dedicated to him at Llanvaes, by fixing his hand for three days and nights to the stone on which he leaned.

‘A similar miracle happened at St. Edmundsbury, to a poor woman, who often visited the shrine of the saint, under the mask of devotion; not with the design of giving, but of taking something away, namely, the silver and gold offerings, which by a curious kind of theft, she licked up by kissing, and carried away in her mouth. But in one of these attempts her tongue and lips adhered to the altar, when by divine interposition she was defected, and openly disgorged the secret theft. Many persons, both Jews and Christians, expressing their astonishment, flocked to the place, where for the greater part of the day she remained motionless, that no possible doubt might be entertained of the miracle.

‘In the north of England, beyond the Humber, and in the church of Hovedene, the concubine of the rector incautiously sat down on the tomb of St. Osana, sister of King Osred, which projected like a wooden seat; on wishing to retire she could not be removed, until the people came to her assistance: her clothes were rent, her body was laid bare, and severely afflicted with many strokes of discipline, even till the blood flowed; nor did she regain her liberty until by many tears and sincere repentance she had showed evident signs of compunction.’ P. 29.

‘An anecdote of the infamous revenge of Nest, the wife of Bernard Newmarch, (who on her son Mahel, a distinguished soldier, detecting and mutilating a man with whom she had an adulterous intercourse, declared with an oath that he was not the son of Bernard, and thus prevailed on King Henry I. to bestow Mahel’s birth-right on her daughter,) affords the archdeacon an opportunity of railing at the female sex, which he abuses with so much earnestness and good will as clearly shews that celibacy was in him no virtue. ‘Thus this wo-

man (not deviating from the nature of her sex,) in order to satiate her anger and revenge, with the heavy loss of modesty, and with the disgrace of infamy, by the same act deprived her son of his patrimony and herself of honour.' P. 33. Quotations from Ecclesiastes, Ecclesiasticus, Cicero, and Juvenal (even from his least modest satire!) containing all manner of ill-natured and malicious charges are marshalled in the rear of this monkish insinuation.

We cannot pass over a miracle of a most whimsical nature, which is recorded in p. 35. At the annual festival of the church of St. Almedbu, near Aberhodni, 'you may see men or girls, now in the church, now in the church-yard, now in the dance, which is led round the church-yard with a song, on a sudden falling on the ground as in a trance, then jumping up as in a frenzy, and representing with their hands and feet before the people whatever work they have unlawfully done on feast days, &c. On offering their oblations at the altar, they are of course quickly restored.

We would not have the reader imagine that Giraldus fills his pages throughout the book with a recital of miracles; on the contrary, he seems to have great pleasure in giving local descriptions, and displays much of that kind of erudition which relates to names, dates, and monastic history: He appears to have been much delighted with the situation of Lanthoni, of which after noticing its salubrious air, he observes,

'Here the monks, sitting in their cloisters, enjoying the fresh air, when they happen to look up towards the horizon, behold the tops of the mountains as it were touching the heavens, and herds of wild deer feeding on their summits; the body of the sun does not become visible above the heights of the mountains even in serene weather, till about the first hour or a little before. A spot truly fitted for contemplation, a happy and delightful spot, fully competent, from its establishment, to supply all its own wants, had not the extravagance of English luxury, the pride of a sumptuous table, the increasing growth of intemperance and ingratitude, added to the negligence of its patrons and prelates, reduced it from freedom to servility,' &c. P. 69.

In the reign of Henry the First, the prime minister, Roger, bishop of Salisbury, was induced from the report of the sanctity of this place to pay it a visit;

'when he reflected with admiration on the nature of the place, the solitary life of the fraternity, living in canonical obedience, and serving God without murmur or complaint, he returned to the king, and

related to him what he thought most worthy of remark ; and after spending the greater part of the day in the praises of this place, he finished his panegyric with these words : ' Why should I say more ? the whole treasure of the king and his kingdom would not be sufficient to build such a cloister ; ' having held the minds of the king and the court for a long time in suspense by this assertion ; he at length explained the enigma, by saying that he alluded to the cloister of mountains, by which this church is on every side surrounded.' P. 70.

We shall quote a few of the archdeacon's remarks on the Cluniac and Cistercian orders, in which he has delineated their respective characters with great force and precision. Of the former he says, if you would allot them ' a barren desert and a solitary wood, yet in a few years you will find them in possession of sumptuous churches and houses, and encircled with an extensive property.' This order at a time when there was a deficiency in grain, with a laudable charity, not only gave away their flocks and herds, but resigned to the poor one of the two dishes with which they were always contented :

' Although the latter are possessed of fine buildings, with ample revenues and estates, they will soon be reduced to poverty and destruction. The one like bees, collect their stores into a heap, and unanimously agree in the disposal of one well regulated purse ; the others pillage and convert to improper uses the largesses which have been collected by Divine assistance, and the bounties of the faithful ; and whilst each individual consults solely his own interest, the welfare of the community suffers ; since, as Sallust observes, ' small things increase by concord, and the greatest are wasted by discord ! ' Besides, sooner than lessen the number of one of the thirteen or fourteen dishes, which they claim by right of custom, or even in a time of scarcity or famine recede in the smallest degree from their accustomed good fare, they would suffer the richest lands and best buildings of the monastery to become a prey to usury, and the numerous poor to perish before their gates.'

Giraldus speaks with great affection of his residence at Landeu, and of his literary and religious occupations there.

- ' In these temperate regions, I have obtained, (according to the usual expression) a place of dignity, but no great omen of future pomp or riches ; and possessing a small residence near the castle of Brecknock, well adapted to literary pursuits, and to the contemplation of eternity, I envy not the riches of Cræsus, happy and contented with that mediocrity, which I prize far beyond all the perishable and transitory things of this world.' P. 77.

In his notes on the chapter from which we have made the above extracts, Sir R. Hoare enters with much feeling into the changes which have taken place in the venerable abbey of Lanthony. Among the causes of its progressive ruin, tasteless innovation is what we feel least inclined to pardon. If the proprietors of these remnants of antiquity do not chuse to incur any expence in preserving their crumbling masses for the admiration of posterity, surely they ought to restrain their unholy hands from such embellishments as deface and destroy the character of the edifice. It is a public misfortune when a fine ruin falls into the hands of a man of a romantic* mind, and bad taste. How often must such people be admonished not to decorate a favourite abbey like a favourite monkey, with a bell and collar. They have been perpetually reminded that such remains are a sort of public property, and not to be violated with impunity; pastures, potatoe-gardens and summer-houses, should be hooted from their present possession of castles and monastic edifices, and the names of the innovators exposed to the just vengeance of all who respect ancient taste and grandeur. A great part of this structure has lately fallen to the ground, and the annotator with great reason felicitates himself in having 'rescued, in some degree, from oblivion, the fine ruins of this once celebrated abbey, by the many and varied sketches he has taken of it, five of which are engraved in Mr. Coxe's tour.' The engraving which is given of it in the present work, represents the western front, in the state in which Sir Richard last observed it; if the date he assigns be correct, 1108, it carries the pointed arch to a more remote period than is generally allowed to it; the mixture of the round with the pointed arch, certainly refers it to a very early date.

As a fair example of the descriptive powers of the annotator, we will give extracts from his observations on the ancient church of Ewineth or Eweny; respecting which he has just cause to take praise to himself, as he had the gratification of first discovering the tomb of the founder, and the consequent date of the edifice.

* Great *onomizers* are as destructive as the most romantic *improvers*. We know a venerable castle, which has been converted to the following useful purposes. The exterior walls are covered with fruit trees, which, by the good management of the gardener, exhibit a most regular fan-like appearance; the interior is a kitchen garden; the massy circular towers at the angles, form a dignified asylum to geese and turkeys, and the dungeons are converted into wine-vaults. The innovator is dead, and we therefore withhold his name. R.

'An ancient tomb-stone, which lies neglected in the floor of the chancel, (of which the annexed plate is a faithful representation,) fixes, for a certainty, the foundation of this church on the afore-said Moris de Londres.'

An ill natured critic would exclaim, 'Poor Moris de Londres! he must be crughed to atoms.'

'When I consider the dark situation to which this interesting monument is consigned, and that, after repeated visits, I am indebted only to a transient gleam of sunshine for the discovery of its inscription, I am not surprised that my friend Mr. Wyndham, or any subsequent tourist, could not decypher it: by many, indeed, Ewenny has been totally overlooked and unnoticed.'

'In the year 1141, Moris de Londres gave to the church of St. Peter, at Gloucester, the church of St. Michael de Ewenny; and Gilbert de Turberville, lord of the adjoining castle of Coyty, confirmed the several grants of his father and ancestors to the said priory of Ewenny.'

'The antiquary who travels through Wales, with a view of examining the early monuments of English architecture, will find the church of Ewenny particularly worthy of his notice. So much has been said about the Saxon, Norman, and Gothic styles, that I shall not offer my opinion on a subject which has occasioned such a variety of conjectures. From the certain foundation of this church by a Norman lord, and not many years subsequent to the conquest, we have good reason to suppose that the Norman mode of building might have been made use of in its construction. It is situated in a marshy plain, near the banks of the little river Ewenny, which abounds with trout, and whose waters never fail. The exterior form of the church is massive, and corresponds with the simple style of architecture which pervades the interior; it is a cathedral in miniature, consisting of a nave, one aisle, two transepts, and a choir. The columns which support the arches in the nave are round and heavy; the windows long, narrow, and rounded at top; the turret is supported by four wide circular arches, springing from short Norman pillars, which rest on pilasters, ornamented with the hatched moulding. The simple groined-roof of the choir, and the neglected tomb-stone of its founder, bearing this inscription in old characters, claim particular attention:

ICI GIST MORICE DE LONDRES LE FUNDUR,
DEU LI BENDE SUN MABUR. A. M.

Sir Richard in the southern transept found also another ancient tomb, the inscription on which confounds all the conjectures of modern tourists, who ascribed it to Paganus de Turberville, lord of Coyty. 'The same happy gleam of sun-

'shine,' he modestly observes, a pail of water, and a broom, enabled me to ascertain the true original of this effigy, which was intended probably to commemorate a friend or follower of Moris de Londres:

SIRE ROGER DE REMI. GIST 1351.

DEU DE SON ALME EIT MERCI. AM.

We cannot but allow the annotator great merit in passing so quietly over a discovery, which in many writers would have fed their exultation during the rest of the work, and produced perpetual allusions to their own discernment, and the ignorance or inattention of all over whom they had thus triumphed. It is our lot very frequently to be sickened to death by such oblique self-praise.

This volume contains many engravings; those of Roman inscriptions, and of statues, &c. are from drawings by Carter, in his usually beautiful and correct style; the engravings are extremely well executed by Basire. The landscapes and edifices are engraven by Byrne, and are very much above the usual style of decorative views, the drawings are by Sir R. Hoare. Of these the church of Ewenny possesses by far the greatest excellence. We have seldom seen an interior so well and so characteristically managed in every respect.

We are sorry that it is not in our power to be very general in our unreserved commendations of this department of the work. Two instances of the violation of the rules of perspective we cannot pass over; the first is in the view of Brecknock, where a hexagonal tower on the left presents a less breadth in that division which fronts (nearly) the eye of the spectator than in one which considerably declines from it. The other is in the view of Abergavenny, where a pediment (including a round-headed window) stands out in such a way from the corner of part of the church as makes it evident that it cannot front the same quarter as the other terminating pediments on the same end of the building. In the tower of the same edifice, that side where the lines most converge, is considerably broader than the one which appears more nearly opposite the observer's eye. If the above delineations are correct, the hexagonal tower cannot be equiangular; the pediment we noticed must proceed in a most deformed manner from a corner of the building, and the tower must have one side double the breadth of the other.

The style of this volume is in general correct and unafected. Besides the exception we have already produced to this character, we have to instance the perpetual use of the

word *antiquarian*, as a substantive; as in a future work the translator has corrected himself, we were unwilling to point out his error to too frequent observation, and therefore when we have quoted from him have substituted the proper correction. In the life of Giraldus, *prebendary* is used to designate the preferment, and not the possessor of it. In some of the extracts which we have given, the punctuation seems too frequent; the sentence frequently lags in consequence of interruptions. In the translation of the *Itinerary*, the plainness and simplicity of the language is well adapted to the subject; and is honourable to the judgment and good sense of the writer.

(To be continued.)

ART. VI.—*An Abridgment of the Law of Nisi Prius, Parts 2d and 3d. By William Selwyn, Jun. Esq. of Lincoln's Inn. Reed. 1808.*

THIS is a most judicious abridgment of the law as it applies to some of the most important subjects which legal jurisdiction can embrace; each subject is treated with great perspicuity, and the correspondent cases are cited at once correctly and comprehensively. The reader is not left as is too frequently the case, to regret the defective statement of the principle on which the point turns, or to waste his time in the fruitless search of decisions erroneously quoted or incorrectly referred to. From a work which is likely to be in every lawyer's hands, we should refrain quoting any particular head of information, since to the professional enquirer each chapter will be alike important. But for the benefit of the general reader, we select the following useful intelligence on the interesting topic of insurance. The whole chapter under this title is finished with considerable pains, and condensed with great ability.

Several corporations and societies have been established for the assurance of lives. Among these the following may be mentioned : 1. The Amicable Society, established in 1706. 2. The Royal Exchange and London assurance, in the reign of George the first. 3. The Equitable assurance, 1762. 4. The Westminster Society. 5. The Pelican Life Insurance. 6. The Globe Insurance. 7. The London Life Association, established May 1806, No. 48, St. Paul's Church-yard. The distinguishing principle of the London Life association is, that the assured are to be partakers of the benefits arising therefrom during life; the profits when ascertained are to

be divided among the proprietors, in proportion to the amount of their respective interests in the society, on the most equitable plan, and are to be payable to them during their respective lives, at such times and in such manner as the Courts of Directors, under the sanction of a general court of proprietors, shall appoint.

8. The Rock Life Assurance Company, (established A.D. 1806) New Bridge Street, Blackfriars.

'In this institution, each proprietor is under the necessity of insuring a sum on his own life, if accepted by the directors, or on that of an improved nominee, to the amount of one quarter of the stock standing in his name. The representatives of the insured are to receive a certain sum at his decease, and also such addition as may have been made to that sum by the previous resolution of the society agreeably to the deed of settlement. The insured are either proprietors or nonproprietors. The proprietors are answerable each to a certain amount; they lay down a certain sum and form a capital sufficient to answer all contingencies. The insured non-proprietors have not any share in the risk, they pay certain premiums, in consideration whereof at their decease, their representatives will become entitled to the sum insured and will partake equally with the proprietors in such addition as may have been made at different times to each policy.

'The making insurance on lives, or other events wherein the insured had no interest, having introduced a mischievous kind of gaming it was enacted by Stat. 14 Geo. 3. c. 48, first, 'That no insurance should be made by any person, body politic or corporate, on lives or any other event, wherein the person for whose benefit or on whose account the policy is made, has no interest, or by way of gaming or wagering. 2dly. That in every policy on lives or other events the name of the person interested, or on whose account it is made must be inserted. 3dly, That no greater sum should be recovered or received from the insurer than the amount of the interest of the insured' (60).

'Whether the insurer has an interest within the meaning of the preceding statute, is sometimes the subject of litigation; as to which it has been holden, that a creditor has an insurable interest in the life of his debtor, at least where he has only the personal security of the debtor. (61). But where the debt accrues by virtue of an illegal security, as a note for money won at play, such interest is not insurable. In an action on an insurance on the life of J. S. for one year and during the life of the plaintiff, but in case the plaintiff should die before J. S. the policy to be void, it appeared that J. S. had granted an annuity to the plaintiff's late brother, which annuity he had bequeathed to persons not parties to this insurance; having appointed the plaintiff executor of his will, and directed him to make assurance, it having been objected, that the insurance was made by a person not having any beneficial interest. Lord Kenyon C. J. held this to be a sufficient interest to support the action, observing that the plaintiff could not assent to the legacy before the testator's debts were paid, without being guilty of a devastavit, and being executor, all the

interest of the testator vested in him. The cause proceeded, but it appearing that J. S. was in a dying state when the policy was effected, the defendant had a verdict.

'Before a policy of insurance upon a life is effected it is usual for the party (whose life is the object of the insurance) to subscribe a written declaration, touching his age, state of health (e. g. whether he has ever had the small-pox, gout, &c.) and other circumstances.

'The substance of this declaration is recited, and the whole is incorporated by reference in the policy : at the end of which proviso is usually inserted declaring the policy to be void in case the insured should die upon the seas or go beyond the limits of Europe, without leave obtained from the directors, or commit suicide, or die by the hands of justice, or if the age of the assured exceed years; or if the assured be afflicted with any disorder which tends to the shortening of life, or in case the declaration should contain any averment which is not true.

'Such are the conditions which are usually required, varying however according to the regulations of the different insurance companies. The policy of imposing these terms is obvious, for if there be not any warranty or condition on the part of the insured, the insurer is subject to all risks unless he can shew that there has been a fraudulent concealment or suppression of the truth.'

ART. VII.—*History of the Female Sex ; comprising a View of the Habits, Manners, and Influence of Women, among all Nations, from the earliest Ages to the present Time. Translated from the German of C. Meiners, Councillor of State to his Britannic Majesty, and Professor of Philosophy at the University of Gottingen. By Frederic Shoberl. 4 vols. 12mo. Colburn. 1808.*

WE are not members of the Society for suppressing vice ; nor are we partners in the new religious hoy ; we have no wish to erect a literary court of Star-Chamber ; on the contrary, we have ever been staunch advocates for the liberty of the press ; yet, were the present volumes to be burnt by the common hangman, we should contemplate the flames without any violent emotions of patriotic indignation or pity. In Germany it may be very proper and decent for learned professors to drivel over such books as this of Councillor Meiners' ; but we in England should not have been losers had Mr. Frederic Shoberl been a stranger to the German language. As for the title, it is the most infamous and bare-faced libel we have ever witnessed ; and we think there can be no doubt but that translator, printer, and publisher, are, all and every of them, liable to an action from any lady in

his majesty's dominions who may chuse to assert the offended dignity and honor of her sex:

Every thing that is soft, and delicate, and amiable, and excellent, in the ideas with which the word 'woman' should inspire us, is altogether foreign to the design of this vile publication, which presents, on the contrary, nothing but a picture (in many respects overcharged) of the abominations of human nature. 'Annals of Debauchery' would be a fitter title, only not sufficiently expressive of its grossness, than that which Counsellor Meiners has thought fit to adopt. For the rest, *man* is at least equally the subject of the performance with insulted *woman*. Well might the liquorish professor exultingly exclaim,

'A comparison of my work with the *Essai sur le Caractère, les Mœurs, et l'Esprit des Femmes*, by the French orator, Thomas, and with the *History of Women*, by Alexander, will shew every impartial reader that I could not derive much information suitable to my purpose from either of these performances.' Author's Preface, p. xv.

We should have dismissed these volumes entirely with the foregoing remarks, had we not been arrested *in limine* by the encomium of Mr. Frederic Shoberl on their author.

'Among the living authors of Germany, none is more distinguished for various and extensive erudition than CHRISTOPHER MEINERS. Whatever Greece and Rome, Britain, France, Italy, Spain, and Germany have produced most interesting in the principal departments of literature, especially in history, philosophy, and statistics, he has read in the original languages, and that in such a manner, as to have the prodigious stock of information which he has thus acquired, continually within his reach. In a word, there are few *literati* who have read *more, or to better purpose!!*' Preface, p. vi.

Hold there, gentle Mr. Frederic Shoberl! The world affords so many melancholy instances of ill-directed learning, that we are by no means astonished, although grieved, at the fact announced in the former part of this panegyric. We are willing to believe that no man has ever read *more* than Counsellor Meiners; but, whoever has read *to no better purpose*, may repent in sackcloth and ashes that he was not bred to the plough instead of being educated for a professorship at Gottingen.

We are sorry, however, that Mr. Frederic Shoberl has betrayed in the foregoing sentence *what* are the particular sub

jects which he conceives *most interesting* in the principal departments of literature; and we earnestly council him to mortify his imagination by a complete course of mathematical study before he resumes his office of translator from the German.

ART. VIII.—*The Test of Guilt, or, Traits of Antient Superstition, a Dramatic Tale. And the Bumpkin's Disaster, or the Journey to London: containing the whimsical Adventures of Ploughshare and Clodpoll: incidental to which is described a Consultation of the Fairies; including also the legendary History of Waltham Cross. By the late Mr. Joseph Strutt, Author of several Works on Archæology. 4to. pp. 174. Appleyards. 1808.*

THIS posthumous publication is presented to the world by the son of its author, to whom we have been so much indebted for his curious researches into the manners of our ancestors; and it abounds, as might naturally be expected, with perpetual allusions to those studies to which he was devoted. The dramatic tale (which is in five parts, and might have been, with equal propriety, denominated a play in five acts) is founded on the vulgar notion, that a murdered carcase bleeds afresh, at the touch of the assassin. By the application of this test, an innocent man is cleared of suspicion, and the perpetrator of the bloody deed detected. This is the whole fable, except that the person wrongfully accused had been beloved by the baron's daughter, from whom he is separated by the suspicion, which some circumstances had thrown upon him, and to whom of course he is united, on his acquittal. The stile of writing, in this play, though extremely simple, and not without the affectation of antiquated rusticity, is in many parts unexpectedly forcible and impressive: but its inaccuracies and the metrical faults are numerous enough to convince us that the author did not intend it for the public eye, in its present state, still less can we believe that he thought the second poem fit for the press: indeed it appears to have been abandoned as a fragment thirty years ago. It is founded on a whimsical adventure, which is said to have happened in the author's neighbourhood in Hertfordshire, of two farmers inspired with a political mania, who went to London for the purpose of demanding an audience of his majesty, and remonstrating against a continuance of the American war.

Their humorous disasters form a small part of the poem, which contains the fabulous history of the foundation of Waltham Cross, and a long discussion between our old friend Puck and some of his brother elves, in both of which episcodical descriptions, Mr. Strutt appears to have had great pleasure in dwelling on antiquarian subjects. We cannot forbear copying the following enumeration of inauspicious omens, that our readers may have the satisfaction of knowing, from the best authority, by what symptoms the wisdom of our ancestors teaches them to anticipate a day of certain misery :

'Slept nature then, when danger had prepared
His net, and both our worthies were ensnared ?
No ; nature slept not ; warning prodigies
And frequent tokens, like so many spies,
Declar'd approaching harm.—Thrice in the night
Clodpoll awak'd, and shiver'd with affright :
Of crawling snakes he dream'd, that o'er his bed
Assembl'd, and a ghost without a head.
Three drops of blood, when Ploughshare first arose,
At equal intervals, fell from his nose :
Thrice mew'd the cat ; a raven, kept hard by,
Croak'd thrice aloud ; and thrice did crickets cry,
A magpie chatter'd, in his cage confin'd ;
A teeming bitch beheld them thrice, and whin'd.
The morning dram, by antient usage due
To belly, Clodpoll claim'd, for ever true
To belly's call :—Soon as the glass was fill'd,
By chance 'twas broken, and the liquor spill'd !
Thrice three times Ploughshare sneez'd, and stumbl'd o'er
The rising threshold of the tap-room door.—
'Bad luck to both,' a passing fish-drab cried,
As they came forth. Her comrade thus replied ;
'Why stay they not at home ?'—

P. 38 of Bumpkin's Disaster.

Mr. Strutt generally displays great facility of expression, which is seldom elevated into poetry, but sometimes approaches it. The following simile is not deficient either in elegance or feeling :

'So the poor bird, ensnar'd by human art,
Moans in its cage, and views with panting heart
The distant woods : beset around with fears,
It pines with grief, and from its food forbears :
But if perchance restor'd by milder fate
To native freedom, and its wonted mate,

Proud of its liberty, it cleaves the skies
With eager joy, and carols as it flies.'

P. 31 of Bumpkin's Disaster!

We learn with pleasure that the public will soon be presented with 'an account of the life and writings of the late Mr. Joseph Strutt, wherein his several published and unpublished writings will be particularly noticed; with an analytical and critical statement of the whole.' Such a work is very likely to throw great light on the most interesting parts of archæology.

ART. IX.—*Poggio Bracciolini Florentini Dialogus, an seni sit uxor ducenda, circa, an. 1435. conscriptus, nunc primam typis mandatus et, publici juris factus, edente Gulielmo Shepherd, Liverpooliæ, Typis Geo. F. Harris. 1807 4to.*—Ought an old Man to Marry? *A Dialogue, written about the year 1435, by Poggio Bracciolini a Florentine; now published, for the first time, by William Shepherd. Cadell and Davis, London.*

JOHN Francis Poggio Bracciolini, was born 1380, at Terra Nova, in the Florentine state. He was secretary to seven popes during a period of forty years. He was appointed secretary to the republic of Florence in 1455; and died in 1459 in a good old age. Poggio acted an important part in the council of Constance; and we are indebted to his industry and erudition for the preservation of many classical remains.

When Mr. Shepherd was at Paris, in the year 1802, he discovered the following dialogues of Poggio, among the MSS in the national library; he made an accurate copy of the original; of which he printed a very few copies not long after his return. One of these was presented to Dr. Parr, and it is owing to the favourable opinion, which that great scholar entertained of the work, that it is now presented to the public. When at the advanced age of fifty-five, Poggio judged it expedient to take unto himself a wife. The following dialogue is said to have taken place soon after that event, between the author and two of his learned friends, Nicolaus Nicolus and Charles Aretine. Nicolaus argued stoutly against entering into any matrimonial engagement on the confines of old age. He thought that such persons had need of no small portion of hellebore, in order to dispel the

sumes of insanity from the brain. What an instance of folly said he, was it in you, Poggio, who have hitherto been your own master and laughed at matrimony, to take a wife in your old age, to forego your independence for the shackles of slavery, and to bring on yourself a load of vexations, which you can neither endure without pain, nor get rid of if you would! This affair of matrimony may do very well for a young man, but it is quite incongruous in an old. Let those, who will, commend the marriage state, but for my part, I think that it is a source of no trifling uneasinesses at all times of life; but quite a torment in our declining years; which need the alleviations of bliss, rather than the weight of conjugal wo. Old age, instead of being competent to the duties of matrimony, has more need of repose than toil; it has of itself a sufficiency of care, without any supernumerary ills. But perhaps, says Poggio, you judge of others by yourself; you have always abominated the very name of wife, as an irremediable calamity, without once tasting the pleasures of matrimony, which, if sweet to any, must to the old be doubly sweet. To this day, I have never experienced one sensation of satiety or regret; but my portion of conjugal bliss seems to be such a continually accumulating stock, that I reckon those who live single among the greatest of fools. Nicolaus thought, that Poggio had been more fortunate than wise in the choice which he had made; and that he could hardly be reckoned in his right senses, who, in his five and fiftieth year, which Poggio had then attained, went seeking after a wife, and aggravated the oppressive incumbency of age, by a more intolerable weight of care. What, if your wife were such a compound of perverseness and opposition, as to greet you with a scowl upon her countenance when you returned from abroad, scolded you when you went out, and stunned you with her clack when you staid at home? What distress, what corrosive anxiety and wo? What, if she should take to drinking, which is no improbable surmise? If she should prove wanton, sluttish and somnolent? You had better be dead than pass your life with such a creature as this. If an old man marry, he must take a virgin or a widow, a young woman or an old. If he make choice of a young, the discordancy of her manners will prevent any thing like the assimilation of amity in the society of life. Where the affections do not coalesce, dissensions will arise, and hatred will ensue. If a widow be the object of his choice, she will, if young, after having experienced a young husband, not patiently brook the transition to an old. Her former mate will often excite her longing sighs;

and, though timidity may smother the confession, it will plainly appear that the disgust of the present is increased by regret of the past. But if he should marry an old dame, whose years harmonize with his own, he will have no children; and their mutual infirmities will accelerate their mutual decay. The debility of one will be increased by that of the other; and thus each will experience a double quantity of disease and wo. Besides, a hundred vexations are springing up every day, which are enough to make not only an old man, but even a young regret the nuptial tie. If to these should be added the jealous apprehension, or the actual consciousness of infidelity, it is impossible to imagine a situation more deplorable, or misery more acute. Such was the representation of real or imagined ills, with which the mind of Nicolaus depicted the matrimonial state, which he said, had induced him not to venture on so hazardous an experiment. With respect to those who, *vergenti ætate uxorem quærant*, take it into their heads to marry when life is just burnt to the wick, he exclaimed 'O insulsos homines; qui fessi ac requiem petentes in lectum se projiciunt, quiescendi causâ, vepribus ac rubis repletum.' 'O foolish men! who, oppressed with languor, and sighing for repose, throw themselves, for the sake of rest, on a bed which is covered with brambles and thorns.' But Nicolaus seemed to think that marriage was the most grievous mistake in those old persons who had a taste for literature, and a capacity to advance the cause of science and of truth. He allowed, indeed, that this might not always be the case; that the matrimonial choice of Poggio might be one of singular felicity; but he concluded with adding, that *the safest counsels were the best*. Let not our female readers suppose that the force of the argument is likely to turn against the felicity of their charms: or that even an old man is to be logically interdicted the solace of having one of them to wife. Their cause is not in bad hands, for Charles Aretine, who is one of the speakers in the dialogue, passes such high commendations even on *senile* marriages, as may well set every greyheaded bachelor in the kingdom a longing after such a treasure of sweets. We shall retail some of the matrimonial persuasives on which Charles so fervently expatiates. In the first place he did not like that kind of life, which, if it were universally practised, would, in the course of a century, hardly leave an inhabitant on the face of the earth. He thought it was more virtuous to live in society and to contribute to the stock of its enjoyments, than to moulder in the sterility of solitude, and never to ex-

perience that perfect union of hearts and interchange of endearments which marriage alone affords. We shall not translate the following sentences ; but recommend them for insertion in the common-place book of Mr. Malthus. Turpe quidem est, ac præter naturâ nobis insitam rationem, cum homo animal sit sociabile ad procreationem natum, respuere gignendi facultatem et eam societatem spernere quæ sit omnium optima ac jucundissima. Cætera animalia ratione carentia, vis ipsa inpellit naturæ ad conjunctionem procreandi gratia, ut sua species cuique conservetur. Quid homo ratione utens, cujus sæcunditas utilior est brutis, an erit cæteris deterior, et facultate cælitus propagandæ sobolis datâ, ad delendum genus hominum abutetur ? Charles did not think that even the leisure of literature must necessarily be absorbed in the occupations of matrimony. He recited the names of Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Theophrastus ; of Cato, Tully, Varro, Seneca and other renowned sages, in whom marriage did not operate as a preventive to the attainment of pre-eminence in every department of learning and of virtue. He who abstains from matrimony will, perhaps, be led to commit adultery, fornication, or some more detestable crime. Continence is a virtue which is practised only by a few ; and therefore the conjugal tie ought to be sought as the safeguard of innocence. For these reasons, independent of other considerations, Charles was an advocate for early marriages as well as late ; and he thought that to be marriageable was a sufficient inducement to marry. Oh Charles ! Charles ! Had you or Poggio lived to converse with Mr. Malthus, he would have taught you better things ! He would have let you know how much public good might be expected from practising celibacy, till you were on the confines of fourscore. Then, if you have saved a sufficient provision for a family, why e'en take a wife, and perpetuate the noble race of man.

With respect to the objection which Nicolaus had urged against matrimony as a species of servitude, Charles declared that he considered it rather as highly favourable to liberty ; as the married man was rather a master than a slave. He is free from those vices by which the unmarried are ensnared ; and his wife finds the sweetest satisfaction in complying with his will. But he thought matrimony to be more particularly suited to the old ; who, when the fever of youth was past, were more likely to make a judicious choice ; and to gather the most delicious fruits of matrimonial life. This appeared to excite the risibility of Nicolaus ; but Charles was not to be laughed out of his argument ; and he proceeded to de-

clare that, as he considered reason to be the guide of life, he thought that a wife might with more propriety be committed to an old man than a young. This he enforced by a diversity of illustrations and of arguments; and he particularly preferred the sober discretion of age to the impetuous thoughtlessness of youth. Age, said he, excels in experience, in virtue, and in wisdom, in frugality and management and, therefore, he thought that an old man ought to marry even where no hopes of a family could be entertained. Charles would not merely give to grey hairs the privilege of having a wife; but a wife blooming in the flower of youth. One of the reasons which he assigns for this is curious: 'ejus ætatis anhelitus purus et incorruptus senectutem vivificabit, conservabitque integrum;' her pure and fragrant breath will act as an antidote to the decay of age. He moreover thought so highly of the accommodating pliancy of the other sex, as to suppose that a young woman might be moulded like wax into the volitions and the habits, the desires and the aversions of her grandsire—spouse; and that by a close seclusion from the world, the heart might cease to hanker after the gaieties of life. We shall produce the following as a specimen of the latinity of this performance. 'Quid igitur mirum est, nuptas senibus virgines, virorum monitis et consiliis imbritas, multas voluptatum illecebras quas non norunt, aspernari, obtemperantes desiderio senioris, et id rectum putantes quod agendum ratione et prudentiâ didicerunt. Id optimum ducent quod vident viri valetudini conferre; existimabuntque ejus incolumitatem rebus cæteris, quæ brevi labuntur, esse præferendam. Gauderunt se junctas iis viris, qui, quod maximum est in conjugali fructu, et recte vivendi præcepta, et faculates rerum ad vitam de more degendam, suppeditare valeant. Ita, mea sententiâ, melius seni quam adolescenti virgo nubet' p. 18. This sturdy champion for matrimony, argued that a young woman could not do better than marry an old man; and that an old man did best who chose for his associate in the vale of years, some tender inexperienced fair; one yet unhacknied in the ways of the world; whom, as Poggio expresses it, 'flectet quo volet, in suam institutionem inducet, suis moribus coopabit auctoritate et consiliis reget; id esse optimum docebit quod fuerit honestum; ostendet quanta sit continentiæ virtus, quid pudicæ ab impudicis differant, quatenus voluptati indulgendum, quatenus abstinendum.' We reviewers, whose floors are covered with books, whose ceilings are frescoed with cobwebs, and who never suffer a broom in our rooms that might disturb the repose of the peaceful inhabitants, cannot be

supposed to be very zealous for the matrimonial state, or to be very likely to procure a wife, even if we were; whom we might in the language of Poggio or Charles Aretine, '*nostris moribus cooptare, auctoritate et consiliis regere*;' &c. and, therefore, it hardly becomes us to hazard an opinion, '*an seni aut juveni sit uxor ducenda*,' whether an old man or a young ought to take a wife; but perhaps the reader will perceive, that musty, furrowed and grey-headed old fellows as we are, our voice is less with the matrimonial dissuasives of the morose Nicolaus, than with the connubial propensities of the more social and festive Charles. We must confess, at the same time, that we are not advocates for uniting great disparities of age in the matrimonial bond; and that our advice agrees with that of Ovid,

Si qua voles apte nubere; nube pari.

Ov. Heroid. Ep. 9.

ART. X.—*Memoir on the National Defence.* By J. F. Birch, Captain in the Royal Engineers. 8vo. 3s. Stockdale. 1808.

IN the present critical state of the British empire we feel it our duty to call the attention of our readers to the present performance. That the project of invasion is not an empty menace, but that it will sooner or later be attempted to be put in execution, is what no man can doubt, who considers the hostile mind, which exists in the councils of France towards this country, which has been cherished amid all the changes which the political institutions of that fickle people have undergone, and is likely to be preserved with unabated intensity amid all their future innovations. If we regard it as a certain fact, that the invasion of this country will sooner or later be attempted, if the time when it will be attempted is uncertain, but if it be probable that the awful period is less remote than is commonly imagined, the question of NATIONAL DEFENCE is one of the most important on which the patriotic mind can be employed. The resources which Bonaparte possesses for the construction of ships and for the equipment of a navy are greater than they have been in any former period of the war. Such resources, placed under the controul of such a man, will not, we may be sure, long remain unemployed. For his mind is of that class which

not only makes the best use of the means which it possesses; but which is continually creating new. The aggrandizement of France, or more properly of his imperial dynasty, is never for a moment lost sight of in the measures of his cabinet. It keeps the inventive faculty of the monarch and of his subalterns continually alert. The greatness of England is thought to be the only impediment in the way of the universal and uncontrouled domination of France. That greatness it is consequently the most ardent desire of the French ruler to humble and destroy. The most probable means of effecting this, seem to be a preponderance of naval power. To this, all the efforts of the French chief will be directed; and this, with the present facilities which he possesses for the attainment, it may be difficult to counteract. And we verily believe that *war* is more likely than *peace* to *accelerate* the accomplishment. War must necessarily increase the stimulus to maritime exertion. But an absolute superiority at sea is not essential to the invasion of this island. If a grand scheme of invasion be attempted at once from many points, it is not unlikely to succeed in some, notwithstanding our general maritime superiority. Our fleet were masters of the Mediterranean, and yet Bonaparte with a mighty armament reached the coast of Egypt in safety; our fleet possessed the undisputed sovereignty of the English channel, and yet Hoche anchored in Bantry bay and Humbert landed in Ireland.—What is called the *chapter of accidents* seems to embrace a larger circumference of the ocean than the land; and of this we are convinced that our ultimate security against invasion must depend more on our army than our fleet; more on our points of defence by land than the number of our ships at sea. Whatever may be the probabilities to the contrary, yet we must all allow that an invasion *may* be effected by the enemy either in this country or in Ireland, even while he possesses an inferior marine; but should his marine ever become equal to that of this country it is certain that our greatest protection must consist in the courage of our troops and in the extent, the strength and skill of our internal defensive means. In adopting measures of precaution against any expected or possible calamity it is always better to err on the side of provident preparation than of incautious security; rather to deem the danger greater than it is than less than it is; rather to estimate the evil too high than too low in the scale of prudential calculation.

Will any thinking man say that an invasion of this coun-

try is impossible?—Will he even affirm that it is, in *any high degree* improbable? But if any evil of such overwhelming magnitude be, though only in a low degree, probable, can our provisions against it be too early, or too well, matured? Can we be too vigilant and circumspect, can our general measures of defence be prepared with too much foresight, combined with too much skill, or consolidated with too much force? If the time be only likely to arrive when we shall have to fight on English ground for our laws, our property, our lives, and all that we value most, can we be too much on our guard against such a perilous emergency? If an invasion should take place when we are unprepared, or before we are sufficiently prepared, is it necessary for us to borrow any figures of rhetoric to describe the consequences which must ensue? Our advice is; let us leave as little as possible to fortuitous contingencies; let us not stake the safety of an empire on the variations of the wind or the stormy caprice of the ocean. Let us be armed at all points by land as well as by sea.

The question of national defence has been much discussed; but there seems to have been more speculative dispute than practical arrangement. Much has been said, but little has been done. It is probable, however, that every day adds to the proximity of the danger, and to the necessity of our preparations to avert it. What we want, therefore, is not a system of defence which it will require years to put in execution, but something which may be rendered almost immediately efficient. For this purpose Mr. Birch recommends the formation of entrenched camps in the most eligible situations. These camps should

‘ Be strengthened or fortified by means of detached and independent permanent works or forts in the best situations that could be found for them, and such that each should require a particular attack to reduce it; and that they should flank, and be connected by a deep intrenchment of earth, which entrenchment might be levelled when the army wished to go and combat the enemy; with some works in an advanced line, those in the second line to be opposite the interval of those in the first line; those of the first order to be able to cover from 30 to 50,000 men, and those of the second a lesser number. It is a similar principle on which Alexandria and Cairo in Egypt were fortified by the French, each of which could have covered any number of men, and which enabled their corps there to exact such favourable terms of capitulation; which sufficiently manifested what an excellent defence they might have made, though unsupported by the people of the country, and without any communication with the sea.

Crit. Rev. Vol. 14. May, 1808.

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‘It is the same principle on which Schweidnitz was fortified when it maintained the famous siege of two months against Frederick in the seven years war. It is on a similar plan on which Genoa is fortified, which defended itself so admirably under Massena against the Austrian army. It was a similar principle which Frederick and Marshal Saxe prescribed in fortifying their camps with detached redoubts. Connected with such a plan is the observation that has been made, that every camp has a key to it: Bonaparte seized this key in the Prussian position of Jena. The object of the independent forts is to occupy this key, to strengthen it so that there should be no chance of losing it for a long time, and to create or improve several other holds or keys to the camp. It is conceived that this manner of fortifying the ground, or of constructing the fortified position, would be attended, among other advantages, with the following:

‘That they would require a very short time to construct them, on account of its being necessary to fortify chiefly particular points, and not equally the whole enceinte; the intermediate spaces between the flanks being only required to be a deep earthen intrenchment, which would soon be made; that they would be capable of a long defence, for they would be capable of a successive one, from the number of forts that it would be necessary to reduce, from the strong position of them, from the being enabled to fortify in nearly right lines, and from the extent of the front, and the position being open by sea, or being upon a river which would probably admit of its being succoured. That they would be proper either to cover a very large body of men, or to be defended by a small number, or the parts of the enceinte are thus reduced to some points of only which it is necessary to defend: that they would contain a large quantity of stores, ammunition, and provision, since they cover a great deal of space; that it would be next to impossible that the enemy should be able to avail himself of them, as, in order to do this, he would have to reduce all the forts, which would necessarily take a very long time. Each might maintain itself until it in particular was forced to surrender; and the governor should not have the power of making a general capitulation for them, but the commandant of each fort should answer himself for his own capitulation, without, however, having any power to conclude one for himself until he became the senior officer of the whole camp.’

‘It may safely be asserted,’ says Captain Birch, that ‘fortified positions are essentially necessary in every plan for offensive or defensive war; both of which are liable to sinister accidents, to which fortifications may furnish a limit that otherwise could only be found in the entire destruction of our power; that well-appointed armies are but a precarious pledge of success, or of exemption from the worst effects of defeat, unless we have large reserves of men and fortified positions to support them. I speak of fortifications as auxiliaries, that without them we could only count upon victory, or

be liable to the greatest disasters in case of defeat; that they convert war from a system of hazards to a system of just and rational calculations, the result of which in our own country we might be assured would be favourable to us. Their general advantages will appear from a consideration of their nature and object, which is to place a few men in a state to combat and resist for a long time a much greater number; or to place a large number of men who may be inferior in discipline, in tactics or manœuvres, or in chiefs and leaders, in a condition to combat and resist inferior or superior numbers, who may have the advantage of them in the above respects.

And another great object of them is to secure the military depots of provisions and warlike stores, whose safety cannot be ensured without them, and which are the means of defensive war. The several other properties of fortified positions naturally follow, as being the base of the line of operation for the corps of our army in any of the different lines they may choose or be forced to act upon; as being places of retreat for any one of them, should that become necessary, from whence they might in their offensive or defensive operations draw their supplies of all kinds, of recruits in men, and every thing they may stand in need of; as being rallying points for them, and where the active and armed part of the population of the country might rendezvous, and receive organization and direction, and from whence they might safely issue to annoy the enemy's communications on the flanks and rear of his army, which supposes such a disposition, that some of them would necessarily be, as he advanced, in one or other of these situations in respect to him; as being a shelter at the same time for the vessels of the military and mercantile marine, should they require it, which supposes the situation of some of them to be on the coast; and as being places of rendezvous and secure places of communication for them with the inhabitants on shore, should we have the command of the sea, by means of which they might transport corps into the most favourable situations for them to act in, and might give every assistance to others; as being depots of grain and provision and places of security for the wealth of the country; as being the means of ensuring to ourselves military positions, which would not only be useful to us, but in the highest degree useful to the enemy, should he be able to possess himself of them in their present state; as remedying the defect of the figure of the country, by increasing the strength of the weak parts, thereby preventing any disjunction of them, and ensuring the communication of the several parts in its whole length. They would enable the corps of the army to unite in the part where the invasion was most serious, and to employ their whole force in crushing the enemy there, confiding the defence of the other parts to the fortified positions and to the population of the country, who would at least preserve them and the great depots of provisions and ammunition, until the army should return to act there. They would enable, in the same manner, the navy to leave for a time some parts of the shore unprotected, in order to unite their force in

other parts, which might at times be highly necessary, and be the means of preservation to us, and of glory to them.'

We leave these ideas of Mr. Birch to be canvassed by military men; but they carry conviction to our plain and unprejudiced understandings. This island from its great length presents numerous points of attack, which must necessarily occasion a dispersion of our force. One of the objects, therefore, of Mr. Birch, is to establish points of defence, which may serve as means of communication and centres of reunion between the different parts of the kingdom. Thus, if any of the weaker parts should be attacked, these fortified positions would enable them to hold out and keep the enemy in check till assistance might be sent from other posts. Thus by a judicious distribution of these entrenched points the whole kingdom would present the appearance of an impregnable camp; and would leave the enemy no chance of success in whatever quarter he might begin his attack. It is not probable that France will cease to menace an invasion till it has been either rendered abortive by the actual failure of the experiment, or till our state of preparation has rendered it impracticable. We know that many persons would object to the establishment of such numerous fortresses as favourable to the purposes of despotism, and dangerous to the liberties of the country. This did not seem the case in the reign of the first Charles; when numerous fortified places were scattered over the kingdom; but which did not in general prove very hostile to the interests of the parliament. And we place so much reliance on the love of liberty, which pervades the bosoms of Englishmen, as not to believe that, if any future sovereign of this country should harbour any design to subvert the popular part of the constitution, he would find any assistance in the great mass of our military force; and without the cordial co-operation of the soldiery, who cannot be entirely divested of all civic feeling, the most numerous fortifications would be of no avail. But general experience does not prove that fortified positions are dangerous to liberty. Joseph the second certainly entertained the opposite opinion when he demolished the fortresses of the Netherlands; and was it not by means of her fortresses that Holland was enabled to rescue herself from slavery and oppression? Mr. Birch well remarks that fortified places

'Have been employed as the bulwarks of liberty and of despotism. Circumstances alone render them either the one or the other.

Large and permanent garrisons drawn from an army of a certain character and composition, render them as it were the strong holds of tyranny ; on the contrary, if left entirely at certain conjunctures in the hands of the people, it is by no means impossible that they may be converted into strong holds of democracy. Properly regulated they would be liable to produce neither of these effects ; but, in a government like ours, partly regal and partly popular, would give strength and stability to both principles of the constitution.

There is one consideration, which we wish to impress upon our readers—that this country having now, for so long a period, enjoyed the solid security of *domestic* peace, and been exempted from the ravage of *actual war*, such an unfortunate occurrence would, *at first*, occasion a degree of terror and confusion, which till it had subsided, would be highly unfavourable to any united efforts and any vigorous resistance. The invasion of a large French force in any one part of the island would no sooner be known, than a sort of wild panic would probably vibrate through every part of the island. The horror that would prevail in the immediate point of attack, it would be impossible to describe, and the sensation would, at least, *for a short time*, be diffusive and contagious. Nor can we well say how much an active and enterprising enemy might convert this first moment of alarm to his own advantage and to our loss. Whenever he arrives, his motions, if they do not instantly meet with some effectual obstruction, will be more rapid than we are apt to imagine; and a few days will be sufficient for his march from almost any part of the kingdom to the centre of our commerce and our power. Now the erection of such strong posts as Mr. Birch so judiciously suggests, will tend to diminish the *first alarm*, to counteract the sensation of dread, and to inspire that confidence which is the soul of bold enterprise. They would present a powerful obstacle to the enemy, almost as soon as he set his foot on shore : which it would be necessary for him to overcome before he could advance. The delay, which would be thus occasioned, would be of inestimable importance. It would give time for the concentration of a mass of force near the point of danger ; and the first alarm would expire before the enemy could profit by the confusion of our fears. In the commencement of the revolutionary war, it was the numerous fortresses which bristle the northern frontier of France, which saved that country from the spoliation of the coalesced armies.

‘ Notwithstanding,’ says Mr. Birch, ‘ that the French troops

were repeatedly beaten in the field, and that they were forced in the camp of Famars, and of Cesar, and that they lost three of their fortresses, Conde, Valenciennes and Quesnoy, *it was under the safeguard and protection of the rest, and in the interval of time afforded by their resistance, that they called forth and prepared for action, those means which afterwards assured them so many successes.*

Without fortified positions, such as Capt. Birch recommends, the fate of this country, as in the case of the Norman invasion, might be determined by the issue of a single battle. But if his defensive scheme were accomplished, then

‘However disastrous fortune might please to make those affairs, they would not be fatal to us, since the means of supporting or of repairing them would be known and assured. In fighting a battle we should run less risk than the enemy’s army opposed to us, for his means of repairing his losses would not be so much at hand as ours would be.’

To the objection that these fortresses ‘might be of great advantage to the enemy if he were to get possession of them ;’ Capt. Birch very properly replies, that

‘If he got possession of them after they had been any wise properly defended, they would then have served our purpose much more than they would do his ; and that the chance of his possessing himself of them through the cowardice or extreme inertness of the defenders is a reason for not having them, which would apply, in a greater degree, to our artillery, and to our depots, whether of it, or of subsistence and warlike stores.’

And as Mr. Birch proposes to

‘Form the enceinte, or enclosure of the place of a variety of independent works, each of which would require a particular operation to reduce it, it is by no means probable that the enemy would have time to take them all, as would be necessary for him to do in order to avail himself of the advantage of the enceinte of the place ; but if he should attempt this, it would serve our purpose in the way I have just intimated, and would give us the opportunity of collecting our means, and of repeatedly attacking him whilst he was employing his force in a stationary manner.’

It must be remembered that, in case of invasion, our principal force would consist of raw and inexperienced troops, who might fight very well behind walls and intrenchments, but in whom, when opposed in the open field to an army of veterans, less confidence could be reposed. But placed in fortified positions, they would gain experience ; and be gradually hardened to the dangers and toils of war.

‘Ancient and modern history shew the excellent defences

that have been made by volunteers and by irregular troops who could not face the enemy in the field, as in the case of Tyre, Rhodes, Carthage, Marseilles, of the modern cities of the United States after their revolt from Spain, of Barcelona and of Limerick, and recently of Lyons, Cairo, Acre, Burtpore in India, and of Gaeta. The French in coming before the last place, required the prince of Hesse to surrender it in six hours on pain of being put to the sword with his whole garrison, yet it detained them five months before it, and caused them a considerable loss of men. The garrison was composed of the worst species of troops, of new raised conscripts, without the smallest discipline and of new-made galley slaves; yet they would have held out much longer if the resources of the place in artillery and stores had been better managed throughout the siege. The detention of so great a part of the French force before that place afforded Sir John Stuart the opportunity of executing his brilliant expedition into Calabria, where he destroyed a great part of general Regnier's army, which was styled the advanced corps of the army of Sicily, and took the stores and artillery destined for his operations there.

Capt. Birch proposes to assimilate the militia in every respect to the troops of the line; and he recommends a new composition and modelling of the volunteers. What he says of the volunteer corps is probably true, that

‘The greater part of the men have not the physical properties necessary for soldiers. There has no selection been made of them with this view; and most of them would not be able to withstand the effect of a few night marches and exposure to the weather, &c.’

General Washington's opinion of irregular, inexperienced and undisciplined troops was, that to place any dependance on them was to rest upon a broken staff. If our militia soldiers were properly officered, Capt. Birch thinks that ‘no troops in the world could be superior to them.’ The want of experienced and skilful officers seems indeed at present to constitute our principal military defect, which is not likely to be effectually remedied while the present mode of promotion by favour and purchase is retained. Military skill without other *more substantial recommendations*, has at present but very small chance of advancement in the army.

‘The late regulations of Mr. Windham's act,’ which are now unhappily almost entirely defeated, ‘would,’ says Capt. Birch,

‘Together with those I have ventured to suggest, tend to establish on the part of the soldier that community of sentiment and interest with his fellow-citizens, which pledge him rather as the certain ally than as the probable enemy of their liberties.’

We have dwelt longer on Capt. Birch's performance than its size might seem to demand, from a strong conviction of the infinite importance of the subject in the present crisis of the empire. The author appears to be a man of sound judgment and enlightened views, and we hope that his pamphlet will awaken the general attention of the country to a system of national defence without the adoption of which very precarious will be the tenure of our laws, our property, and our lives. If the war be continued, it is a moral certainty that an invasion of this country will sooner or later be attempted. The probabilities are that the attempt will fail; but the enemy *may* land a large army of veterans on our shores. With only such a tremendous *possibility*, for we will not call it *probability*, before our eyes, ought we for a moment to hoodwink our sight to the awful conflict which then awaits us, when all that we hold most dear will be put at stake on the uncertain issue of war? Let us by timely and vigorous preparation endeavour to chain the fickleness of fortune, to guard against the worst reverses which we can experience, and to commit as little as possible to the hazard of a die. Let us learn *wise and vigorous precaution* even from our inveterate enemy, who, even while he was conquering in Poland did not neglect the defensive frontier of France. It is said that Fortune is the deity whom Bonaparte most adores; but though he has hitherto enjoyed the smiles of this lady he is **TOO DISCREET TO TRUST ANY THING TO HER INCONSTANCY.** He knows her sorceries, and none of her blandishments can lull him into security or inaction. While he seems fondled, like a spoiled child in her embrace, he still retains the energy of a man, and *he does all that human exertion can do to secure his end.* In this respect and not in his unprincipled aggressions on neutral states, it seems both wise and good to follow his example.

ART. XI.—*An etymological Dictionary of the Scottish Language, illustrating the Words in their different Significations, by Examples from antient and modern Writers; shewing their Affinity to those of other Languages, and especially the Northern; explaining many Terms which, though now obsolete in England, were formerly common to both Countries; and elucidating national Rites, Customs, and Institutions in their Analogy to those of other Nations, to which is prefixed a Dissertation on the Origin of the Scottish Language.* By John Jamieson, D. D. Fellow of the

Royal Society of Edinburgh, and of the Society of the Antiquaries of Scotland. 2 vols. 4to. 4l. 4s. boards. Longman. 1808.

A DICTIONARY of the Scotch language has long been a literary desideratum, which we are happy to see at last supplied by the industry and learning of Dr. Jamieson, who has spent the leisure of twenty years in the execution. We should have been sorry if such a performance had not made its appearance, or if it had been longer delayed; for the vernacular language of Scotland is gradually becoming merged in the more polished and useful dialect of South Britain; and perhaps another century will hardly elapse before the Scotch will cease to exist, except in the writings of the dead. Since the union of the two kingdoms, the Scotch idiom has been gradually becoming more and more absorbed in the English; and for want of the more early compilation of a dictionary, the meaning of many terms which might have been preserved, is now irrecoverably lost. Dr. Jamieson remarks with great truth, that,

‘till of late, even those who pretended to write glossaries to the Scottish books which they published, generally explained the terms, which almost every reader understood, and quite overlooked those that were more ancient and obscure.’

‘Within these few years,’ says the author of this valuable work,

‘A taste for Scottish literature has revived both in Scotland and England. Hence the want of an etymological dictionary has been felt more than ever; and it may well be supposed that all who possess a genuine taste for the literary productions of their country, must feel disposed to encourage a work which is necessary, not merely for illustrating their beauties, but, in many instances, even for rendering them intelligible.’

Among other qualifications which tend to make his work more interesting than a dictionary usually is, Dr. Jamieson has, under various words, embraced the opportunity of explaining many of the customs and manners of ancient times to which they refer; many of which were hitherto involved in obscurity. The knowledge of ancient manners often reflects light on the obscurities of language; and language, in its turn, often serves to elucidate many peculiarities in ancient modes.

If as an etymologist, Dr. Jamieson seldom merits the

praise of extraordinary penetration, yet great good sense, and a competent portion of judgment, never suffer him to deviate into those fanciful absurdities, which so often chequer the pages of Skinner and other etymologists. Though language is usually considered an arbitrary invention, yet in the formation men are certainly governed by those laws of association and resemblance, which have such powerful influence on all the actions of sensitive and intellectual existence. The appropriation of terms, and the multiplication of the secondary meanings, which those terms are applied to denote, are not matters of such capricious and fortuitous accomplishment as Horace seemed to enjoin. Even a primary or radical term is seldom a capricious or arbitrary designation; some real or supposed analogy or resemblance influences the choice; but when we come to extend the radical signification of a word into a complex ramification of meanings, the operation of analogy is still more evident. The perception of one resemblance leads to another, till the relation of the superinduced meaning to the primary signification almost entirely disappears. But the erudition, the good sense, and the penetration of a lexicographer are seen in tracing the significations of words, not only through their more palpable and immediate, but their more delicate and less perceptible shades of resemblance. Numerous words present an extensive and complicated variety of meanings; the duty of the philologist is to trace those meanings like a well drawn pedigree, from the parental source to the most remote relation. Thus the art of the lexicographer is, in some measure, allied to that of the metaphysician; for both are employed in tracing the operations of mind. A well-digested dictionary, in which the words were analysed into their several simple ideas, and in which the near resemblances were regularly traced up to the more remote, would serve, in some measure, like a treatise of philosophy to illuminate the mind. Even savages are quick in discerning those resemblances, which are employed to give new shades and turns to the significations of words; and the resemblances which they descry, though they may be usually gross, and drawn rather from physical appearances than from moral, or intellectual qualities still seem to mark the operations of mind, and prove the formation of words and of the meanings which are annexed to them, to be in general the effect not so much of arbitrary convention as of deliberate choice, influenced by those considerations which have their origin in the organization of man. The remark of Condillac in his "*Langue des Calculs*," may well

be opposed to the authority of Horace.—‘ *Les langues ne sont pas un ramas d’expressions prise au hasard, ou dont on ne se sert que parce qu’on est convenu de s’en servir. Si l’usage de chaque mot suppose une convention, la convention suppose une raison qui fait adopter chaque mot. Et l’analogie, qui donne la loi, et sans laquelle il seroit impossible de s’entendre, ne permet pas une choix absolument arbitraire.*’

In an elaborate dissertation on the origin of the Scottish language which Dr. Jamieson has prefixed to the first volume of his dictionary, he has endeavoured to prove that the language, which is spoken in the low-lands of Scotland, is not, as has been commonly supposed, a dialect of the English or rather of the Anglosaxon, but a branch of the ancient Gothic, immediately derived from an early settlement of a colony from Scandinavia. Bede, in his Ecclesiastical History, lib. 1. c. 1. says, that the northern parts of Britain were peopled by Picts from Scythia. This account exactly coincides with that of the Saxon chronicle, p. 1, edit. Gibson. Hence the nation is called Scyttisc. and the country Scytan lond. Bede evidently makes a distinction between the Picts and Britons, or Welsh, which he would not have done if they had not been a different people. For he says; *cum plurimam insulæ partem possedissent (Britones) contigit gentem Pictorum de Scythia, ut perhibent, longis navibus non multis oceanum ingressam, &c.*

‘ Had they (the Picts)’ says Dr. Jamieson, ‘ been Welsh or indeed Celts of any description, the similarity of language could not have entirely escaped his observation. If an intelligent highlander, can at this day, after a national separation of fourteen hundred years make himself understood by an Irishman, it is totally inconceivable that the language of the Picts, if Britons, should have so far lost its original character in a far shorter period.’

Mr. Chalmers in his Caledonia disputes the testimony of Bede respecting the Scythian extraction of the Picts; but we think that his objections are ably repelled by Dr. Jamieson; and that he has clearly made out the claim of his ancestors to a Gothic origin. But as this discussion is not likely to be very interesting to our readers except as far as it teaches us where principally to seek the etymons of the Scottish language, we shall not expatiate upon it at greater length.

In criticising a dictionary our limits will unfortunately hardly allow us to exhibit more than a few specimens of the execution with the general result of our enquiries into its merits or defects. We shall extract our specimens indifferently from the several letters of the alphabet which will

exhibit a better idea of the work itself than a more curious and deliberate selection.

* Aich. s. Echo ; pron. as *ax* in Gr. *axor*, vox. This is the only word used in Angus to denote the repercussion of sound. In the Gothic dialects echo has had no common appellation. It is evident that our forefathers have originally considered it as something supernatural. For it has received a variety of personal designations. In A. S. it is called *werdu-mære*, or the wood-land nymph; *mære* not being confined to the night-mare, but used as a generic term. The northern nations give it the name of *Dwerga-mal*, or the speech of the fairies, pigmies, or *Droichs*, (for our word *droich*, acknowledges the same origin) which were supposed to inhabit the rocks. The Celtic nations seem to have entertained a similar idea. For echo in Gael. is *Mactulah*, i. e. the lone son of the rock.

This short extract will serve as a specimen of the interesting matter with which the author has diversified his explanations. Perhaps the word itself may not inaptly be derived from the Saxon *eacan* augere, to augment by the addition of something like. Echo is a repetition of the sound ; and this repetition would naturally influence the choice of a name for the thing.

* To aigh, v. a. To owe, to be indebted. *Aighand*, owing, S. B. Su G. *aeg-a*, id. *Jag aeger honom saa mycket* ; Tantum illi debeo ; Thre. Isl. *eig-a*. But as the primary sense of these words is, to possess, we may view ours as also allied to Moes G. *Aig-an*, A. S. *ag-an habere*, possidere. Thus a transition has been made from the idea of actual possession to that of a right to possess ; and the term which primarily signifies what one *has*, is transferred to what he *ought* to have. Gr. *axo*, habeo, seems to have a common origin.

The English word *ought* as the preterite of *owe* comes from the Gothic *aigan*, Germ. *eigan*, and when we employ the term morally, and say that A or B *ought* to do this or that we mean that A or B is morally indebted in the performance of such and such works. The English word *duty* which is commonly derived from the French *devoir*, is more properly a descendant of the German *thun*, and denotes something to be done or which ought to be done.

* Aits, s. pl. oats s.

The corns are good in Blainshes ;
Where *aits* are fine and seld by kind,

That if ye search all thorough.
Mearns, Buchan, Mar, nare better are
Than Leader Haughs and Yarrow.

Ritson's S. songs, ii. 121, 122.

'A. S. ata, ate, id. Habre is the word used in the same sense in the German and Scandinavian dialects. One might almost suppose that, as this grain constituted a principal part of the food of our ancestors, it had hence received its name.'

The Anglo-Saxon *aet* signifies *edulium cibus*, or food in general. The reader will probably recollect the manner in which Dr. Johnson evinced his Scotch antipathies in the explanation which he affixed to the word *oats*, that it was 'food for horses in England and for men in Scotland.' Dr. Jamieson seems willing to remove the imputation from his contemporaries; for he says that, as this grain constituted a principal part of the food of our ancestors, &c. But most of the northern nations appear to have had a similar word to signify the act of eating and the thing eaten. Thus Swed. *at*; Germ. *as cibavit*; Swed. *ata*; Isl. *eta*; A. S. *etan* Ulph *etan*, *itan*; Germ. *ezzan*, *ezzen*, *essen*; Dutch *ede*.

Though we by no means suppose any thing like a parity of etymological sagacity between Dr. Jamieson and Mr. Horne Tooke yet we think that the derivation of the conjunction *although* or the Scottish *althocht* by Dr. Jamieson seems on the whole to be more probable than that of Mr. Tooke. Mr. Tooke discovers the original of the conjunction in the A. S. *thaf-ian* or *thaf-igan cōncedere*.

* It is no inconsiderable objection to this hypothesis that it is not supported by analogy in the other northern languages. It is more probable that our term is merely A. S. *thah-te*, Moes G *thah-ta cogitabat*; or the part pa. of the word from which E. *think* is derived, as in latter times, *provided*, *except*, &c. have been formed. Resolve *althocht* and it literally signifies, 'all being thought of, or taken into account,' which is the very idea meant to be expressed by the use of the conjunction. Indeed it is often written *althocht*.

All thocht he, as ane gentile sum tyme vary
Ful perfytelie he writes sere mysteris fell.—
All thocht our faith need nane authorising
Of Gentilis bukis, nor by sic hethin sparkis
Yit Virgill writis mony just clausis condung.

Doug. Virgil. Prol. 159, 10. 15.

'The synonym. in Germ. exhibits some analogy. *Dachte* being the imperf. and part pa. of *denk-en*; *doch*, although, may have been formed from the same verb.'

'CATTER, caterr, s. catarrh. In the next winter Julius Frontynus fell in gret infirmité be imoderat flux of Catter, generit of wak humoris.' Bellend. Cron. F. 46. a. Caterr, Compl. S. p. 56.

'The ingenious editor of the Compl. expl. this word as also signifying an imaginary disease, supposed by the peasants to be caught by *handling* cats; and similar to another distemper termed *weazle-blowing*, which gives the skins of dogs a cadaverous yellow hue, and makes their hair bristle an end, and is supposed to be caused by the breath of the weazle.

'I will not say that the account here given of the supposed cause of the Catter, is not accurate; as it undoubtedly respects the belief of the peasants on the border. But that in the North of S. is widely different. The disease itself is there called *cat-trick*, and from the account given of it, appears to be the same which physicians call a cataract. But a most absurd theory is received as to the cause of this disease. If a cat pass over a corpse, it is believed that the person, whom it first leaps over after this, will be deprived of sight. The distemper is supposed to have its name from the unlucky animal. So far does this ridiculous opinion prevail among the vulgar, S. B. that as soon as a person dies, if there be a cat in the house, it is locked up, or put under a tub to prevent its approaching the corpse. If the poor creature has passed over the dead body, its life is forfeited. Sometimes this is carried so far, that if it be found in the same apartment, or in that above it, so as to have had it in its power to walk over the corpse, it is irremediably devoted to death.'

'CURLING, S. An amusement on the ice, in which contending parties move smooth stones towards a mark. These are called *curling-stones*. 'Of the sports of these parts, that of *curling* is a favourite, and one unknown in England; it is an amusement of the winter, and played on the ice, by sliding from one mark to another, great stones of forty to seventy pounds weight, of a hemispherical form, with an iron or wooden handle at top. The object of the player is to lay his stone as near to the mark as possible, to guard that of his partner, which had been well laid before, or to strike off that of his antagonist.' Pennant's tour in Scot., 1772. p. 93.

'—— The curling-stane,
Slides'murm'ring o'er the plain.'

Ramsay's Poems, ii. 383.

'As cauld's a *curling-stane*, a proverbial phrase used to denote any thing that is cold as ice, S.

'The term may be from Teut. *Kroll-en*, *Krull-en*, sinuare, flectere, whence E. *curl*. as the great art of the game is to make the stones bend in towards the mark, when it is so blocked up that they cannot be directed in a straight line. Fr. *Crosl-cr*, *croul-cr*, to move fast.

'The origin of the name, however, may be illustrated by the

same words as otherwise used, both Teut. *Krull-en*, and Fr. *Crouler*, signify to shake, to vibrate; and the game may have had its designation from the vibration of the stones in their motion, in consequence of the inequality of the surface.

‘ This game it would appear, is known in the low countries, although under a different name. For Kilian renders Teut. *Kluyten*, *Kalluyten*, ludere massis sive globis glaciatis, certare discis in aequore glaciato.’

The English *curl* comes from the Danish *krille* torquere or *krolle* plica.

‘ E, EE, s. The eye.

‘ About his hale ane quhissel hung had he,
Was all his solace for tinsale of his E.

Doug. Virgil. 90.

‘ Quhat is the rycht keping of their twa commandis? To haif ane cleir ee and ane clein hart. ^p A clear EE is the rycht judgment and intention of our mind. Ab^p. Hamilton's Catechisme 1551, fol. 73. A. S. *eag*, Isl. *eiga*, id. A. S. pl. *cagen*. Precop. *eghene*, Pers. *inc*.’

The L. G. is og; the Swed *öga* whence our *ogle* to fondle with the eyes.—

The Scotch ‘ *ea of the day* ’ is a beautiful metaphor for noon or mid-day.

‘ To MEL, MELL, v. n. to speak.

Thairfore meikly with mouth *mel* to that myld,
And mak him na manance, bot all mesoure.

Gawan and Gol. 11. 4.

‘ Su. G. *mael-a*, Isl. *mal-a*, A. S. *mael-an*, Germ. Belg. *meld-en*, precop. *malth-ata*, Moes. G. *mathl-jan loqui*; Su. G. *mael*, voice or sound. Isl. *mal* speech. Ihre views Heb. מלל, *malal* locutus fuit as the root. This word suggests the origin of *makal*, *mal* (whence E. *mall*) as used by the Goth. nations to signify a forum, also a court, L B *mall-us*; because these public matters were agitated in the way of discourse or reasoning. For Moes G. *mathls* denotes a forum from the v. already mentioned; and this being the most ancient of the Gothic dialects, we may believe that the same analogy is preserved in the rest.’

The Saxon *mal* is loquela, sermo, malan sermocinari, N. S. *mellen melden*; ulf. *malth-ian dicere*; the Swed-*myl* nota, malen pingere.

‘ Low, LOWS, s. l. flame, blaze, S. A. Bor.’

poses the preceding account: For it is said, that '*Taing*, in the language of that country, signifies a point of land stretching out into the water.'

'In the Orkney Islands, the *Law-ting*, or the "Supreme Court, in which business of the utmost importance was transacted," continued till the time of the Commonwealth. V. Barry's Orkney, p.217.

'It is thought that *Ting*, as denoting a convention, is derived from Su. G. *ting-a* to speak, Alem. *dingan*; because they anciently met in their public assemblies for *conference*, and in this manner settled their business. This etymon is supported by analogy. Moes G. *mathls* signifies forum, from *mathlian*, to speak. In the laws of the Lombards, the place of public meeting is called the *Mall*, from Goth. *mal*, discourse. Among the ancient Germ. *Sprache* also denoted such a convention; from *sprach en*, to converse; as Fr. *Parlement* is from *part-er*, to speak.'

In the sammlung und abstammung Germanischer wurzelwörter, by Meusel, 4to. Halle, 1776. we find the following—ding, judicium, consilium; Otr. tribunal, thronus, lis, causa controversa; forum locus judicii, litis. tagathing, teteidung judicium; tegedingen, citare; dingstag, dienstag. L. L. Sal. thenca judicium. gl. mons. githingen appellare, Otr. litigare, judicare A. S. thingian; thingen. Otr. pacisci, conveniendo promittere, tractare, V. hisp. se devover LLe. Sal. bedinguin (gebotten ding) judicium extra ordinem indictum.

We shall quote two more articles in which as in many others in Dr. Jamieson's dictionary the reader will find the tedious rout of etymological research varied with interesting details and instructive information.

'**THUMBKINS, s. pl.** An instrument of torture, applied as a screw to the thumbs, S.

'A respectable gentleman in the town, a relation of the celebrated Principal Carstairs, has in his possession the identical *thumbkins*, with which the Principal was severely tortured.—The story of the *thumbkins* is; that Carstairs asked, and obtained them in a present from his tormentors. 'I have heard, Principal,' said King William to him the first time he waited on his Majesty, 'that you were tortured with something they call *thumbkins*; Pray what sort of instrument of torture is it?' 'I will shew it you,' replied Carstairs, 'the next time I have the honour to wait on your Majesty.' The Principal was as good as his word. 'I must try them,' said the King; 'I must put in my thumbs here,—now Principal, turn the screw.'—'O not so gently—another turn—another—Stop! stop! no more—another turn, I'm afraid, would make me confess any thing.' P. Greenock, Statist. Acc. v. 583.

' This mode of torture was practised on the persecuted Presbyterians, during the reign of Charles II. Whether the *merciful* rulers of that period borrowed the idea from the Spaniards, I cannot say. But it has been generally asserted, that part of the cargo of the *Invincible* Armada, was a large assortment of *thumbikins*, which it was meant should be employed as powerful arguments for convincing the *heretics*.

' THUMBLICKING, s. An ancient mode of confirming a bargain, S.

' Another symbol was anciently used in proof that a sale was perfected, which continues to this day in bargains of lesser importance among the lower rank of people, the parties licking and joining of thumbs: and decrees are yet extant in our records, prior to the institution of the college of justice, sustaining sales upon summonses of *thumb-licking*, upon this medium, that the parties had licked thumbs at finishing the bargain,' Erskine's Inst. B. iii. T. 3. s. 5.

' The same form is retained among the vulgar in the Highlands; an imprecation against the defaulter being generally added to the symbol.

' There is evidently an allusion to this mode of entering into engagements, in the S. Song.

' There's my *thumb*, I'll ne'er beguile thee.

Ramsay's Works, ii. 263.

" This custom, although it now appears ridiculous and childish, bears indubitable marks of great antiquity. We learn from Tacitus, that it existed among the Iberians, a people who inhabited the country now called Georgia. His language seems also to apply to their neighbours the Armenians. ' It was customary,' he says, ' with these kings, in concluding a peace, or striking an alliance, to join their right hands, and bind their *thumbs* together, and draw them hard with a running knot. Immediately when the blood had diffused itself to the extremities, it was let out by a slight prick, and mutually *licked* by the contracting parties. Their covenant was henceforth deemed sacred, as being ratified by each other's blood.' V. Tacit. Ann. Lib. xii. Anc. Univ. Hist. ix. 516.'

From the specimens which we have produced of this elaborate performance the reader will see that it is a work of great research, of competent erudition and of considerable utility. Though it do not display any extraordinary penetration, yet the sober judgment and good sense of the writer prevents him from bewildering himself and his reader in that maze of fanciful absurdities which is the common failing of etymologists. Dr. Jamieson always searches for his etymons where they are most likely to be found, and if he is sometimes mistaken in his analogies, he at least never goes far out of his way in quest of remote and evanescent resemblances. His stock of antiquarian lore is far from being

small; the manner in which he strews it over his page, shews that his mind is more filled with learning than inflated with vanity; and the consciousness of his wealth makes him disregard the pomp of appearances. Where he differs from others he manifests no arrogance nor presumption, and he always appears less like a man who is disputing for victory than for truth. He is more learned than Johnson, and less acute than Tooke; but his diligence is not exceeded by either, and his modesty is equal to that of both put together.

ART. XII.—*The Adventures of Robert Drury, during Fifteen Years captivity in the Island of Madagascar, containing a Description of that Island; an Account of its Produce, Manufactures, and Commerce; with an Account of the Manners and Customs, Wars, Religion, and Civil Policy, of the Inhabitants: to which is added, a Vocabulary of the Madagascar Language. Written by Himself, and now carefully revised and corrected from the original Copy.* 8vo. 8s. London, Meadows in Cornhill, 1748, Stodart and Craggs, Hull. 1807.

‘THIS is to certify, that Robert Drury, fifteen years a slave in Madagascar, now living in London, was redeemed from thence, and brought into England, his native country by myself. I esteem him an honest, industrious man, of good reputation; and do firmly believe, that the account he gives of his strange and surprising adventures is genuine and authentic.—

May 7, 1728.

WM. MACKETT.’

Such is the advertisement prefixed to the first edition of these adventures. We would observe that truth stands in need of no certificate: it possesses a native force and character, which irresistibly carries the mind along with it, and extorts its assent. If a tale bear internal marks of falsehood, a certificate will serve only to awaken suspicion, and to warn the reader against being made the dupe of his credulity. It is not worth while to examine minutely the support given by Captain Mackett to this history of Robt. Drury. In 1807, the evidence of Capt. Mackett and the story of Mr. Drury carry with them about equal weight. But even in 1748, it would have been reasonable to ask whether the captain who signed the certificate 15 years before, was still in existence? How do we know, that the adventures to

the truth of which he deposed, are the very same as those given to the public after the interval of 15 years? and other questions, which the strict laws of evidence would naturally suggest.

But let this pass, and let us come to the tale itself; the foundation of which at least, being the ordinary occurrences which happen to ordinary men in a sea-faring line, it carries with it no particular marks of improbability.

Robert Drury, was the son of an inn-keeper of London: at eleven years of age he was seized with a passion for going to sea; on which he was so resolutely bent, that his parents found it necessary to comply with his inclination. Accordingly he embarked on board the *Degrave* East Indiaman, commanded by Capt. William Young, in the beginning of the year 1701, being then in his 14th year. They had a prosperous voyage to Bengal; from whence they sailed again, homeward bound. Going down the river, the ship ran aground; but she got off the next high water, it was thought, without damage. But at sea she proved leaky, which made them put into the Mauritius; where they searched for the leak, but to no purpose. Pursuing their voyage to the cape, the water gained upon them so fast that they despaired of saving the ship. In this extremity they resolved to reach Madagascar, at which island they arrived; and with the greatest difficulty gained the land, two men and one woman only perishing in the attempt. The whole number who reached the shore was above 160, including some Lascars, whom they had taken in at the Mauritius. The ship was wrecked.

The company now fell into the power of a king, who seems to have entertained no design against their lives, but rather wished to make use of their services against his enemies. By his orders they were marched to the seat of the royal government, of which we receive the following description:

‘The residence of this king is about fifty miles from the sea side, for I reckon we might travel 16 or 17 miles a day. It stands in a wood, secured with trees all round it, which seem to have been planted there when very young; they grow very regular and tall, and so close together, that a small dog cannot pass between them. They are likewise armed with large strong thorns, so that there is no breaking through or climbing over them. There are but two passages or gates, which are so narrow that two only can go abreast: One of these to the northward, and another to the southward; the whole is about a mile in circumference.’

The party (who had been joined by about nine of their countrymen whom misfortune had thrown into like circumstances) seeing themselves prisoners, and all hopes of leaving the island cut off, formed a resolution, which, had it been executed with the same judgment and courage, with which it had been concerted and begun, would probably have effected their deliverance. It was to follow the example of Cortes in his treatment of Montezuma; to seize upon the monarch and his son in the midst of his subjects; to keep them as hostages for their own safety, and to pass through his dominions in a body to a neighbouring state, where they had reason to believe that they should be secure. This was accordingly done; and the party set off. But from the irresolution of men worn out with fatigue and thirst, and in hourly danger of being overwhelmed by a superior force, they were tempted to confide in faithless savages; first, to exchange their royal prisoner for some arms; and secondly, to give up his son for three other hostages. In fine, nearly the whole party were massacred.* They spared however, our author, and three or four other boys, nearly of the same age; whose lives were preserved at the expence of their liberty.

Our author became the slave of a native lord or dean (as they are called in the Madagascar tongue) whose name was Dean Mevarrow, from whose savage and irritable disposition his life was in frequent danger. But the kindness and gentleness of his wife made him some amends for the tyranny of the husband. In this condition he lived several years, till he had nearly forgotten his native tongue. His principal domestic employment was taking care of his master's cattle; in the time of war he officiated as a domestic and guard to the female part of the family; and when he had arrived at man's estate made one of their parties to war. He has related at length his own history during this period of his life, and has interwoven with it such an account of the manners, customs, religion and opinions of the natives, as he thought interesting. Though from the early period of life at which he was thrown into this singular situation, a confined education, and a contracted acquaintance of the world, it cannot be expected that he could penetrate below the superficies of the scene before him, yet we must acknowledge, that we have been much amused with his simple narrative, and that he has given a lively and interesting picture of the habits of a society little elevated above the savage state. The manners of the great men bear a resemblance, in some

striking points, to those of the heroes of Homer, though the whole community seem to have been far below the Grecians, as depicted by the venerable bard, in civilization. This resemblance is to us no mean proof of the fidelity of the portrait; for neither Robert Drury nor his editors seem conscious that there ever existed a poet of the name of Homer.

The wives and (we presume too) the mistresses of the deans are captives taken in war, and often, like Andromache, the daughters of princes. Even inferior men obtain wives by the chance of war; cattle, women, and children being the chief prizes of the victors. In this manner, our author himself obtained a wife, the daughter of a neighbouring chieftain, and for whom he professes to have felt the warmest affection. But liberty had still greater charms. To obtain his freedom he left her, but very reluctantly. The husband exercises a despotic authority over his household. The mark of submission paid by inferiors are of the most humiliating kind.

‘When it was broad daylight (says Drury) we marched homeward (for so I must now call it,) and in three or four hours time we arrived at a considerable town, with three or four tamarind trees before it. One of the negroes carried a large shell, which when he blowed, sounded like a postboy’s horn. This brought the women to a spacious house in the middle of the town, about twelve feet high which I soon perceived was my master’s. No sooner had he seated himself at the door, but his wife came out, crawling on her hands and knees till she came to him, and then licked his feet; and when she had thus testified her duty and respects, his mother paid him the like compliment; and all the women in the town saluted their husbands in the same manner; then each man went to his respective habitation, my master’s brother only excepted, who though he had a house had no wife to receive him; and so he staid behind.’

Though the use of letters and consequently of written laws is unknown, still there is an unwritten code, which is committed to the memory, and by which penalties are affixed to flagrant breaches of moral and civil duties. Fines, estimated by cattle or sheep (for they have no coined money) are imposed according to the magnitude of the offences. But these are not sufficient to prevent habitual outrages, particularly of the lords, whose power sets the controul of law at defiance. Their great grievance is stealing each other’s cattle; this system of rapine seems general, and causes eternal feuds: reprisals are made; the friends of each party take part in the quarrel; and the whole country becomes

ascene of blood and disorder. The contest finally ends in a famine; and the parties do not think of an accommodation till the general misery has nearly put it out of their power to inflict any further evil on each other.

Causes of the same sort are in the main the occasion of wars likewise among the nations, who call themselves civilized; though the pretexts are rather more specious, and the real motives are concealed under a thicker veil of hypocrisy. The untutored savage too has, like his civilized brethren, recourse to the solemnities of religion to sanctify, as it were, the breach of all the ordinances of God and man. We have our annual fastings and prayings.

‘Dean Mevarrow, after a plundering expedition, performed the ceremony of thanksgiving to God for his happy deliverance from all the hazards of war, and for the success of his arms: which is performed after the following manner. The inhabitants have in all their houses a small portable utensil, which is devoted to religious uses, which they call the *owley*. It is made of a peculiar wood, in small pieces, neatly joined, and making almost the form of an half moon, between which are placed two alligator’s teeth; this is adorned with various kinds of beads, and such a sash fastened to it behind, as a man ties about his waist when he goes to war. [I shall not here pretend to give an exact account of their religious worship, for I had not been long enough in the country to be a perfect master of the true meaning of what they either did or said.] However I observed that they brought two forks from the woods, and fixed them in the ground, on which was laid a beam, slender at each end, and about six feet long, with two or three pegs in it; and upon this they hung the *owley*. Behind it was a long pole, to which a bullock was fastened with a cord. They had a pan full of live coals, on which they threw an aromatic gum, and planted it under the *owley*. Then they took a small quantity of hair from the tail, chin, and eyebrows of the ox, and put them on the *owley*; then Dean Mevarrow, my master, used some particular gestures, with a large knife in his hand; and made a formal prayer, in which the people joined. In the next place, they threw the ox on the ground, with his legs tied fast together, and the dean cut his throat; for as there are no priests among them, the chief man, whether of the country, town, or family, performs all divine offices himself.’

The deans seem to possess an absolute authority over the persons of their subjects; the laws therefore can only be regarded as rules with which they give a voluntary compliance, and useful regulations by which they may frame their own decisions, but over which they exercise a dispensing power, whenever it suits their pleasure or their convenience. Dean Mevarrow suspected a man to have had

a criminal intercourse with his wife. His brother Dean Sambo inticed the supposed adulterer into the forest and assassinated him. Mevarrow, at the same time, assassinated the brother of the offender, who had been guilty of no crime, except that of relationship, which it was feared would stimulate him to revenge. But though the power of the lord is in itself despotic, it finds a limit in the situation of the society. If a lord is tyrannical and oppressive, his subjects desert him and pass over to the territories of his neighbours. Thus some have become rich and powerful from the clemency of their dominion and the fame of their justice.

But the power of peace and war is justly deemed a matter of too high concernment to be left to the will even of him who arbitrarily disposes of the lives of individuals. The rudeness of unsophisticated nature spurns with contempt at so monstrous a doctrine as that the safety of the whole community should be endangered by the caprice or folly of an individual. On receiving an ambassador from a neighbouring prince, to form an alliance, and afford each other mutual assistance, Dean Mevarrow summoned a general assembly, of all the chiefs and freemen, to come and consult with him on an affair of the last importance. The alliance was proposed in form by the sovereign to the assembly.

'The chance of war,' said he to them, 'is precarious, and you have families, slaves, and cattle to lose as well as I; weigh well therefore the matter in hand, and let me have your resolution, with which I shall readily concur.'

We have seen that these simple islanders do not think a priesthood essential to religion; every master of a family performs the functions of the priesthood; and honest Drury seems slyly to insinuate that the peace of society is rather promoted than disturbed by this arrangement. As he does not, however, pretend to be versed in polemical divinity, we will set this heretical doctrine to the score of his ignorance and simplicity; and will observe that, strictly speaking, the functions of the priest and monarch are united in one person, as has happened in the institutions of many other societies. One ceremony, which the monarch is bound to perform in his quality of priest, our readers will deem singular. It is, that himself or at least a deputy of the royal family, is bound to perform the office of *butcher* for all his subjects. None who reverence their ancient customs, (for here as elsewhere there exist a few profane free-thinkers) will taste

a bit of beef, unless the throat of the animal has been cut by a hand of royal blood. The origin of this strange custom seems to have been the collection of a species of revenue from the superstition of the multitude; for a fee, which was a large piece of meat, always fell to the share of the royal butcher. Mevarrow and his brother, being masters of much wealth in cattle and slaves, found this office very troublesome, as they were sometimes obliged to go five or six miles to kill an ox. This disposition on the part of the chiefs proved highly fortunate to their poor white slave. The inferior blacks have a most exalted opinion of all white men; and our author passing for the captain's son, who is looked upon as no wise inferior to a king, he was therefore thought of honourable descent enough to be preferred to the dignity of butcher; and received the emolument of this respectable office, which most happily supplied his most urgent necessities. Mevarrow and some others had discernment enough to perceive this to be a very idle and ridiculous piece of superstition; but he felt himself obliged to conform to it: had he attempted suddenly to abolish it, such an innovation would probably have occasioned a general desertion; and the bulk of the people would have gone to live under other lords.

Besides the domestic cattle, there are herds of a wild breed dispersed all over the island. We shall extract for the amusement of our readers, a description of the method used by the natives to kill them,

‘ It was now night, and they were going a beef-hunting: when they set out on purpose to kill the best beasts, they always make choice of the darkest nights. They permitted me, on my request, to accompany them; but first ordered me to wash myself, as they themselves did, that we might not smell either of smoke or sweat. I would have taken two lances according to custom, but they obliged me to leave one behind me, lest two together might rattle in my hand. These cattle feed only in the night, and if all these precautions were not taken, they could never be surprised: for they are always on their guard, snorting with their noses, and listening after their pursuers. We can hear them roar and bellow a great way off, by which we know where they are, and we are forced always to go round till they are directly to the windward of us; for otherwise they would soon scent us. As soon as we had got the wind and cattle right a-head, and were within bearing, we walked with all the circumspection possible, cropping the top of the grass with our hands, as close as possible, to mimic, as well as we could, the noise a cow makes when she bites it. The moment they heard us they were all hush; not one of them bellowed or grazed,

but seemed to listen with the greatest attention: which when we perceived, we all stood likewise, without a whisper, whilst three or four, who understood the nature of it best, continued cropping the grass. When the cattle had listened, till (as we imagined) they took us for some of their own species, they returned to their grazing, and we walked with caution nearer, still mimicking them as we moved softly along. Dean Murpazack ordered me to keep behind, lest they should discern my white skin, and be startled; he also gave me his lumber to cover myself with, which was a large piece of black silk, so that if I had been near them, they could have seen nothing but my face, the grass being above knee deep.

At length we got amongst them, so that one of our men (as he told me) with some grass in his hand, and under the cover of a bush, took hold of the dug of a cow, and finding she gave no milk, he concluded she was not lean, for which reason he stuck his lance instantly into her belly, and drew it out again, making no other motion. The cow thus wounded will give a spring perhaps, and make a noise, as if another had run her horns against her; but this is so common amongst them, that the herd is not any wise disturbed by it: so that our people stuck three or four after this manner, and left them, with an intention to come the next morning, and track them by their blood: for it is very dangerous to come near them in the night. As soon as they find themselves sorely wounded, they run from their companions, and will attack the first man they see. They are generally found actually dead, or fallen down in some wood, or shelter of bushes, as if they industriously endeavoured to conceal themselves. No sooner had we determined to depart, and I had returned Dean Murpazack his lumber, but a calf, that had been mortally wounded, began to make an hideous uproar; and running about made the herd jealous: so that they ran away, and the calf made directly at me, and knocked me backwards; I caught hold of his leg, but cried out lustily for help. This accident afforded much mirth, and fixed a joke upon me afterwards, as a stout fellow to cry out for assistance to cope with a calf. However they took him, cut him to pieces, and carried him away, of whom we made a very good supper. I have been informed, that notwithstanding these cattle are so wild, the cows will sometimes stand still to have their dugs handled, and several of them have been milked in the dark into an horn; however, as I never attempted this myself I cannot absolutely vouch it for truth; yet as I have heard so many affirm it, I think there are no just grounds to contradict it.

The tyranny of Mevarrow, and the desire of getting nearer the sea-coast at length incited our author to attempt his escape, which he happily effected and put himself under the protection of another chief, from whom he received kind treatment and was no longer a slave. But the hopes of being restored to his country were as distant as ever. He

again therefore fled, and performed a solitary journey through immense and unknown wilds, making the earth his bed and the canopy of heaven his covering. But, being now well versed in the arts of savage life, the dangers were more imaginary than real. Man was the foe whom he most dreaded. The beasts of the forest were kept off at night by fires, lighted by the friction of sticks. Vegetable food, roots in particular, were every where to be found; so that a savage might riot in plenty on spots where an European would perish with hunger, from his ignorance of the mode of discovering them. The coast, at length, so long desired, and a part of it occasionally frequented by Europeans, was gained. Some intercourse was obtained with Europeans, or with those who had conversed and traded with Europeans. But no vessel was on the coast; new adventures occurred, and fresh perils were encountered. Among others is related the horrible one of a most narrow escape from sudden death from the hand of the executioner: the motive for so barbarous an order was the mere suspicion of an action, which had it been well founded, would not have justified any punishment at all. So true it is, that despotism, whether in civilized or in barbarous communities, is the greatest curse that a nation can endure. At length the long-wished-for object, an English ship, arrived, and what was hardly to be expected, the captain had a letter for himself. His father had heard that his unfortunate son was still living, a slave among savages; and had taken the necessary measure for his release. He embarked therefore on the 20th of January, 1716, on board the *Drake*, Capt. Mackett, and bid adieu to the island of Madagascar.

We imagine that this narrative is in the main founded on fact. We cannot deny that its perusal has afforded us considerable amusement. We have sympathized with the distresses of the relator, and rejoiced at his better fortunes. However different is the form, the costume, and the drapery of the actors, who exhibit upon this humble theatre, the passions, characters, and motives will be found to bear a striking resemblance to those with which we are familiar at home, and which enliven and diversify the scenes which make up the business of human life.

ART. XIII.—*The History of France, under the Kings of the Race of Valois, from the Accession of Charles the Fifth, to the Death of Charles the Ninth. By Nath. Wm. Wraxall, Esq. The Third Edition with very considerable Augmentations. Two Vols. 8vo. 16s. bds. Mawman, 1807.*

ART. XIV.—*A Tour through the Western, Southern, and Interior Provinces of France, in the Years 1775 and 1776. By Nath. Wm. Wraxall, Esq. The Third Edition, corrected and augmented. 12mo. 4s. bds. pp. 280. Mawman, 1807.*

THESE very amusing volumes have been too long before the public to require any peculiar notice from us at present; nor should we have stepped so far out of our usual practice as to remark on them at all, did they not appear before us in a shape somewhat different from that of merely new editions. The first and most important of the works in question has received, indeed, a great deal of improvement from the more mature judgment of its author who has corrected many opinions before too hastily advanced, and set in a more fair historical light many facts set down on deficient or partial authority.

Mr. Wraxall will excuse us for pointing out to him a few particulars in which he is either still incorrect, or in which we think his labours still susceptible of improvement.

The tour, which is written in a remarkably easy and pleasant style, and combines in the most agreeable manner many of the common objects of travelling with historical and local anecdote, betrays marks of haste and inaccuracy, lessened indeed, but not altogether expunged, in the present edition: Charles the bad lived in the fourteenth, not the fifteenth, century, p. 3. 'Coaches were not known, even among sovereigns, till near half a century after Ann of Bretagne's decease, 1514.' p. 48. Ste. Palaye, we think, mentions coaches as being common in the court of Burgundy so early as 1450. Surely the duchy of Bretagne has given birth to many illustrious characters besides Du Gueselin. To go no farther for instances than Froissart, have we not Clisson, his contemporary, and almost equally celebrated? When Mr. Wraxall speaks of a St. William, Duke of Aquitaine, does he forget that St. William was the most illustrious of that venerable race? And when he affects to be so much at a loss concerning the identity of Saint Richard king of England, can he really doubt for a moment that it is Cœur

de Lion to whom the honour of canonization is here attributed? Dalmatic, we believe, is a term for a prelatic vestment, not a pastoral staff, p. 141, and we question whether Pasiphaë ever before found herself on the banks of the Eridanus lamenting the death of Phœton.

The very corrections themselves which have been so liberally bestowed by Mr. W. on his History of the Race of Valois, are a source of imperfection which he could hardly have foreseen. The text is now so overcharged with commentary that it resembles Bayle's Dictionary or Harris's Lives (avowedly written on the same model) more than a regular history. But besides that the mode itself is very inconvenient and perplexing when adopted in a work, like the present, of connected narration. Mr. W.'s notes are, many of them, not like Bayle's the depositories of new and curious anecdotes, but mere repetitions, and sometimes contradictions of the text.

It were much to be wished, therefore, that Mr. Wraxall, while engaged on his task of correction, had bestowed so much pains on the subject as to have revised, enlarged, and altered his text, rather than poured over it such a deluge of notes.

But, notwithstanding these defects, we must confess that a history of so deep research has seldom come before our eyes, so pleasantly told and so full of entertaining anecdote as this; and we warmly recommend it to Mr. Wraxall to pursue his design of illustrating, in a similar manner, the more remote periods of French history.

In fact it must be the fault of the writer if, with such excellent materials, a history of France is not made the most amusing, as well as instructive, of all historical compilations. The dry, methodical, and verbose writers of other countries have been very fond of twitting their volatile neighbours with the want of a regular national history. But while such stores of familiar and minute information are to be extracted from the multitude of their contemporary memoir-writers and chroniclers, we have little reason to reproach them with their deficiency in an article that may be so well spared and is so very amply supplied.

Brantôme himself, with all his occasional indecency and immorality, is an inestimable treasure; and it is matter of some surprise that, in this age of translation, that most amusing writer has not found his way to this country in an English dress. We are far from being advocates for transforming into our language *the whole* of what the profligate Frenchman has transmitted to us: but we are of opinion

that the greater part of his works, judiciously curtailed and selected, would make a most useful and agreeable addition to our literature.

ART. XV.—*The Knights : Tales illustrative of the Marvellous.* By R. C. Dallas, Esq. 3 Vols. 12mo. Longman. 1808.

MR. DALLAS deservedly stands high in the public estimation for his knowledge of character and manners and his agreeable mode of conveying the results of his observation. In a late work to which we have already given our share of praise, (the *Morlands*) he contrived to excite an unusual degree of interest by his whimsical, but ingenious, invention of grafting on the same stock two widely different fables, contrasted with each other as separately illustrative of the 'simple' and the 'surprising.' In the latter story, however, notwithstanding its title, no 'event was admitted out of the course of nature, and the author reserved to himself that power of introducing scenes and images from real life in which he particularly excels.

With all our love for romance, we opened, under some degree of uneasiness, the present volumes, which profess to treat of nothing 'within this visible diurnal sphere;' we entertained some doubts of Mr. Dallas's success in trying adventures on fairy-land; and we must add that on perusal we were confirmed in the doubts which had previously assailed us. Not that the author entirely fails in the article of amusement; but he seems to be altogether unprepared in the knowledge of costume which is requisite for the undertaking.

The 'Knights of Tours' which occupies the first, and half of the second Volume, is written a good deal, we suspect, on the model of the 'Popular Tales of the Germans,' a most fascinating production, of which the Margravine of Anspach is said to have been the authoress, though we do not vouch for the fact. In that delightful little work, the playful satire of Voltaire was most happily combined with a wild and luxuriant fancy, and the best purposes of *novel writing* were fully answered; many a bed of sickness has been cheated of some hours of pain or depression by the perusal. Mr. D., however, cannot stand a comparison in the present instance: His humour is clumsy and his imagination confined within narrow bounds. The adventure in the Isle of Meloloques, if meant to be satirical, is very deficient in point. That in

the palace of Strigillina is extravagant, without being entertaining. There is a total want of *keeping* in the characters and language; and vulgarity has not unfrequently been mistaken for easy and familiar diction.

Why the 'Knights Errant,' which occupies the remaining part of these volumes, is called a tale 'illustrative of the marvellous,' is not very obvious. It is perhaps marvellous that a gentleman should so completely lose himself in the book he is reading, as Joinville is represented to have done, especially when the book is so dull a one as that which Joinville reads. It is also marvellous, in common life, for a lady to dream so long and complicated a dream as that dreamed by Felicia; but this is an every day occurrence in novels, and therefore undeserving the distinction given it by the title of the book. The allegorical tale is intended for a satire on modern life and manners; but it is conveyed in a very uninteresting shape. That of 'Acajou and Zirphilla' is the most lively portion of the work; but our memory strangely deceives us if we have not seen it many years ago in the Italian language; and, whether Italian or French originally, Mr. Dallas has taken it to himself without any sort of acknowledgment.

Upon the whole, habitual novel-readers will find something new, or at least unusual, in the work now presented to them; and, for the sake of variety, we confidently recommend it to their perusal. To those of a more scrupulous taste who only occasionally 'dip into romance for the diversion of an idle, or the solace of a melancholy hour, we cannot promise that it will answer their intention in reading it. To Mr. Dallas himself we venture a word of advice; to leave 'the marvellous' for which he is not calculated, and return to 'the simple' or, more accurately speaking, 'the domestic,' a class of writing in which he has often afforded us a very considerable portion of rational amusement.

ART. XVI.—*The mysterious Language of St. Paul in his Description of the Man of Sin, proved from the Gospel History, to relate not to the Church of Rome, but to the Times in which it was written, with some Remarks on Sir H. M. Wellwood's Sermons on Matt. xxiv. 14. By H. Nisbet, M. A. Rector of Tunstall. Mawman. 1808.*

MR. NISBET is a judicious and rational religionist,

whose researches have for several years been directed to the elucidation of some of the more obscure and difficult passages in the christian scriptures. In the present performance, Mr. Nisbet has endeavoured to prove that ii Thessal. ii. 1—12, which most commentators have considered as prophetic of the anti-christian tyranny, superstition and enormities of the church of Rome; has no reference whatever to the papacy, but designates the revolt of the Jews from the Roman yoke, and the consequent destruction of their capital. We think that Mr. Nisbet has supported his interpretation of this difficult chapter in a very satisfactory manner; and that what he has said on the subject harmonizes throughout better with the context than any of the other modes of exposition which we have seen. Noesselt, in his *Opusc. ad interp. S. script. Halæ*, 1785, had previously supported a similar interpretation. By the '*man of sin*' and the '*son of perdition*,' ii Thess. ii. 3, Mr. Nesbit understands the Jewish nation. The fourth verse, will probably suggest to the mere English reader the strongest objections to this interpretation; for it is said of this '*man of sin*' that he '*opposeth and exalteth himself above all that is called God or that is worshipped; so that he as God sitteth in the temple of God, shewing himself that he is God.*' In the scriptures, magistrates or those who are the objects of temporal respect are called gods; and St. Paul in the latter part of the verse intimates that the Jewish nation, or *man of sin*, more particularly designating the great council of the Jews, would not only throw off all subjection to the civil authorities of the Roman government, but would erect a civil and spiritual domination in its room; so that they would rule in the temple of God and demand an implicit obedience to their impious tyranny. This fact was amply confirmed in the history of those calamitous times which preceded the destruction of Jerusalem. By '*the mystery of iniquity*' which '*doth already work*,' verse 7, St. Paul means that spirit of infuriated hostility to the Roman government, which was secretly diffusing itself throughout Judea. '*He who now letteth*' &c. probably refers to the Emperor Claudius, after whose death, the '*mystery of iniquity*,' the secret combustion of revolt burst into a flame. Whitby refers the '*he who letteth*' to the Emperor Claudius. Noesselt does the same. When St. Paul says of this man of sin, that his '*coming is after the manner of Satan, with all power and signs and lying wonders*,' &c. he alludes to the numerous impositions which were both before and during the siege practised on the de-

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cluded Jews by the factious demagogues and fanatics who accelerated their destruction. The destruction of the Jewish polity, 'the son of perdition; or the man of sin,' owing to the rebellion of the Jews, which we think that St. Paul exclusively designates in this passage, though not actually at hand or in an incipient state of completion at the time in which he wrote, was yet as he intimates fast approaching, and would be manifested when he who 'then let, was taken away' Thus this obscure and strongly controverted part of scripture which Dr. Paley seems to have considered as 'inexplicable,' is made to receive a clear and definite signification. The phraseology which St. Paul uses on this occasion, bears, in some prominent particulars, a striking resemblance to that of Christ, when predicting the destruction of Jerusalem, Matt. xxiv. Mark xiii. Luke xxi. Hence we have an additional argument that the passage in Paul alludes to the same event, though from obvious reasons he speaks of it in terms which are designedly obscure. That, 'the man, of sin,' of whom the apostle speaks, had not the most distant allusion to any great christian, or rather anti-christian domination, which was, in a future age to spring up at Rome or in any other quarter of the world, is evident from this, that he mentions the destruction of this 'man of sin' as though not actually present, yet very near at the time he wrote; and he congratulates the christians to whom this epistle was addressed on their exemption from the impending woe, by the salutary impression of the divine doctrine which they had embraced; and he enforces this consideration as an argument for their comfort and security. This would have been entirely misplaced if he had been talking of the papacy; of which those who were then living, could neither expect to see the rise nor the fall. Indeed however paradoxical it may seem, from the numerous and massy volumes which have been written on the supposed scriptural prophetic delineation of the papal domination, we will venture to assert, after a mature consideration, that no part whatever either of the New Testament or of the Old, contains any prediction of, or the slightest allusion to, the papacy.

MONTHLY CATALOGUE.

RELIGION.

ART. 17.—*The Fathers of the English Church; or a Selection from the Writings of the Reformers and early Protestant Divines of the Church of England; Vol. I. containing various Tracts and Extracts from the Works of William Tindal, John Frith, Patrick Hamilton, George Joy, Robert Barnes, with Memorials of their Lives and Writings, from Fox and Bishop Bale.* 8vo. 9s. Hatchard. 1807.

WE do not know what good, beyond that of gratifying curiosity, is to be obtained by the present publication. We do not want the divines of the sixteenth century, who lived in a period of comparative darkness, ignorance, and superstition, to explain the scriptures to us who are living at the commencement of the nineteenth, when the stock of biblical learning has been so greatly augmented, and when, owing to that spirit of critical research, which has been gradually increasing since the reformation, many theological doctrines, which were thought infallibly true by Tindal, Frith, Patrick, and other pious men, whose names are mentioned in the title page of this work, have been clearly demonstrated to have no foundation in the scriptures. We find these writers expatiating largely on the efficacy of faith and the inefficacy of good works; on irresistible grace, imputed righteousness, vicarious punishment, and other tenets of modern Methodism which tend to exterminate the true principle of holiness from the soul of man. We have been taught by the HIGHEST AUTHORITY that to love God with all our hearts and to do unto others as we would that others should do to us contain the whole sum and substance of unvitiated Christianity. This religion is sufficient for all the practical uses of time; and it is the BEST PREPARATION FOR ETERNITY. One great proof of its merit is that its simplicity is not perplexed with a single mystery; A mystery means a *secret* or something *unrevealed*, but an unrevealed secret and a revealed religion are incompatible terms. One is contradictory to the other. *True christianity*, therefore, *which is a revealed religion, has no mysteries*. Christ was too wise and too good to make his doctrine a web of inextricable perplexity; the doctrine which he taught, and the awful truths which he disclosed were calculated to come home to men's interests and bosoms; but this they never would have done, if they had been enveloped in hieroglyphics which no sagacity can penetrate, no reason can ex-

plain. Those interested or designing men, who in after ages converted his plain and beautiful doctrine into a medley of mysteries, have greatly lessened its power to convince the mind and to influence the heart. True virtue can never be impressed upon the affections, and the conduct by stunning the ear with a jargon of words that are void of sense.

ART. 18.—*Strictures on the Origin of Moral Evil, in which the Hypothesis of the Rev. Dr. Williams is investigated.* By W. Parry. 8vo. 2s. 6d. Conder. 1808.

THE origin of evil is one of those subjects, which writers have in general obscured by their attempts to elucidate and perplexed by their endeavours to make plain. The most simple exposition without clouding the subject by indefinite expressions or metaphysical subtleties appears to be the following. Both scripture and reason concur in representing man as a being accountable for his actions. This accountableness necessarily implies freedom of choice, for there can be no accountableness where the person is placed in circumstances of irresistible necessity or of mechanical compulsion. This freedom of choice is the birth-right of man. There is no individual in a state of intellectual sanity who cannot choose between justice and injustice, truth and falsehood, and the other diversities of moral and immoral agency, in the same manner as he can make his election between sweet and sour, black and white, a loaf of bread and a stone, when both are placed before him. However much metaphysicians or divines may confound the question by their learning, their ignorance, or their art, there is no man who is not self-conscious at the moment in which he does either right or wrong, of having been able to have done right instead of wrong or to have done wrong instead of right. A freedom of moral choice, not subject to any thing like mechanical constraint, being one of the distinctive properties of accountable man, a mixture of good and evil will be visible in his conduct; as we see to be actually the case. For, freedom of moral choice supposes a possibility of compliance with motives which impel in contrary directions. The motives of *present* gratification, acting on the mind, in opposition to those of greater, but *less immediate* good are often suffered to influence our choice, in favour of some particular action or course of action, which is contrary to the precepts of virtue, and to the reality of happiness. Thus perhaps we yield to the present incitements of intemperance or lust, or some other vicious gratification, which ultimately produces a degree of suffering greater than the present pleasure can compensate. But in this and in similar instances of vicious conduct, no one will say that we act without motives, or by mechanical constraint. Two ways are placed before us; but allured by some fallacious gratification we wilfully take the wrong instead of the right. Virtue may be proved by a rational induction of particulars to be the law of our nature, or that course

of conduct which our real and permanent well being ought to induce us to pursue. But though virtue be the law of our nature, it is not like one of those general laws, which regulates the revolution of the planets or the changes of day and night; it is not a law which executes itself without the concurrence of the individual. It is a law which requires the unforced assent and active cooperation of the being for whose good it was made; and when we consider that that being is at best very fallible and imperfect, we need not be at any loss to account for the origin of moral evil, or for the many infractions which we behold of virtue's sacred "rules. What then, it will be said, do you impute the origin of moral evil to the Deity? The invidious question will be best answered by asking in return? Is not man a free agent? capable of distinguishing between good and evil in the perceptions of his mind? and of choosing either good or evil in the actions of his life? But was not this freedom of moral election the gift of God? and consequently——Stay! vain man! and let not the goodness of thy Creator be converted into an occasion of blasphemy!

The Almighty has made his creation the nursery of virtue and has filled it with every possible discouragement from vice, compatible with the circumstances of beings invested with a certain portion of moral liberty and consequently accountable for their actions. And even though vice may thus be said to be *permitted* to exist, yet the numerous evils which always sooner or later follow the commission serve as a contrast to evince the beauty, the loveliness and the immortality of virtue.

ART. 19.—*An Illustration of the general Evidence establishing the Reality of Christ's Resurrection.* By George Cook, A.M. Minister of Lawrence Kirk. 8vo. 7s. 1808.

WE have not observed in the perusal of this performance any striking novelty of remark or any superior cogency of argument. But the proofs, which have been adduced by other writers in support of this all-important fact, are stated with sufficient perspicuity. Mr. Cook's 'Illustration' will probably be acceptable to those who have hitherto read but little on the subject; or who wish for a plain, rational exposition of the general evidence, in support of the resurrection.

ART. 20.—*A Defence of the principal Doctrines of evangelical Religion, in a Letter to a Barrister; occasioned by his Hints on the Nature and Effect of evangelical Preaching; by a Layman.* 8vo. Williams and Smith. 1808.

ART. 21.—*An Appeal to the Legislature and to the Public in Answer to the Hints of a Barrister on the Nature and Effect of evangelical Preaching.* By an evangelical Preacher. 8vo. Williams and Smith. 1808.

THE whole tribe of saints have been dreadfully alarmed by the

assault which has been made by the barrister on the citadel of their superstition. All able-bodied methodists have been summoned to repair to the works and to assist in the defence. The great guns as well as the small arms have been put in requisition. Loads of cartridges have been made on the occasion; and these have been formed of the most combustible matter wrapped up in *garbled extracts* from the scriptures. These it is thought will do great execution; and they have been levelled by the most expert marksmen in the different congregations against both the head and heart of the barrister, who instead of sounding a retreat keeps continuing his advances and has actually beat the leader of the van, Dr. Hawker, who made a sally from the gates, back into the walls. The Dr. has been so severely wounded by the barrister, in the *os frontis*, that it is expected he will *never show his face* in another encounter. One of the lay-saints, and an evangelical preacher whom we understand to be the Reverend Mr. Collier, the simpering divine, the popinjay of the saints, and the ornament of the print-shops, have since made an attempt with as little success to destroy the battering train and all the besieging tools of the enemy. But the barrister according to the last reports, maintained his position and was preparing for a second attack upon the Vice and Ignorance — bastions of Calvin-fort. As soon as the account reaches us we shall not fail to announce it to our readers.

POLITICS.

ART. 22.—*A short Appeal to the landed Interest of this Country, lest permanent Interest should be bartered for temporary Gain.* 8vo. Hatchard. 1808.

WHEN the interests of two large bodies in the state happen to clash with each other, as is thought to be the case in the present dispute between the West Indian merchants and the English farmers, or the growers of sugar and the growers of barley, the *general good* rather than the *particular benefit* of individuals is what ought to regulate the decisions of the government. The government, instead of becoming a *party* in the dispute, ought, with intrepid constancy, to pursue those measures which it deems most likely to promote the welfare of the community. The welfare of the community ultimately comprehends that of the party who oppose the execution of those counsels, by which it is to be obtained. The present question lies in a narrow compass:—Will the use of sugar in the distilleries be more advantageous to the community than the use of barley, in the present circumstances of the country? In the present circumstances of the country, is it not essential to our safety to be as much as possible independent of other countries for our supply of grain? Are not the great European marts, from which we used at all times to import much corn, but from which in time of scarcity we derived

our greatest support, imperiously shut against the entrance of our ships? And will any other part of the world furnish a succedaneum for the sources of succour of which we are thus deprived? Will not the saving of so much grain, as, to all purposes of human subsistence, is absolutely wasted or rather turned into a fluid destructive of human life, in the distilleries, operate as a substitute for so much foreign importation? It is said that the farmer, by being excluded from the supply of the distilleries, will have a quantity of barley on hand greater than the demand; that thus the market will be overstocked and the prices fall. But in proportion as the prices of grain falls, will not the wages of labour, the poor's rate, and other agricultural expenses decrease? Cannot the land which grows barley be made to produce other species of subsistence more agreeable to the stomachs of Englishmen? If there be a surplus of barley, owing to the employment of sugar in the distilleries can it not be employed in fattening swine and thus increasing the quantity of animal food? If the farmer cannot sell his barley he may at least always find a market for his pork. The West India planters will certainly be benefited by the proposed regulation, and the injury, which the farmers anticipate, seems to be less real than imaginary; and is this evil whether real or imaginary to be put in competition with the general good of the community? We do not view this as a *party-question*; and we hope that none of our readers will consider it in that light. Some judicious observations are made by the author of this Short Appeal.

ART. 23.—*Remarks suggested by the Perusal of a Pamphlet entitled Britain independent of Commerce. By P. Williams, Esq. 8vo. Tipper. 1808.*

MR. Williams contends in opposition to Mr. Spence, that foreign commerce is indispensably requisite to our national prosperity. Many of his remarks are pertinent and judicious; and with the exception of his eulogy on Mr. Pitt, to whom the commerce of the country is under no particular obligations, except it be for loading it with imposts, we have perused his performance with considerable satisfaction.

ART. 24.—*Vindiciæ Lusitanæ, or an Answer to a Pamphlet entitled the Causes and Consequences of the late Emigration to the Brazils. By Edward James Lingham, Esq. 2s. 6d. Budd.*

THIS is the production of a sensible, dispassionate, and enlightened man, who seems not to be influenced by any party views. From what he has said on the subject we are disposed to ascribe more courage and constancy to the Prince Regent of Portugal than we had formerly thought his due. The first propositions, hostile to Great Britain, were made by France to Portugal on the 12th of August last. After this the Portuguese government began cautia

ously to prepare for its embarkation to the Brazils. The negotiation was protracted till the middle of October; and the French and Spanish legations left Lisbon on the 29th. M. de Lima, the Portuguese envoy at the court of France, was dispatched by Bonaparte to Lisbon, in order, if possible, to induce the Prince to alter his resolution of transferring the court to the Brazils. But the Prince was not lulled into a perilous security by the professions of friendship, which he, at the same time, received from the Gallic emperor. Bonaparte now determined, if possible, to prevent the embarkation of the Portuguese court by the intervention of the sword. The French troops were ordered to *double* and, if possible to *treble* their marches; but they arrived too late to effect their purpose. Mr. Lingham says that no "vacillation ever took place in the mind of the prince regent of Portugal;" that the prince who might, like the houses of Bavaria or Wurtemberg, have obtained favourable conditions by a timely submission to the favourite of fortune, had determined from the beginning, if he could not preserve his neutrality to relinquish Portugal for his transmarine possessions. We think that what Mr. Lingham has advanced tends to render this probable; and we really wish to believe it true, that we may have at least one instance to record of the wisdom and constancy of princes.

ART. 25.—*Latium reditivum; or a Treatise on the modern Use of the Latin Language and the Prevalence of the French; to which is added a Specimen of the Latin Language accommodated to modern use.* By the Rev. Samuel Seyer, A.M. 8vo. 4s. 6d. Murray. 1808.

IT may seem, at first, rather improper to class this ingenious performance under the head of *politics*; but as the principal end of the publication seems to be to discourage the use of the French and to revive that of the Latin language for reasons which are chiefly political, we thought that the work itself might most properly be arranged in this place. In the prevalence of the French language the learned Mr. Sayer discerns one of the leading causes of their political preponderance. The diffusion of their literature and the use of their language have prepared the way for the introduction of their principles, their sentiments and modes; have promoted their intrigues, favoured the communications of their various emissaries, facilitated the triumph of their arms, and must ultimately contribute to the establishment of that universal empire, to which they have so long aspired and which they now seem so likely to obtain. In order to place some impediment in the way of this scheme of unbounded domination Mr. Seyer proposes to restore the use of the Latin language in our political negotiations, and indeed in all our intercourse with other nations.—During the proud period of the English commonwealth, the great men, who were then at the helm, refused to employ the French or the language of any other foreign state in their diplomatic transactions. They resolved not to carry on any so-

reign correspondence, except in the language of antient Rome. The pen of Milton, says Mr. Seyer 'has proved that the Latin tongue is fully capable of expressing the relations of foreign states with each other. Some little difficulty would occur in fixing names to many characters and things of later times: yet a vocabulary of such words might in a short time be compiled by competent persons; and when it was published by authority, the difficulty here mentioned would be at once removed.' Mr. Seyer strenuously recommends the practice of writing and speaking Latin in our universities and schools; and he endeavours to obviate many of the objections which may be urged against it.—A large part of this performance is occupied with the specimen of a *nomenclatura* or English and Latin dictionary, such as Mr. Seyer would wish to see published, if this plan were put in execution. We are fully convinced with him that a good English and Latin dictionary is still a desideratum. In the specimen of a nomenclature, which Mr. Seyer has published, he has shewn how to express all the modern divisions of time in classical latinity. From this specimen we have conceived a very favourable opinion of Mr. Seyer's erudition. With respect to his plan for rendering the Latin the language of diplomacy, we think it would have been better if the practice of the commonwealth in this respect had not been so readily abandoned; but now it is abandoned, we hardly think that it would be worth while to continue the war for the sake of its restoration. We should be happy to see our diplomatists better scholars and wiser men; and we should, at the same time readily concur in any plan that could in the least diminish the political ascendancy of France; but we fear that, as far as these purposes could be at all produced by reviving the use of the Latin in our foreign intercourse, that opportunity is lost; and that the French will preserve the preference it has obtained in the language of cabinets and the correspondence of states notwithstanding all the efforts of counteraction which may be made by Mr. Seyer or any scholar of the present times. *Fuit Illium!*—We shall say no more.

ART. 26.—*Hints respecting the Education of the Children of the Poor. By a Clergyman in the Diocese of Canterbury.* Harding. 1808.

INSTEAD of any new plan of education for the lower orders this writer recommends a restoration of the *old*; or the practical observance of the fifty-ninth canon; which orders every parson, vicar, or curate, under the pain of excommunication upon every Sunday and holy day before evening prayer, for half an hour to examine and instruct the youth and ignorant persons of his parish in the ten commandments, the creed, and the Lord's prayer. The rubric subjoined to the catechism also orders the curate of every parish to instruct and examine the children publicly in some part of the catechism.

ART. 27.—*Public Spirit.* 8vo. 3s. Asperne. 1808.

AN excellent pamphlet might have been written under this title;

but we are sorry that we cannot bestow that commendation on the present performance. A writer on the grand topic of *public spirit* ought to be divested of all *party-views*; but unfortunately the author before us seems to be only the menial organ of a party; and of a party too, whose long domination in the councils of this kingdom is likely to prove subversive not only of the freedom and the happiness but of the very existence of the empire. A writer on public spirit ought to be a man of enlightened mind and a capacious heart; of a mind full of wisdom and a heart full of charity; but the present writer is a man of a cloudy intellect and we fear of no very comprehensive benevolence.—A writer on public spirit ought to be a lover of truth; but in the present pamphlet, we have noticed some disgusting calumnies and unfounded misrepresentations.—It is not expressly said, that during the revolutionary war the opposition, which was headed by Mr. Fox, were in the *pay* of the French government, but it is expressly intimated that they were the dupes of French intrigue and in the *interest* of France.—The author, p. 17. says that ‘the enemy, not confining himself to attack the feelings of the mass of the people grappled with us still more to our hazard in his other aim of domineering over parliament. Opposition presented itself to his fertile and active spirit, as the spring which might possibly be set in motion. Therefore the French embassy here was dedicated for some time to besiege the avenues which were likely to secure possession of the feelings of the leaders of opposition; and soon found that *their frailties were as accessible as those of other people.*’—In the progress of his work the author omits no opportunity of aspersing the wisdom and the worth of Mr. Fox;—the administration of Lord Grenville comes in for a due share of envenomed animadversion; and from the whole, all that we can infer is that the author esteems public spirit to consist in giving an unqualified support to the present ministers.

LAW.

ART. 23.—*A Treatise on the Law of Idiocy and Lunacy, to which is subjoined an Appendix containing the Practice of the Court of Chancery on this Subject, and some useful practical Forms. By A. Highmore, Solicitor, Author of the Law of Mortmain, Law of Excise, &c. &c. 8vo. Butterworth. 1807.*

THE subject of this Treatise is of considerable importance, and the law which relates to it is arranged by Mr. Highmore with precision and perspicuity.

We recommend it with confidence to the professional student as a work of much utility; and to the legal practitioner as containing a judicious compendium of the leading and most important principles, together with the most requisite precedents and practical forms.

POETRY.

ART. 29—*Lyric and other Poems, by Laura Sophia Temple.*
12mo. Longman and Co.

THE contents of this volume of poems are numerous and diversified, in which we have *Dreams of Horror*, *Treasury of Thoughts*, the *Storm King*, a *Lock of Hair*, the *Death of Brunswick*, a *War Ode*, and a *Penitent Wife*; with a variety of other equally common-place and trifling subjects, vastly pleasing in MS. to read in a family circle over a clean hearth and cheerful fire. Though we cannot extol the versification of Laura Sophia Temple we give her every praise for chasteness and delicacy of thought. There are no very grand and elevated ideas, nor figurative and glowing descriptions, but what there are may be read without disgust. They may amuse, but they will not corrupt; a mother may put them in the hands of her daughter without any dread of their vitiating qualities. This at least cannot be said of all the poems which are brought before our critical tribunal.

We select one amongst the best, by way of specimen.

Ode to Morning.

‘ Breeze of morn; whose waking sigh
Steals along the eastern sky,
Breeze of morn! whose pinion light
Flies to hail yon vision bright,
Which o’er the welkin darts a ray
That turns the blushing dawn to day,
Give to me thy wings of speed
And I for thee will tune the reed,
Will swear thou art the sweetest gale
That roams the hill or skims the vale:
Let me range the fields of air,
And view the wonders planted there;
Let me with the wild bee go
Where sweets are born, where roses blow,
And sip with her the honied store,
And pay my visits o’er and o’er.—
Let me seek the briny deep
And on its waves my station keep;
Marking how the billows blue
To distant lands, their course pursue;
Or view the white and foamy spray
Glittering in the summer ray:
Let me scan, with curious eye,
The beauties of earth, sea and sky:
Give O breeze thy wings of speed
And I for thee will tune the reed,
Will swear thou art the sweetest gale
That roams the hill or skims the vale.
Let—oh! let my spirit be
Light and unconfined as thee.

NOVELS.

ART. 30—*Riches and Poverty, a Tale.* By Miss Barrell. Tipper.
12mo. 1808.

AMELIA Herman is left by her father, who died in embarrassed circumstances, to the care of his particular friend sir Edward Wybrow, who resides in Glamorganshire, till her uncle returns from India who has promised to make her heiress to his acquired wealth. This sir Edward Wybrow evinces a melancholy, reserved and reflective turn, and is by no means pleasing in the eyes of Miss Herman. His residence would be extremely dull to so young a lady had she not the society of a Mrs. Lochardan who resides in the cottage of sir Ed. W. and a Mrs. Melville who is also his near neighbour and friend. These amiable women see sir Edward's character in a light different from that in which it is viewed by miss Herman, and extol him as a model of perfection. During her residence at the cottage sir Edward improves in her opinion as well as she does herself in sir Edward's. An invitation however from town to visit a Mrs. Anselm and her daughters, with whom she had been at school, elates the spirits of Miss Herman in the same degree as it depresses those of her guardian; and he gives his consent with palpable dissatisfaction. He parts from her with a coldness which betrayed his chagrin; and sends an old faithful man servant to attend and watch over her. At the house of Mr. and Mrs. Anselm she is treated with great civility and tenderness; she is regarded as an heiress; and addressed by their son with the highest approbation of the family; in fact she is launched into the gay world thoughtless of the future, enjoying the present, and perfectly happy in the prospect of her marriage with Albert Anselm. Miss Herman is depicted with every amiable quality and a good deal of penetration; she is, therefore, not insensible to the cruel and illiberal treatment which this family displays to a young lady residing with them, a niece of Mr. Anselm's, but her inexperience, her partiality for one of the daughters and her affection for the son, make her attend to it less than she would do in any other circumstances. In the midst of all this happiness letters arrive announcing the death of her uncle, who it is said had previously married and left his fortune to his widow. This sudden change in her prospects makes as sudden an alteration in the sentiments of the Anselms, who take little pains to hide the unfavourable impression. They disapprove the actions which before they had extolled; and finally give Amelia to understand that she is not a match proper for their son. Distressed and disgusted she quits their house and goes into a lodging till she can form some plan for her future life. She is soon insulted by a dishonorable offer of her lover Mr. Albert, who is very desirous to possess her charms on any other terms than those of matrimony. This cruel letter converts her former affection for

Albert into aversion and contempt. She is shortly relieved by the presence of the good sir Edward, who settles her affairs and takes her to the peaceful and elegant cottage in Wales, which she adorns by her numerous amiable qualities. The gloom of sir Edward, which was occasioned by disappointment, wears off, and he cherishes an ardent affection for his lovely ward. Instructed by that sage monitor, experience, Miss Herman duly appreciates the worth of sir Edward's character and rewards his love by returning it. Her happiness is made more complete by intelligence that the story of her uncle's death was a fabrication; he returns, gives her the fortune which he had promised, and her hand to sir Edward Wybrow.

Such is the outline of this little tale. It is simply and prettily told; the characters are well and pleasingly drawn; it excites interest, and impresses a useful lesson on the juvenile mind. It teaches the youthful fair to despise the vain flash, and fallacious glitter of an Albert Anselm; and to look for happiness in steady integrity and unblemished worth.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ART. 31.—*A Topographical Dictionary of England, exhibiting the Names of the several Cities, Towns, Parishes, Tithings, Townships and Hamlets, with the County and Division of the County to which they respectively belong: the Valuation and Patrons of Ecclesiastical Benefices, and the tutelary Saint of each Church—the resident Population, according to the Returns made to Parliament in 1801; and the Amount of the Parochial Assessments according to the Returns made to Parliament in 1803: the Distance and Bearing of every Place from the nearest Post Office, and from the County Town:—Markets and Fairs, Members of Parliament, and Corporations: Free-schools:—Petty Sessions and Assizes: to which is added Miscellaneous Information respecting Monastic Foundations, and other Matters of local History. Collected from the most authentic Documents, and arranged in alphabetical Order, by Nicholas Carlisle, Fellow and Secretary of the Society of Antiquarians in London. 2 vol. 4to. 4l. 4s. Longman. 1808.*

THIS massy compilation, on the execution of which extraordinary industry must have been bestowed, is hardly a subject of criticism. Its general utility will, however, recommend it to a great variety of purchasers; and those, who have occasion to consult it, will find it uncommonly accurate in its topographical details. The following is a brief account of the information which the reader will find in the two volumes. 1, The orthography of every name has been determined with the utmost attention; 2, after the name appears the hundred or other subdivision, and county in which the place is situated; 3, if a parish, the valuation in the king's books; and other ec-

clesiastical information is next given; 4, then the population; 5, poor's rate; 6, and the distance and bearing of each place from the nearest post-office town, from the county-town or the metropolis. Other information, applicable only to places of some importance is then given in the following order, 7, markets and fairs; 8, members of parliament and corporations; 9, free schools; 10, petty sessions and assizes. Finally, 11, are given miscellaneous information of monastic foundations and other matters of local history not reducible to any head of the above-classifications.

ART. 32.—*Stories of Old Daniel, or Tales of Wonder and Delight.* 12mo. 3s. 6d.

OLD Daniel is a benevolent and loquacious old man, who tells very pleasant stories and gives the children of the village where he lives apples and gingerbread to eat during the recital.—Our intercourse with old Daniel, has made us conceive a great esteem for him; and, independent of his apples and gingerbread, which are excellent in their kind, we think that he will be no common favourite with our young friends.

ART. 33.—*Instructeur François, in French and English, designed for Schools of both Sexes, and private Learners; intended to simplify by a progressive Series of easy and familiar Lessons, the Pronunciation, Spelling, Reading, and Construction of the French Language.* By William Keegan, Master of Manor House Academy, Kennington Lane. 12mo. 2s. 6d. bound. Boodsey. 1808.

WE see nothing in this grammar which can entitle it to any peculiar commendation.

ART. 34.—*The Stranger's East Indian Guide to the Hindoostanee, or grand popular Language of India, (improperly called Moors.)* By John Borthwick Gilchrist, Esq. L.L.D. Author of the *Hindostanee Philology*, *Indian Monitor*, &c. 2d Edition. 8vo. Black and Parry. 1808.

THIS performance seems admirably calculated to facilitate the acquisition of the Hindostanee; the knowledge of which is so essential to a British resident in India.

ART. 35.—*A brief Outline of the Plan of Mr. Robinson's School, No. 53, Lincoln's Inn Fields.* A. Wilson; Duke Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields.

WE think some parts of Mr. Robinson's plan very judicious; and his mode of communicating instruction evinces a considerable knowledge of the human mind.—“The organization of the school is peculiar to itself, the constitution of it consists of monitors over the

whole school; *captains* over each department, as captain of English, captain of Latin, captain of figures; *committees* for the orthographical examination of English composition, tutors, &c. &c. —These subdivisions of authority like those in Mr. Lancaster's school must tend greatly to abridge the labour of the master, to excite the emulation, and to accelerate the instruction of the pupil. —This little work is a very neat specimen of the stereo-typography.

ART. 36.—*New Geographical Exercises, by L. Vincent; being a Set of Outline Maps, designed for the Instruction and Amusement of young Students in Geography, comprising the Eastern and Western Hemispheres, Europe, Asia, Africa, North and South America, East Indies, West Indies, England, Scotland, and Ireland; on which are exhibited the principal Rivers, Lakes, Islands, Capes, &c. &c. and all the new Discoveries to the present Period, with Tables of Latitude and Longitude, and of the most important Places throughout the World, taken from the latest Astronomical Observations, separately and alphabetically arranged for the four different Quarters of the Globe. And the most useful Technical Terms used in Geography are explained and illustrated by neat Engravings.* 4to. 4s. 6d. Wigzell. London-house-yard, St. Paul's. 1808.

BY filling up these outlines, a considerable proficiency in the pleasing science of geography is likely to be soon made and long retained.

ART. 37.—*Lessons for young Persons in humble Life: calculated to promote their Improvement in the Art of Reading, in Virtue and Piety, and particularly in the Knowledge of the Duties peculiar to their Stations.* 12mo. 3s. 6d. Longman. 1808.

THESE Lessons are very judiciously selected; and well calculated both to amuse and to instruct.

ART. 38.—*A new System of English Grammar; or English so illustrated as to facilitate the Acquisition of other Languages, whether ancient or modern, with an Appendix, containing a complete System of Parsing.* By R. S. Skillern. A.M. Master of Crypt Grammar-school Gloucester. Second Edition with Additions. 12mo. 3s. 6d. Walker, Strand.

THIS grammar, like that of Mr. Pape, which was noticed in our number for Jan. 1807. p. 108. is not ill-adapted to facilitate the grammatical knowledge of the English language without any previous acquaintance with the Latin.

ART. 39.—*Antient Indian Literature, illustrative of the Researches of the Asiatic Society instituted in Bengal 1804, from original MSS.* 4to. Black, Parry, and Kingsbury. 1807.

BY the fifth rule of the Asiatic society we learn that mere translations of considerable length cannot be admitted, except of such unpublished essays or treatises as may be transmitted to the society by native authors, of which kind the present translation may be reckoned.

ART. 40.—*Characteristic Anecdotes of Men of Learning and Genius, Natives of Great-Britain and Ireland, during the three last Centuries, indicative of their Manners, Opinions, Habits, and Peculiarities, interspersed with Reflections, and historical and literary Illustrations.* By John Watkins, L.L.D. 8vo. 10s. 6d. Cundee, 1808.

A MERE compilation; so utterly devoid of interest, that we are inclined to think Mayor's British Nepos, a very good school-book, was the principal work consulted by John Watkins, L. L. D.

List of Articles which, with many others, will appear in the next Number of the Critical Review.

Fellowes's Body of Theology.

Irving's Life of Buchanan.

Parsons's Travels in Asia and Africa.

The Crusaders.

Lucas's Abyssinian Reformer.

Philosophical Transactions for 1807,

concluded from p. 349. vol. 13.

Corderier's Account of Ceylon.

Stone's Unitarian Christian Minister's plea.

Davies's History of Nice.

Randolph on the present state of the Nations.

THE CRITICAL REVIEW.

SERIES THE THIRD.

VOL. XIV.

JUNE, 1808.

No. II.

ART. I.—*A Body of Theology, principally Practical. In a Series of Lectures. By Robert Fellowes, A. M. Orm.*
Two large Vols. 8vo. 18s. Mawman.

THE reputation of Mr. Fellowes has been established in the literary world by various publications upon various subjects. They shew the extent of his researches, the elegance of his taste, and those habits of exact and profound reflection, which qualify him for giving new interest to common topics, and throwing new light upon the uncommon. With great and singular felicity he has united philosophical reasoning with scriptural doctrine. He has exercised the right of enquiry freely, but not presumptuously, and while he defends his own opinions with ability and firmness, he is equally exempt from the arrogance of the dogmatist, and the intolerance of the bigot. His style is clear, copious, and animated. His reverence for virtue and religion is accompanied by a manly and just indignation against the jargon of fanaticism, and the scoffs of infidelity. His principles will justify intelligent and impartial readers in ascribing to him the sagacity of a philosopher, the benevolence of a patriot, and the piety of a christian.

Such is the judgment which we had formed of Mr. Fellowes from an attentive and dispassionate perusal of these writings which we believe to be extensively known, and to have been favourably received by the public. We are happy in bearing the testimony of our sincere approbation to the work which is now before us, and in expressing our firm conviction that it will increase and perpetuate the well-earned fame of the author.

CRIT. REV. Vol. 14. June, 1808.

I

The Body of Theology is dedicated to his grace the Duke of Grafton, and contains a very correct and luminous representation of the purposes for which it is written.

'The heavens,' says Mr. Fellowes, 'declare the glory of God and the firmament sheweth his handy work,' with more perspicuity and cogency than the pen of the philosopher; and if such palpable demonstration, which speaks with equal force to the ignorant and the wise, be not sufficient to impress conviction, the most rational induction or the most captivating diction of the most eloquent writer will be no more than a sound, which dies upon the ear, without finding its way to the understanding. But though there are few, if any, who *really* disbelieve in the being of a God, there are many who are far from being impressed with a conviction of his moral government. For proofs of his moral government and of his existence differ in kind and in degree. The one is self-evident, the other is obscure.'

* * * * *

'Every where around we see grandeur of effect, and unity of design, vastness of plan and mightiness of execution; but the indications of goodness, though numerous, are less obvious, regular and consistent; more liable to exceptions, and more embarrassed with opposite appearances. We behold the display of accumulated beneficence, but mingled with instances of misery, and with sad varieties of suffering. Ample provision is made for the wants of every creature; but we see the preservative powers of particular species exercised only in ravage and destruction; and, in many cases, life seems to be given to the weak, only that it may be taken away by the strong. We behold a promiscuous distribution of good and evil, not at all apportioned to the merit or demerit, the vice or the virtue of individuals. All these appearances are difficult to be reconciled to the ideas of justice and beneficence; instead, therefore, of any superfluous attempts to prove the being of a God, I have begun this Body of Theology with those proofs, which reason may collect and observation will furnish, of a moral government. On this subject the wise have often been involved in perplexity, and the righteous in doubt; nor can this perplexity be unravelled, nor this doubt be dissipated, without connecting the present life with a state of recompence after death. Without an associated futurity of rewards and punishments, the existence of a moral government must be weak, inefficient, and unsatisfactory; neither convincing the mind nor cheering the heart.'

Few of our readers will refuse their assent to the praise which our author bestows upon the Duke of Grafton, 'as an enlightened advocate for christianity and a friend from whom he has received many personal obligations.'

'Few persons, my lord, have read the christian scriptures more attentively than you have; and that examination has led your Grace

to this conclusion, that those scriptures do contain a revelation from God ; which has indeed been greatly obscured, in its descent through so many ages, by the mistakes of ignorance or the artifices of imposture ; but which is in itself, really and essentially divine. Much do I wish that your Grace's luminous example may excite others in the higher ranks of life to show the same diligence, the same feeling of reverence, and the same love of truth, in the most important of all studies, and the most interesting of all enquiries which can occupy the mind of man.'

The Dedication is followed by a short and well written Preface, from which we shall make such extracts as may clearly and fully unfold the design with which this *Body of Theology* was drawn up, and the manner in which it is executed.

'Some of the first Lectures may, perhaps, be thought rather too metaphysical and abstruse for popular instruction or general circulation ; but he hopes that the subjects are treated with sufficient perspicuity ; and that, though attention may be requisite, they will readily be understood by those who will attend. The greater part of these volumes, which relates to obligations of universal interest and importance, will, the author trusts, come home to 'men's business and bosoms,' and be obvious to every capacity.'

'It was his method to choose a subject which was of general interest, and would admit of ample discussion, rather than a text which might be explained in a few sentences, and to which little or no relation would perhaps be found in the rest of the discourse. But those who want texts will readily furnish themselves with abundance by the inspection of the scriptures.'

Again :

'This *Body of Theology* will prove how attentively he has perused, and how much he is indebted to the inestimable productions of Butler and Barrow. Though the author has perhaps ambitiously emulated, yet he is far from thinking that he has in any degree equalled Butler in depth of thought, or Barrow in richness of expression ; but where he had to contend for the palm with such masters in the art, even his defeat can hardly be reckoned his disgrace. Far as he may have fallen below the excellence which he aspired to reach, he hopes that he has done enough to prove, that from the earliest period of his ministry, he was not idle in his calling ; and that he has but little merited the obloquy which he had experienced.'

The first volume contains thirty lectures. In the 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th, 5th, and 7th, the author with great perspicuity

and admirable judgment, sets before us the arguments of Bishop Butler 'upon the moral government of God, upon life as a state of probation, upon the divine administration which though, in some respects, inscrutable, is wise and benevolent, and upon the rational analogies and probabilities which favour the doctrine of a future life.' The clumsiness and sometimes even the obscurity of Butler's style are generally acknowledged. We therefore with great satisfaction find Mr. Fellowes employed in rescuing the solid and important matter of this excellent prelate from the perplexity in which it is often involved by the uncouthness of his phraseology and the intricacy and length of his sentences. But the sense of Butler is never weakened, the chain of his reasoning is never broken, and in many instances, Mr. Fellowes from the stores of his own mind, has supplied new illustrations, or new proofs.

We can assure our readers that the opinion we have just now given is founded upon very careful comparison.

In the sixth lecture on the Necessity of the Christian Revelation, our author takes a wide range, and has brought together some of the most powerful arguments which the ablest advocates of christianity have employed on this most interesting subject.

This lecture is a masterpiece of good reasoning and good writing. We entirely concur in opinion with Mr. Fellowes that 'christianity though fitted to soften the ferocity of barbarians, if they could be brought to listen to its precepts, yet seems more fit to be received and more likely to be practised by those, who have made some progress in civilization and in the arts of social intercourse.' We earnestly desire our readers to consider calmly and seriously the contents of this lecture from page 124 to page 130.

Let not Mr. Fellowes be hastily accused of introducing new and dangerous opinions. In a sermon preached before the society for the propagation of the gospel in 1766, Bishop Warburton contends that 'the civilizing of barbarians and savages will be found a necessary step to conversion.' The arguments of this illustrious prelate appear to us quite unanswerable, and the sermon in which they are contained has an additional claim upon our attention, from the forcible reasoning and indignant complaints of Bishop Warburton against the slave trade.

Our readers will find that the general principles for which Mr. Fellowes contends are maintained with great ability and applied with great judgment by the learned and eloquent Dr. White, in a discourse subjoined to his celebrated Bampton lectures.

The professor has by unanswerable arguments established the necessity of introducing or extending the blessings of European civilization among the inhabitants of the East, before any solid advantage can be expected from the propagation of christianity.

'When your social habits,' says he, 'and civil institutions are established on a firm foundation, and supported by general approbation, and general concurrence, you may surely endeavour to avail yourselves of those prepossessions which in the minds of considerate and impartial men they cannot fail to excite in favour of your religious code.' P. 494.

'We can mark,' says he, in p. 521, 'the slow and imperfect progress of civilization and science, and therefore should be careful to make their future progress in religion keep a due proportion to those improvements, in the attainment of which we are preparing to assist them in social life.'

In the eighth lecture, the merits of the mosaic dispensation as preparatory to the christian are discussed. In the ninth, the excellence of the christian religion is displayed with great force of argument, and great elegance of style. The crucifixion is discussed in the tenth and eleventh lectures, both of which will be read with peculiar satisfaction by every serious believer. The twelfth lecture upon the resurrection is very argumentative. It is succeeded very properly by three lectures upon a future judgment, and two upon the consideration of our latter end. The eighteenth and nineteenth are upon moral reformation, and they seem to us replete with judicious and instructive observations. The twentieth, twenty-first, and twenty-second, are upon industry, and we believe that the most attentive readers and the warmest admirers of Dr. Barrow will acknowledge that, his noble discourses upon this subject lose none of their vigour and their usefulness in the abridgment made by Mr. Fellowes. The twenty-fourth and twenty-fifth are upon the gains and pleasures of goodness. The twenty-sixth, upon the best guide of life. To these succeed two upon prayer and two upon thanksgiving. We particularly recommend the four last lectures, and especially those upon thanksgiving, in which Mr. Fellowes has introduced much additional and valuable matter. While we were reading the contents of the first volume, we marked many passages as worthy of selection. But they are so numerous that the limits of our Review will not permit us to execute our original purpose, and therefore

we must content ourselves with referring our readers to the work itself.

In fertility and energy the eloquence of Barrow is perhaps unrivalled in the English language, and surely we should not be accused of exaggeration for applying to it the striking words in which the immortalis ingenii beatissima ubertas of Cicero is described by Quintilian.

‘Non pluvies, ut ait Pindarus, (Olimp. XI.) aquas colligit, sed vivo gurgite exundat, dono quodam providentiæ genitus, in quo totas vires suas eloquentiæ experiretur.’ Lib. x. cap. i.

Within the grasp of his mighty and capacious mind were comprehended the broad generalities which are discussed in science, and the minuter discriminations which are to be learned only by familiarity with common life. At one moment he soars aloft to the great, without any visible exhaustion of his vigour, and in the next, without any diminution of his dignity he descends to the little—he drew his materials from the richest treasures of learning, ancient and modern, sacred and profane—he sets before us in solemn and magnificent array, the testimony of historians, the criticisms of scholars, the arguments of metaphysicians, the description of poets, the profound remarks of heathen sages, and the pious reflections of christian fathers. Like the poet described by Johnson in *Rasselas*, he seems to have

‘Found every idea useful for the decoration or enforcement of moral or religious truth, to have estimated the happiness and misery of every condition, to have observed the power of all the passions in all their combinations, to have written as the interpreter of nature and the legislator of mankind, and to have considered himself as presiding over the thoughts and manners of future generations.’

Equally instructive he is, and equally impressive, to readers of every class in society, and every sect in religion, to the man of business and the man of pleasure, to the polished courtier and the solitary recluse, to the sceptered monarch and the humble peasant. But his piety is never cramped by superstition, nor his philosophy debased by refinement. Every principle of morality, every precept of religion, every ground of obligation, every motive of action, every faculty of the understanding, every emotion of the heart, every beauty in virtue, every deformity in vice, every sanction of every law by which the conduct of moral and rational creatures ought

to be regulated, every present and future interest by the prospect of which their fears and their hopes can be made subservient to their present or future happiness pass in review before us, when we peruse the immortal writings of this learned, wise, and holy instructor. Whether he means to convince or to persuade, to refute the scorner or to reform the sinner, to elucidate a speculative difficulty or to enforce a practical duty, he brings with him the same profusion of stores collected from extensive and laborious reading, the same habit of intense observation employed upon the properties of human nature and the tendencies of human affairs, the same compass and precision of thought upon words and things, the same perspicuity and accuracy of arrangement, the same rapid succession of just and vivid conceptions, the same ardor and loftiness of spirit, and the same copiousness, and vigour, and stateliness of diction.

But numerous and splendid as are the excellencies of Barrow, he is not to be considered as a model of artificial and refined composition. He seems indeed never to have paused in the choice of a phrase, nor to have made any effort for giving regularity to his sentences, and harmony to his periods. Yet the most fastidious critic would endure in the original those peculiarities which he would condemn as defects in a writer who professes to accommodate the matter of Barrow to the received notions and approved forms of language in a more polished age. It doubtless required great vigilance and great taste to alter the phraseology of such a writer without impairing his sense. Mr. Fellowes had often occasion to make the perilous experiment, and he has generally made it with success. But we think it our duty as impartial critics to point out some instances in which that phraseology might, according to our judgment, have been improved by the substitution of terms less unusual and less uncouth.

We shall at the same time recommend to Mr. Fellowes for re-consideration other expressions which dropt perhaps in the haste of composition from his own pen, and which in some future edition of his work may be altered without discredit to the writer, or dissatisfaction to the reader.

Vol. i. p. 6. 'Abhorrent to our physical and moral constitution.'

P. 9. 'Imperitatively.' We do not remember to have met this word before; the Latin word *imperito* is used by Plautus, by Lucretius, three or four times by Horace, now and then by Sallust, and often by Tacitus, but no derivatives are form-

ed from it, and we think *imperitatively* quite unjustifiable in our own tongue.

P. 22. 'To try his patience and his *trust*.' Surely *trust* ought not to have been left thus naked. We look for *trust* in God.

P. 25. 'Genial to the nature.' This singularity occurs several times in the lectures and in the sixth page of the dedication; the proper word is congenial.

P. 25. 'When then we seriously reflect.' Surely the ear would be less offended if Mr. Fellowes had written, 'when therefore.'

P. 31. 'The approbation of the good and wise which will invariably attach itself to these.' We object to the word *attach* in every grave and elaborate composition. It is used frequently and perhaps properly in our courts of justice; it has of late made its way into both houses of parliament; it occurs very often, and to our ears, very offensively, in common conversation, but it is a neoteric and affected word, which ought to be shunned by every writer who aspires to elegance.

P. 59. 'We must endeavour to liberate ourselves.' We think *liberate* defensible enough as a forensic term, but unfit to be used in theological writings.

P. 70. 'But those whose habits' should be those men whose habits.

P. 74. 'The individual becomes the mere puppet of his sensual inclinations.' The metaphor is here very undignified.

P. 77. 'A pledge and *antepast* of those exquisite delights.' The word *antepast* though used by Barrow and Bishop Taylor we think is nearly obsolete. We do not indiscriminately condemn the introduction of old words in sermons; on the contrary we think with Quintillian;

Quædam adhuc veteræ vestustate ipsa gratius nitent,

Quædam etiam necessario interim sumuntur. Etb. 8. cap. 3.

But in the use of such words a writer of taste will bear in mind the sound criticism and exquisite phraseology of Dionys. Halicar. upon the *πλατωνική διαλεκτός*.—In the epistle to Pompey, and in the work on the *δemonios* of Demosthenes he uses these words: *ὅτι πίνος αὐτῇ, καὶ χυὸς τῆς ἀρχαϊότητος ἡρέμα καὶ μελινότως ἐπιτρεχέι κλοερόν τε ἢ καὶ τέθηλος καὶ μέστον ὕδατος ἀνδρὸς ἐπαίδωσι*. Vid. pages 127 and 166, Edit. Sæburg.

P. 84. 'Deterring appearances.'

P. 93. 'We should probably *sue* to afford the most convincing proofs of wise and benevolent.' We are certain that *sue* is an error of the press, for *see*.

P. 129. 'God did not think it right to publish the christian doctrine.' This language appears to us much too familiar when we are speaking of the Deity. We remember that in the proceedings of the ecclesiastical commissioners in 1689 the word honorable in the Te Deum is, justly censured as 'being only a *civil* term, and no where used in *sacris*.'

'Omnibus verbis' says Quintilian, 'præter pauca quæ sunt parum verecunda in oratione locus est. Nam et humilibus interim et vulgaribus est opus, et quæ cultiori in parte videntur sordida, ubi res poscit, propriæ dicuntur.' Quintil. lib. x. cap. 1.

Just and even necessary as may be such latitude in oratory, which often is conversant in the affairs of daily life and is addressed to the lighter as well as the graver affections of the mind, we think that in discourses upon sacred subjects, a serious and judicious preacher would not avail himself of it in its fullest extent. His good sense, his decorum, and his piety will make him shrink from some forms of language as very inadmissible in the pulpit, though very intelligible to his hearers.

Varro gives to poets a larger licence than to orators, and enlarges upon the subject ;

'Has novas verbi declinationes ratione introductas respect forum, iis boni poetæ, maxime scenici, consuetudine subigere aures populi debent. * * * Consuetudo loquendi est in motu, itaque solet fieri ex meliore deterior, meliora verba perperam dicta apud antiquos aliquos, propter poetas non modo nunc dicuntur recte, sed etiam quæ ratione dicta sunt tunc, nunc perperam dicuntur. * * * Liberior potest poeta quam orator sequi analogias.' Varr. de ling. Latin. lib. 8.

In our own language as in the Latin, poetry has a wider range over words, than oratory ;—it is in the power, however, of both by the force of the 'Callida Junctura,' to bestow comeliness on the uncount and novelty on the common. But theology is more wary in conferring the privileges of adoption upon *any* terms, which are nearly or remotely associated with ideas of *levity*, whether in its exterior form it be polished into wit, or rough-cast into vulgarity. The preacher must never permit the smallest relaxation of the rule, which an ancient critic prescribed to the erudite

oratio.—sordididis *nunquam* in oratione sacra loquens; Quintil. lib. 8. cap. 3;—he must be prepared *παντα ἐνσχημένους καὶ λέγειν καὶ ποιῆν*. We say of the Deity himself, 'give unto the Lord the honor due unto his name'—'thou art worthy to receive honor and glory'—'thou art clothed with majesty and honour'—'his work is honourable and glorious'—'to the only wise God be honour and glory;'—but we cannot with propriety say, God is *honourable*.

P. 143. '*Necessitates* the destruction.'

P. 168. 'Hankering after any sensible recompence.' *Hankering* may be tolerated in Barrow, but should have been softened by Mr. Fellowes.

P. 169. '*Terrene*.' This word may be allowed in poetry, but in grave prose terrestrial appears to us a more proper word.

P. 182. '*Inimical*.' We doubt whether this word be sufficiently naturalized among us, to be allowed in correct and elegant compositions. Though used very frequently, it is a new word, and perhaps has not yet been supported by the authority of any writer eminently great. We do not, however, mean to condemn it indiscriminately.

P. 183. 'A *reverend* sense of his justice.' Reverential is the proper word; for reverend is applied to the object of reverence, as 'holy and *reverend* is his name.' Perhaps reverend is an error of the press.

P. 187. 'Benevolence is that virtue with which no other can *compare*.' And again in page 457. 'But can such glory *compare* with that of the good man,' This use of the word compare as a neutral verb, is too colloquial.

P. 189. '*Generates* an host of ills.' The metaphor is hardly correct.

P. 210. 'So *diverse* in religious character.' Different would be a better word than *diverse*.

P. 229. 'To avert these *unpleasant* consequences.' Unpleasant is a feeble—a very feeble word. It reminds us of a passage in which Longinus objects to *τίλος ἄχαρι* as used by Herodotus, of those whom Longinus, employing his own language, calls *τοὺς παρὰ τὸ ναύαγιον ἐμβροσσομένους* for so we read with Toup and other critics, rather than *δρασσομένους*—The word *ἄχαρι* was in the time of Herodotus much more emphatical than it seems to have been in the time of Longinus. It occurs several times in Herodotus. It is used by Arrian, by Antoninus Liberalis, and other late Greek writers. See Valckenaer's note, lib. 8, of Herodotus, page 625, Wesseling's Edition. Valckenaer expressed great anxiety to

see the opinion of Toup upon the criticism of Longinus on *ἄρα*. But our learned countryman has not taken any notice of it. He only says of Longinus, *pro libitu verba Herodoti immutavit; sic solet, scilicet.*

P. 259. '*Detering* prohibitions of their adversaries.'

P. 275. '*The growth* of all the virtues, which are the *pillars* of human society.' The metaphorical terms do not harmonize.

P. 315. '*Piercing* to the very *cores* of our hearts.' This is colloquial, and tautological.

P. 327. '*When* we were sent *here*, for a far nobler purpose.' *Hither*, not *here* is the right word.

P. 358 '*Does* not righteousness considered under its several divisions of truth, justice, charity, &c. tend.'

After the enumeration of these christian graces we are offended with the familiarity of &c.

P. 362. '*Was* equally *fragile*.' *Frail* would be better.

P. 369. '*The desertion* of our unrighteous courses.' Abandonment is better. In modern writing we may be said to desert good, but not evil.

P. 381. Sent *here*, for *hither*.

P. 414. The word promote occurs twice in the same sentence, and seems to be the effect of negligence.

P. 454. '*Is* in fact richer than *him*,' for he.

P. 493. '*To supplicate* an *aversion* of the evils which we dread, or a cessation of the pains which we suffer.'

P. 499. '*Where* can we so well fly for succour.' It should be written *whither*.

P. 424. '*So little operative*.'

P. 420. '*This* is the work required of a faithful servant of Christ, and surely it is one of no easy execution, but in the execution of which we shall have need of the most patient, the most persevering industry.'

The whole texture of this sentence is slovenly.

We shall descend to particular passages in the second volume, and are happy to state that they are less numerous than those to which we have objected in the first.

P. 2. '*Terrene*.'

P. 33. '*Partial* and *insulated* sympathies.' Perhaps in a philosophical discourse the word *insulated* would be more defensible than in a sermon. We do not decide.

P. 168. '*Though* virtuous individuals often *succumb* under misfortunes.

P. 173. '*Sparkling* emotions of a *participating* joy.'

P. 193. '*And* which causes him not only to commiserate, but, impels him to relieve the distresses of his brother man.' The words *not only* are misplaced, they

should precede the word *causes*. This irregular kind of position occurs in some of our best writers, and has been justly censured by Lord Kames in his *Elements of Criticisms*, cap. 18, where he speaks of the ambiguities occasioned by arrangement, where it leads to a wrong sense or leaves the sense doubtful.

P. 199. 'All our passions, by the extravagance of indulgence may be excited by less *stimuli*.'

Mr. Fellowes will certainly correct the word *stimuli*.

P. 340. 'Inclined to *attach* some degree of credit even to the most atrocious lies.' We have already stated our reasons for disapproving of the word *attach*.

P. 391. 'Suppose that by artfully *pumping*.'

P. 457. 'The trial of our patience and our *trust*.' We have already objected to this use of the word *trust* without some addition to express the object in which trust is reposed.

The second volume contains twenty-eight lectures, and the subjects are so important in themselves and seem to us to have been selected so judiciously, that for the information and encouragement of our readers we shall enumerate their respective titles. The thirty-first and thirty-second are upon the love of God, and in the thirty-second the talents of Mr. Fellowes as a good writer, and his investigations as a philosopher are shewn to the greatest advantage. It fixed our attention deeply, and rewarded it amply. The thirty-third and thirty-fourth are upon the love of our neighbour. The additional remarks occasionally introduced by Mr. Fellowes are truly excellent. The thirty-fifth and thirty-sixth are upon charity. No part of the work is entitled to higher praise for composition worthy of a scholar. The thirty-seventh is upon self-examination. The thirty-eighth is upon the moral constitution of man, and the particular and general affections and the genius of patriotism. Mr. Fellowes in this lecture and two others which immediately succeed it, has drawn much of his matter from the admirable sermons of Bishop Butler. This lecture is in our opinion far the ablest of the whole. Upon the genius of patriotism Mr. Fellowes has enriched the collection with many just and valuable observations of his own. The thirty-ninth is upon compassion, the fortieth upon those parts of our nature which seem opposite to benevolence, anger and resentment. The forty-first and forty-second are upon a pacific disposition, and in these as well as in the remainder of the work Mr. Fellowes seems to have taken Barrow for his guide. The forty-third and forty-fourth are upon the government of the tongue. The

forty-fifth is upon the use of oaths. The forty-sixth is upon evil speaking, the forty-seventh and forty-eighth upon slander, the forty-ninth upon detraction, the fiftieth upon rash judgment, and the fifty-first upon a busy meddling disposition. Our readers will see the intimate connexion which subsists between the subjects of these eleven lectures. The fifty-second is upon the subjection of the human will to the divine, exemplified in the conduct of Jesus. The fifty-third, fifty-fourth, fifty-fifth and fifty-sixth, upon contentment. We were particularly interested in the fifty-fifth. Patience is the sole subject of the fifty-seventh, and the fifty-eighth is upon the only way to be happy.

We give Mr. Fellowes credit for the sincerity of his profession and the wisdom of his choice in not writing, as he says in his preface, 'to subvert one sect or to institute another.' With sincerity not less than his own we commend his diligence and his judgment in his well-meant 'endeavours to manifest and to infuse the true spirit of practical religion, to avoid the introduction of polemical matter and the polemical form of discussion even in subjects which seem to open a wide field for disputation, and to enforce those weighty truths which are interesting to christians of all denominations.'

ART. II.—*Memoirs of the Life and Writings of George Buchanan.* By David Irving, A. M. Edinburgh. 8vo. 8s. bds. London, Longman.

AMONG all the evils brought on mankind by party zeal, none, as they affect the living, are so pernicious or so deplorable in a philosophical view as the defamation of the illustrious dead. The advocates for the absolute power of princes and the non-resistance of the people, can do no extensive mischief by their speculative writings or harangues but what is checked in its progress by the employment of similar engines on the side of good sense and freedom. Mackenzie, Usher, Bochart, and even Salmasius, sleep peacefully in the dust of our libraries, while Locke, Sidney, and Milton, are in the hands and in the hearts of us all. But, when the malignity of party writers is directed against departed genius and virtue, it is very rarely that a champion steps forward to vindicate the truth, and the evil is as lasting as it is detestable. The difficulties of such a task are sufficient to deter any common spirit from the undertaking; inasmuch as the means of refuting a falsehood

frequently perish with the person against whose fame that falsehood is propagated. No species of assassination is so secure from detection and punishment. In proportion, therefore, to the difficulty of the attempt, and to the little temptation which is commonly held forth to it, ought to be the obligation of all candid and generous spirits to the undertaker.

In the case of Buchanan, indeed, Mr. Irving is not the first man of letters who has seen through the veil of misrepresentation and prejudice. But, nevertheless, that prejudice has been planted so deep, and that misrepresentation sanctioned by the acquiescence of so many respectable persons, that the thanks of the whole literary world, and of the Scottish nation in particular, are most justly due to the gentleman, who, in being the first to compile a regular and impartial history of the great man whose memory has been so grossly insulted, takes away the excuse of ignorance from all those who may in future be inclined to re-echo the splanetic falsehoods of his enemies.

In a short preface, Mr. Irving enumerates the different attempts which have been made before him to illustrate the character and writings of Buchanan. Ruddiman, who published the first complete edition of his works, although a writer of the greatest respectability and a warm admirer of Buchanan's genius, was unfortunately so strongly tainted with jacobite principles that he has contributed, probably more than any open enemy to the general prejudice against his author. Mr. Irving gives the following very candid and manly account of this publication.

• Although no regular account of Buchanan's life was composed by Mr. Ruddiman, yet from the labours of that learned and worthy man I have derived very important aid. His edition of the works of Buchanan is entitled to high commendation. The plan of such a collection was originally formed by George Mosman, and the impression was actually proceeding in the year 1702. After a few sheets had been completed, the property was transferred to Robert Freebairn, printer to the king, and Ruddiman was by him engaged in the undertaking; but the last edition did not make its appearance till the year 1715. It reflects equal credit on the printer and on the editor. Ruddiman's masterly acquaintance with philology, and with the history of his native country, had eminently qualified him for his laborious task. The accuracy of the text, and the utility of his illustrations, are equally conspicuous. He has prefixed a copious and satisfactory preface; and among other appendages, has added a curious and critical dissertation *De Metris Buchananais*.

His annotations on Buchanan's history are peculiarly elaborate and valuable; but it is to be lamented that his narrow politics should so frequently have diverted him from the more useful tracts of enquiry. Where political prejudices intervene, he is too eager to contradict his author; and he often attempts, by very slender and incompetent proofs, to extenuate the authenticity of his narration. In illustrating the moral and literary character of Buchanan, he spent many years of his life. With great zeal and success, he afterwards vindicated his paraphrase of the psalms against the frivolous objections of Mr. Benson; but his political prejudices seem to have increased with the number of his years. His controversies with Mr. Love and Mr. Man were conducted with sufficient pertinacity; though it must be acknowledged that the advantage of learning, and even of candour, generally inclines to Ruddiman's side. The perusal of his controversial works in the order of their composition, is a task of considerable interest and edification. When he concluded his annotations on the life of Buchanan, he was disposed to regard him, with Nathan Chytraeus, as 'a most excellent and most innocent man, and entitled to perpetual remembrance on account of his exquisite learning and dignity;' but when galled by his antagonists, and mortified by the fading hopes of the royal house of Stewart, he gradually adopted new opinions which were not founded on any new evidence. It must frequently have occurred to his reflections, that Buchanan had essentially contributed to the dissemination of those doctrines which led to the revolution; and after the hopes of the jacobites were completely blasted, he expressed himself with a degree of asperity which is chiefly to be regretted for his own sake. One example will probably be deemed sufficient. 'But alas! what will his great admirers gain by that concession? Only this, that they make him die an hardened and impenitent sinner; and rather than his reputation, or more truly that of their own cause, should suffer in this world, they choose (*horresco referens*) to let him drop into hell in the next.' On various topics connected with the personal character of Buchanan, his reasoning is not very much superior to that of his egregious biographer: nor is this to be imputed to his want of acuteness, but to his eagerness in defending opinions which have been fiercely attacked, and which in reality were indefensible.' Preface, p. xviii, xx.

We cannot quit the preface without recording the well-merited lash which Mr. Irving gives to Ruddiman's 'egregious biographer,' and which proves, that with all his candour and all the allowances which it leads him to make for the infirmities of real genius and virtue, he is by no means deficient in force and energy to expose the assuming misrepresentations of impudent ignorance.

'But the most extraordinary attack which Buchanan has yet

sustained was from the pen of Mr. George Chalmers, a critic unacquainted with the works of Buchanan, and even with the language in which they are chiefly composed. This pompous and obtuse writer, who has plentifully scattered the most clumsy abuse, I have certainly treated with very little ceremony :* nor is much tenderness due to the feelings of a man who has so grossly violated the sanctuary of the venerable dead. His total want of classical learning, the *grim futurity* of his style, and even the perpetual obliquity of his judgment, might easily have escaped severe animadversion ; but, to adopt his own phraseology, ' our detractor's zeal of calumny ' must excite the utter indignation of every reflecting mind. His rancour indeed is not only impotent, but, on many occasions, even ludicrous ; and it may perhaps be deemed a work of supererogation to expose ignorance or folly which so clearly exposes itself. He wrote at a crisis when it was easy to acquire a golden stock of merit by stigmatising the king's best subjects with the odious brand of wild democracy. Of this timely circumstance he has repeatedly availed himself in a very preposterous manner : and it was apparently the swelling consciousness of what was then termed loyalty, that augmented his provision of native insolence. To involve Buchanan and his admirers in the flagrant odium of French principles, was a stratagem not unworthy of its author's liberal dexterity. The subsequent lines of his *Jephthas* Buchanan might almost be suspected of having composed with a prophetic allusion to this phoenix of modern literature.

Nunc quo quis est e plebe ferme indoctor,
 Auctoritatem assumit arrogantius
 Dijudicandi in rebus obscurissimis ;
 Et pertinaci (quod fere ignorantia est)
 Animo tuetur dogma susceptum semel.
 Nec interim æquo expendet examine, mala,
 An recta sint quæ pertinaciter tenet :
 Sed quum inter omnes maxime cæcutiat,
 Cæcus videntes cæcitatibus arguit.
 Ut cui perusta febre fervent viscera,
 Amara cuncta credit, unumque autumat
 Se sapere, quum desipiat unus maxime.

' But the nation has now begun to recover from its general phrenzy ; and a man may perhaps venture to pay some slight regard to reason and common sense, without incurring the hazard of being deemed unworthy to breathe in British air. The ardent wishes of Buchanan's heart were continually directed towards the best inter-

* For, as Saint Gregory remarks, ' aliter admonendi sunt impudentes, atque aliter verecundi. Illos namque ab impudentia non nisi increpatio dura compescit ; istos autem plerumque ad melius exhortatio modesta componit.' *De Cura Pastoralis*.

ests of mankind. It is not the intention of his humble biographer to promote the insane projects of desperate visionaries; but it is equally incompatible with his views to 'rebellow to the roar' of that degrading phraseology, which of late has so frequently insulted the dignity of a free and enlightened people. His opinions, which are simple and honest, he has delivered without ambition and without timidity; without any superfluous allusion to subjects apt to inflame the passions of his contemporaries, but with a total disregard of those sinister and distorted applications, so familiar to certain individuals whose praise is no recommendation. Preface, p. xxvii to the end.

We may appear to have dwelt too long *in limine* by making such ample extracts from so short a preface; but it would be very difficult either to abridge or select from the work itself so as to give an accurate idea of its contents; and the general design is much better explained in the passages we have quoted, and in the rest of his preface, by the author himself, than it could be by any words of our own. The preceding extracts may, therefore, be considered as our review of the book. To all such persons as have been misled by the slanderers of Buchanan, to suppose him a profligate, an ungrateful, or a factious character, we heartily recommend the perusal of the book itself, which unless their prejudices be inveterate, must tend to remove the veil which has hitherto obscured their judgment. To those who are ignorant of his merits and even indifferent about them, we still recommend the perusal of the book, because it will bring to their acquaintance a truly noble and generous spirit, to whom, as one of the first promoters of free and liberal discussion, we are indebted, among the crowd of our illustrious patriots, for the inestimable blessings of civil and religious liberty.

Among the crimes laid to his charge, none are so flagrant as his alleged ingratitude to Queen Mary. But this is a charge, which, though copied from one writer by another without examination and with implicit credence, is utterly void of foundation and may be proved to be false. It was invented or adopted, by the partisans of that unhappy princess in revenge for his celebrated 'Detection;' but, in fact, he owed her no obligation more personal than that of a subject to his sovereign, which, in the opinion of the best and greatest men, was cancelled by the infamy of her conduct. If any persons remain at the present day inclined to maintain the contrary side of that much controverted argument, still they must confess that no greater degree of

blame attaches to Buchanan than to any other Scotchman among the multitudes who were misled by unfavourable appearances. But it is well, in some respects, for the cause of justice that the days of chivalry are past; and there are few Quixotes in literature now to be met with who will, in the face of conviction, assert the defence of a lady who lived more than two centuries ago, merely because she was beautiful and unfortunate.

After briefly stating the public events which led to the fatal defeat at Langside, and finally compelled the queen of Scots to take refuge in the court of her ungenerous rival, Mr. Irving relates, and justifies, the publication of the 'Detection' in the following terms.

'This singular transaction' (the conference before Queen Elizabeth's commissioners which opened at York on the 4th Oct. 1568) 'was managed with great address on both sides. Nor was Buchanan the least powerful of Murray's coadjutors: he composed in Latin a detection of Queen Mary's actions, which was produced to the commissioners, and was afterwards circulated with great industry by the English court. His engaging in a task of this kind, as well as his mode of executing it, has frequently been urged as a proof of his moral depravity; and, to augment his delinquency, the benefits conferred upon him by the queen have been multiplied with much ingenuity.* It is certain that she granted him the temporalities of the abbey of Crossragwell; and beyond this single point the evidence cannot be extended. Nor was this reward bestowed

* 'On the head,' says Dr. Stuart, 'of his ingratitude to Mary, the evidence, I fear, admit not of any doubt or palliation. Mary invited him from France to Scotland with a view that he should take the charge of the education of her son; and till James should be of a proper age to receive instruction, she appointed him to be chief master of St. Leonard's college in the university of St. Andrews.' (*Hist. of Scot.* vol. ii. p. 246.) These assertions are well combined, and are only liable to one material objection. That Mary invited him from France, nominated him preceptor to her son, and appointed him principal of St. Leonard's college, are bold surmises totally unsupported by evidence. In the common editions of Buchanan's life, he is said to have been appointed the preceptor of K. James 'anno millesimo quingentesimo sexagesimo quinto.' These words however are most evidently an interpolation; and in some of the earlier editions, for example those printed at Herborn in 1616 and 1624, they do not occur. James was not born till the 19th of June 1566; nor was Buchanan appointed his preceptor till after Mary had been expelled from the kingdom. Mr. Chalmers has employed what he deems a conclusive argument of his having nevertheless been indebted to the queen for his original nomination. 'Buchanan says expressly in his history [page 386.], "ut ex his, quos mater, antequam se regno abdicaret, filio tutoris nominaverat." (Chalmers, p. 329.) The learned critic evidently supposes the Latin word *tutor* to signify a preceptor; with what accuracy, no school-boy need be informed. By referring a few pages back, he might have discovered that the *tutores* or guardians nominated by Mary were the duke of Chatelrault, and the earls of Murray, Lenox, Argyll, Athol, Morton, Glencaine, and Mar. (Buchanan, *Rev. Scot. Hist.* p. 365.)

on a man who had performed no correspondent services. He had officiated as her classical tutor, and had composed various poems for the entertainment of the Scottish court ; but the immortal dedication of his psalms was alone equivalent to any reward which she conferred. If Buchanan celebrated her in his poetical capacity and before she ceased to be an object of praise, it certainly was not incumbent upon him to approve the atrocious actions which she afterwards performed. The duty which he owed to his country was a prior consideration ; and with that duty his further adherence to the infatuated princess was utterly incompatible.' P. 159, 160.

The honourable and important office to which he was promoted, not by Mary, but by the regent, of preceptor to the young king, appears to have been executed by him in a manner worthy of his free and independent spirit, and deserving of the thanks and applause of his countrymen. But he was too true a patriot and too honest a man to secure the favour and gratitude of him from whom that gratitude was principally due. Under the instructions of Buchanan, James became a very respectable proficient in literary attainments ; but the force of education was insufficient to rectify his naturally perverse disposition, or to steel him against the influence of flatterers and sycophants, who, during his whole life, held absolute dominion over his understanding. In Buchanan, he was taught to view only a severe and unbending pedagogue, a stern patriot who dared to question the 'right divine of kings.' In after life, therefore, he not only encouraged all the calumnies that were circulated respecting his venerable preceptor, but became himself the persecutor and reviler of his memory.

Two anecdotes are related of the conduct of Buchanan to the king while a child, the authenticity of which M. Irving will not admit ; but, considering the character of the times and of the man, we are rather inclined to view them as genuine. At least, we see no sufficient reason for doubting them *à priori*. They are certainly very amusing, and, as such, we retail them.

'The king having caught a fancy for a tame sparrow which belonged to his playfellow the master of Mar, solicited him without effect to transfer his right ; and, in endeavouring to wrest it out of his hand, he deprived the poor little animal of life. Erskine having raised due lamentation for its untimely fate, the circumstances were reported to Buchanan, who lent his young sovereign a box on the ear, and admonished him that he was himself a true bird of the bloody nest to which he belonged.'

'A theme which had one day been prescribed to the royal pupil, was the conspiracy of the earl of Angus and other nobles during the reign of James the third. After dinner, he was diverting himself with the master of Mar; and as Buchanan, who in the meantime was intent on reading, found himself annoyed by their obstreperous mirth, he requested the king to desist; but as no attention was paid to the suggestion, he threatened to accompany his next injunction with something more forcible than words. James, whose ear had been tickled by the quaint appellation of the apologue mentioned in his theme, replied that he should be glad to see who would *bell the cat*. His venerable preceptor, who might have pardoned the remark, was perhaps offended with the mode in which it was uttered: he threw aside his book with indignation, and bestowed upon the delinquent that species of scholastic discipline which is deemed most ignominious. The countess of Mar, being attracted by the wailing which ensued, hastened to the scene of his disgrace; and taking the precious deposit in her arms, she demanded of Buchanan how he presumed to lay his hand upon 'the Lord's anointed?' To this interrogation he is said to have returned an answer, that contained a very unceremonious antithesis relative to the part which had received the chastisement.*'

Upon this anecdote Mr. Irving observes,

'A man who was no stranger to polished society, can hardly be suspected of such unpoliteness to a lady; unless we suppose her to have assumed a degree of insolence which rendered it expedient to convince her, by an overwhelming proof, that he disowned her authority.' P. 169 and 170.

But, before he drew any such inference, Mr. I. should have considered that 'polished society' is but a relative term, and perhaps no period in the history of Europe was so *unpolished* as that which elapsed between the extinction of chivalry and the substitution of modern refinement. The court of Scotland in the 16th century bore no resemblance whatever to the court of St. James's in the 19th. Mr. I. should have remembered that, one hundred years later, in the *most polished* court of Europe, the *most polished* courtier in Europe (the duke de Lauzun) *kicked* mademoiselle de Montpensier, the king's cousin, on that very part of the body which Buchanan only desired the countess of Mar to *kiss*. The same coarseness of manners is the only apology, (ex-

* Mackenzie's *Lives of Scots Writers*, vol. iii. p. 180.—'Madam, I have whipt his ***; you may kiss it if you please.'

cuse there is none) for the gross indecency of many of Buchanan's earlier verses. There was hardly a scholar of the sixteenth century, who did not abuse his talents by rivalling the disgusting obscenities of Martial and Catullus. Mr. Irving has here fallen into the common error of biographers, that of supposing the subject of their labours to have been free from all the vices, and even infirmities, of human nature. He will not allow that the slightest blemish can attach even to the youthful days of his hero, and quotes again the silly conundrum of Martial,

Lasciva est nobis pagina, vita proba,

together with the similar ones of Ovid, Catullus, and Ausonius, to prove that a chaste life is consistent with the most unrestrained indulgence of impure ideas. But, if any thing, he proves a great deal too much; for there is no saint nor prude but must confess that the overflowings of a warm and intemperate habit are more venial than the deliberate wantonness of a defiled imagination.

In this, as in the former instance, we ought in fact to consider the character of the age; in order to estimate rightly that of the individual. Immorality of life was certainly the fault of most men of letters and genius in that age no less than immorality of writings; and there is no more reason for supposing Buchanan to have been exempt from one species of contagion than another. His *after* life, as well as his *later* writings, were strictly correct; and this circumstance is alone sufficient to found an exception in his favour from the greater part of his contemporaries.

Mr. Irving appears also to have been influenced by partiality in adopting the very extravagant commendations bestowed by some writers, principally Scottish, on the literary productions of Buchanan, such, for instance, as lord Monboddo's, who 'will not hesitate to pronounce that the style of his narrative is *better* than that of Livy; for it is *as pure and elegant*, is *better* composed in periods, not intricate and involved like those of Livy, and without that affected brevity which makes *Livy's style so obscure*;' &c. &c.

It is really very presumptuous in any scholar to pretend to judge between a Roman, and a modern author as to Latin composition; and, to give the preference to a Scotchman over an ancient whose language was considered by his countrymen as the model of purity, approaches very closely to the confines of insanity. Let Buchanan be compared with any of the illustrious persons whose writings contributed to

the restoration of learning in the sixteenth century, and we shall perhaps be ready to join in assigning him the most exalted rank among them. We may even confess that, to our ears, (unskilled as even the most cultivated must be in the nice inflections and peculiarities of a foreign and dead language) Buchanan's prose works contain *some* passages worthy of competition with Livy, his poetry *some* verses as harmonious and true as the odes of Horace. But this would be carrying our complaisance towards any modern author to its furthest extent : and further than could be justified till after the most diligent and critical examination of the works in question.

The literary life of Buchanan was bustling and active to an unusual degree; yet, in common with all literary lives, it is dry and uninteresting in detail. We at first designed to have given a brief analysis of it from the work before us; but in so doing we should have only repeated the substance of what is within the reach of all our readers, the *Life of Buchanan* written by himself, prefixed to almost every edition of his history.

The example set by Mr. Roscoe, of grafting on the principal subject of his work all the biographical and miscellaneous information of the age, has been adopted by Mr. Irving; and, if Mr. Roscoe was (as in our opinion he certainly was) justly censurable on this account, much more so are the writers who imitate so improper a model. In the present work, Mr. Irving has thought it necessary to give an account of the life, death, parentage, and education, not only of all Buchanan's intimate acquaintance, but of all his casual correspondents, and even of those whose names may chance to be mentioned in any one of the letters written by, or addressed to, him. Thus, full one hundred pages are taken up with details, wholly unconnected with the body of the work, respecting Turnebus, Muretus, Gelida, Vives, the Scaligers, Barbosa, Nebrissensis, Resendius, Cabedius, James Govea and his nephews, Martial, Andrew and Anthony, Tevius, Tastæus, Osorius, Didacus Pyrrhus, Cajadus, Cælius, Sylvius, Moralis, Crucius, Pimenta, Achilles Statius, Thomas Correa, Amatus, Pintas, Forerius, Alvarez, Peter Nonnius, and half a hundred more. We are sorry to add that very little, if any, original information appears to be given concerning this multitude of *dramatis personæ*, and that references to any of the common dictionaries would have given more satisfaction than Mr. Irving's extracts from them.

With regard to Mr. Irving's language, there are some conceits, and some vulgarisms to be met with, which disfigure a stile, upon the whole, fluent and unembarrassed. But the defects which we have thought it our duty to notice are by no means weighty enough to counterbalance the praise which we with pleasure bestow on the free and liberal spirit which influenced the author in his choice of subject, and which characterizes every part of his performance.

ART. III.—*Travels in Asia and Africa ; including a Journey from Scanderoon to Aleppo ; and over the Deserts to Bagdad and Bussora ; a Voyage from Bussora to Bombay and along the Western Coast of India ; a Voyage from Bombay to Mocha and Suez in the Red Sea ; and a Journey from Suez to Cairo and Rosetta in Egypt. By the late Abraham Parsons, Esq. Consul and Factor Marine at Scanderoon. 4to. 1l. 5s. Longman. 1808.*

WE are informed in the preface to this work, which is edited by Mr. John Paine Berjew, son of the Rev. John Berjew who was brother-in-law of the author, that Mr. Parsons had been originally bred to the navy ; that he afterwards carried on a considerable commerce as a merchant of Bristol ; that in the year 1766 he was appointed consul and factor marine at Scanderoon, or Alexandretta : that the unhealthiness of the country, after a residence of six years obliged him to quit this situation, when he commenced a voyage of commercial speculation, the particulars of which are detailed in the present interesting work. We shall first enumerate the heads of the chapters ; and shall then condense into as short a compass as we can the most interesting features of the narrative itself.

'Chapter 1. A description of Scanderoon and the adjacent country. Chap. 2. Road from Scanderoon to Bylan, including the celebrated passes from Asia Minor into Syria.—Description of Bylan, Karamut. Chap. 3. A journey from Bylan to Kepse (the ancient Seieucia) and from thence to Latachia, (the ancient Laodicea) Aleppo, and back again to Scanderoon. Chap. 4. Travels over the Desert, from Aleppo to Bagdad. Chap. 5. Description of Bagdat, or Bagdad. Chap. 6. Journey from Bagdad across Mesopotamia to Helah on the Euphrates.—Voyage from Helah down that river to Bussora. Chap. 7. The city of Bussora described. Account of the customs paid there, and of the trade to and from thence. Chap. 8. Meditated siege of Bussora by the Persians.—

A remarkable natural phenomenon.—Transactions at Bussora.—Advance of the Persian army.—Progress of the siege—Departure from Bussora. Chap. 9. The town of Bushear, in Persia described, with the port and road, &c. Chap. 10. Departure from Bushear—Isles of Baharin—Pearl fishery—Muscat—Arrival at Bombay—Account of the island. Chap. 11. Voyage to southward along the coast of Malabar—Onore—Hyder Ally—Seringapatam—Tellicherry—Cochin—Cochinberg—Callicut—Mahie—Mangalore—Goa. Chap. 12. Departure from Bombay—Surat—Description of its port—Account of the population—Peculiar customs of the country—Commerce. Chap. 13. Departure from Bombay—Arrival in the Red Sea—Description of Mocha—Population—Commerce—Banyans—Dominions of Mocha—Buke Fakkey, or Hadedah—Jedda—Departure from Mocha—Ezion Geber—Tor—Arrival at Suez. Chap. 14. Description of Suez—Insurrection in Egypt—Arrival at Cairo—Description of the city—Rise of the Nile—Ceremony of cutting its banks to let the water into the city canal—Excursions to the Pyramids—Procession of Mecca pilgrims—Rosetta.

The air of Scandaroon where our author resided six years, is said to be very unwholesome in the summer months owing to the putrid waters which stagnate in the adjacent plain. During the greatest heats, those Europeans, who have any regard for their health, remove to Bylan, which is situated very high up the mountains, where the temperature, both in summer and winter is colder than in the northern parts of England. When our author was in this place, provisions were in great abundance; red mullet were so plentiful as to be as cheap as sprats in England. 'The price of bread, beef and mutton, is fixed by the pashaw of the province;' this seems to have been the practice in all the Turkish provinces which were visited by Mr. Parsons.

'Scandaroon was built by order of Alexander the great after the battle of Issus, and was about a mile and a half to the south of the present town, close to the hills; or rather part of the city was on the hills which, for some space, are of easy ascent, and covered with a fertile soil. The foundations to a great extent, are still visible in many places, &c.'

Some patches of the plain near Scandaroon which are higher than the other parts are covered with thousands of myrtle and oleander trees and make a beautiful appearance. The author tells us that the natives, whose fibres are extremely relaxed by the climate, run to the myrtles as if by instinct and eat the berries medicinally. They are gathered

by the children, and carried into the town and the neighbouring villages for sale. At Scandaroon the inhabitants amount to about eight hundred; the houses are built of stone with only a ground floor; and the roofs are flat on which the natives sleep in hot weather. This place is the great thoroughfare from Asia Minor into Syria. The neighbouring mountains, on the summits of which are many extensive plains and populous towns, are inhabited by a hardy race, who preserve their liberty and independence, defy the authority of the grand signior, and often descend in formidable bodies to levy contributions on the country beneath. In the road between Scandaroon and Bylan are the famous passes into Syria, through which Darius is said to have fled after the battle of Issus.

‘There are four passes, the first and third are artificial, the second and fourth natural. The greatest part of the road after the ascent begins is steep and rugged, which continues for about half an hour’s ride, then you arrive at a level spot of about four hundred yards extent, which leads to the descent of a very steep stony hill; at the bottom of which is a fine shady grove, and a small plain about one hundred yards over, the trees of which are so lofty, and so close to each other, that no sun-beams can penetrate them; with a constant stream of excellent water to which the birds in summer flock in such numbers, that it is difficult to determine whether their singing or the murmuring of the water is most delightful; nothing can excel their union. It is the custom in summer for travellers to alight and enjoy this cool retreat. In winter this very spot is quite the reverse, when it is not only bleak and cold, but is clothed with a horrid gloom, approaching to darkness. It is then the retreat of tygers and other beasts of prey, and of an innumerable quantity of jackals which come down from the mountains to find shelter from the severity of the cold. In this season all travellers are cautious to examine their fire arms, and travel in company. The jackals are so numerous in the plains of Scandaroon in summer, that the continual howling during the night is distinctly heard on board the ships in the bay, but they never appear until the dark of the evening, and then are so very shy that it is difficult to get a fair shot at them.

‘After passing this shady grove, the ascent is gradual for about half an hour, and then very steep for a quarter of an hour more, which leads to a path of about twenty yards, where only one camel or horse can pass at a time. This road is artificially constructed of earth and stones, without cement, which can be moved at pleasure, as it fills up a chasm in the mountain; the removal of it would make a full hour’s difference, as you must go circuitously to get into the road; this is called the first and least difficult pass into Syria. After passing this place, is a good road for about a mile, of gradual

ascent, tolerably shaded by tall pines, one of which is remarkably large, and is called the half-way tree between Scandaroon and Bylan. It is usual for those travellers who are ascending to alight and give their horses a little rest, whilst the rider in the mean time smokes his pipe under the shady boughs of this friendly tree. Soon after passing this tree the road is rugged and very steep which continues full half an hour, when the second pass commences, which is formed by a steep rocky mountain on the left, and a precipice on the right; this path is not more than seven feet in the broadest part, or more than one hundred yards in length. I plumbed the precipice, and found it to be twenty-seven yards deep with a rugged rocky bottom, and of so terrible an aspect that it is believed that none but the horses and camels of the country would have courage to pass, and yet they have no other road. Three loaded camels fell down the precipice and were killed on the spot within my remembrance; and what is very remarkable, in less than thirty hours after their loads were taken off there was not left a piece of flesh, but all was devoured by the vultures in the day and the beasts of prey (mostly jackals) in the night. The vultures in these mountains are uncommonly large and numerous.

After passing this precipice is a winding and rugged hill, very steep, of about four hundred yards ascent; on the summit is a small plain, at the end of which commences the third pass, which is cut through a very high and rocky mountain, so very steep, that to ascend or descend it the horses, camels, &c. are obliged to make a zig-zag track. The pass itself is crooked, about twenty feet wide, and from the top to the bottom two hundred and seven yards. The rocks on each side, at the summit, which are full fifteen yards in height, and continue the whole length of the pass, seem to hang in many places perpendicularly over the heads of the passengers; this is done by art, to make the pass seem the more tremendous. If men were placed on each side on the summit of the mountain they could roll down such massy stones (which are placed there on purpose) as would not only overwhelm man and horse, but very soon stop up the pass. There is no other passage for camels, horses, &c. but the native mountaineers climb up the sides of the mountain with their musquets, pistols, and sabres slung about them, which no other person could do unarmed. If a body of men and horse should descend half way where the curve is situated, and the entrance of the pass at the bottom appears, which expands on plain ground so as to afford room to draw up four or five hundred men, such a force placed there would be able to repel their opponents, as they would have firm footing; whereas those descending would with difficulty keep their horses from falling, and be not only exposed to the fire of those drawn up below, but to the stones rolling down from the summit of the mountain on each side.

After descending the pass as far as the curve, the town of Bylan appears, part directly in front, and part against the mountain on the left, where the houses seem to be piled on each other, from seven to

ten and twelve deep, the view being intersected in many places with tall walnut and cypress trees ; among which three different falls of water are seen, rushing down the mountains with great impetuosity, and seeming at that distance to fall on the houses. On getting to the bottom of the pass, the ground to the right expands, and the view in that direction extends quite to the plain of Scanderoon, the gulph, and the mountains on the Caramanian side. In the intermediate space on the side of the mountains, immediately in front, are seen many cascades of water, pouring down and foaming as they fall on the projecting rocks quite to the plain below, where they form into several small rivulets, which at length, united in one, winds across the plain to the sea, which is seen distinctly, as well as every ship or vessel sailing by ; the whole forms a most beautiful landscape.

‘ Keeping strait forward from the pass in the road to the town of Bylan, on the right, is a public burial ground of about half an acre ; on the left, and immediately at the foot of the mountain, a garden of about one acre : these are the only two level spots to be met with in or near the town, the rest being either high mountains, rocks and precipices, or frightful chasms. After passing the garden, is the entrance into the town, through a street near a quarter of a mile in length, the ascent being the whole way very steep, the stream continually gushing down in a torrent, so as to form a sheet of water covering the whole street. It is confined from spreading on the left by the mountain, from whence it falls ; and on the right by a strong parapet wall, built on the edge of a precipice, which runs the whole length of the street.

‘ Looking over the parapet wall is seen, at an immense depth, a small plain of about half a mile in diameter, seemingly inclosed on all sides by mountains, so as to form an amphitheatre ; the way to it is so very steep, that no man ever ventures to ride down. In descending the least steep parts of the mountain, there are many small level places, on which is sufficient earth to afford room for burial ground, and which are inclosed by cypress trees : on other places are planted fruit trees, such as apricots, plumbs, pears, and figs, at the trunks of most of them are one or more vines planted, which are supported by sticks or canes, laid from tree to tree, and from which the grapes hang in clusters. At the bottom of the descent are five corn mills ; the water which supplies them is seen running down the mountain in five different serpentine channels, which appear at a distance to be natural, but are artificially contrived, in order to break the impetuosity of such a quantity of water falling in a direct line. Over several parts of those channels are built low houses, occupied by tanners and furriers ; near each house are other buildings and yards, where they carry on their business without annoyance to their neighbours in the town. The different paths down the mountain into the plain are likewise cut serpentine. The plain itself is one of the most delightful spots in the world ; the surface is covered with grass, always green, and so luxuriant that cattle and sheep are feeding on it all the year round ; though the moun-

tains which almost encircle it and the town of Bylan are covered with ice and snow four months in the year. The whole of the plain is interspersed with different kinds of fruit trees, which are ever-green, owing to the water being led in meanders through a variety of channels quite over it; and to the mountains sheltering it from the inclemency of the weather, by which a continual spring is produced.

This extract will furnish no mean specimen of Mr. Parsons's power of description. He seems to excel many more elaborate and polished writers in placing the scene before the eye. His language is simple and natural; and the objects are seen through it without any indistinctness or confusion. The natural position of Bylan is said to be so strong that,

'It is believed the present inhabitants, which are reckoned at about nine or ten thousand men, could defend it against one hundred thousand or more.' 'They are' says the author, 'the most hardy and robust set of men I ever saw;' and he adds 'they have no medical person amongst them. When they are attacked with a fever they suck ice.'

Mr. Parsons paid a visit to the Pasha who was in this predicament; and

'Found him sitting on his sofa, wrapt in furs, with a large piece of ice in his hand, which he kept frequently sucking. When I expressed my surprise, he asked me if a fever was not a disorder attended with heat? I replied yes. Well then, said he, what remedy can be better to expel heat than its opposite cold?'

The sons of Æsculapius have not often surpassed this shrewd observation of the Pasha. In passing over the mountains from Bylan to Kepsé, (the ancient Seleucia) Mr. Parsons was delighted during a considerable part of the way

'With the sight of many vineyards, fig and walnut trees, with ripe fruit in high perfection and great plenty. Travellers are welcome to gather and carry off sufficient for a meal, as they pass, without being questioned by the owner, who is perhaps looking on and talking to them.'

At Seleucia, of Kepsé, our author endeavoured to verify Dr. Pococke's account of the place; but found that it did not coincide in a variety of particulars; he thinks that the Doctor took many things on trust; and that his stay was not long enough for minute and accurate examination.

Latachia, the ancient Laodicea, seems to have been for

merly more than three times its present size. The harbour is nearly choaked up with sand ; and can afford no protection except to ships of the smallest size. The best tobacco in Turkey is said to grow here.

‘ To the north of the city more than a mile of the country is covered with ruins of sepulchres with inscriptions and foliage engraved on one side of most of them ; they are entirely open and dug out of the solid rock.’

All the inscriptions are said to be either Syriac or Greek. Latakia still exhibits many vestiges of its ancient grandeur. The present town

‘ Consists of modern buildings entirely of stone, and many large and handsome houses with noble and capacious khans or caravanseras to receive passengers and merchandize ; these buildings are mostly square with a large area within, round which are magazines or warehouses with a gallery all round which leads to lodging rooms. These caravanseras in Turkey were built by rich and charitable men for the relief of poor travellers ; the rich always give a present on their departure, which not only serves to keep the building in repair, but maintain those who have the care of them. The greatest part of the caravanseras in cities and towns of great trade are built with a view of gain, and are let out and goods received and delivered at accustomed prices ; they are generally of similar architecture, with this difference only, that some are large and elegant with trees in the area, and fountains of water continually playing whilst others are plain strong buildings and smaller.’

In p. 47, the author remarks

‘ The peaceable disposition of the Turks in matters of religion, for although there are said to be a greater variety of sects among the Mahometans than among Christians, yet as all acknowledge Mahomet to be the prophet of God, they tolerate schism, and live in greater brotherly love than any religious denomination whatever.’

In this respect christians would do well to imitate their example.

Our author was four times at Aleppo ; and represents it as the best built, handsomest and cleanest city in the grand signior's dominions and next to Constantinople in its size and in the number of its inhabitants. The Jews and Christians of every denomination are not permitted to reside in the city, but have their dwellings in a large and handsome suburb called

the Jewdeda; some of these are 'very rich and have superb houses with large gardens, hot and cold baths, and every thing corresponding for convenience or luxury.' The inhabitants of Aleppo are said to enjoy better security against fire than any other town in the Turkish dominions, as the houses are all built of stone, and in those which belong to persons of any consequence,

'The ground and upper floors are strongly arched, nor have they any wood in their composition except the window frames. Even the greatest houses make an inconsiderable external appearance, as nothing is to be seen but bare walls, and a few small windows with wooden latices; at the entrance from the street, which is always kept shut till some one knocks, is a porch, after which another door admits you into a garden or large yard, in the centre of which is a fountain of water surrounded with flowers and evergreens; at the extremity is the dwelling-house, in the centre of which, on the ground floor, is an alcove, with carpets and cushions by way of sophas, placed round it, where the master of the house with his friends indulge themselves; the ladies apartments being above.'

On March the 14th 1774, Mr. Parsons left Aleppo to travel in the caravan to Bagdad. He had six camels laden with provisions for the way, with a tent, bedding, &c. and fourteen other camels served to convey his merchandize. Mr. Parsons was mounted on a good horse. The caravan consisted of near eight hundred camels, richly laden, besides many mules, asses and dromedaries. The whole was under the conduct of an Arabian sheik or prince, who furnishes the camels, and whose will is absolute in the management of every thing relative to the expedition. In the desert his will is subject to as little controul as that of the grand signior at Constantinople.

'When he chuses to decamp, he stalks away or mounts his dromedary (without deigning to speak to any one) and is immediately followed by his standard-bearer, mounted on his dromedary displaying a Mahomet's standard on a pike, which is the signal for the camaliers to load and follow. If the gentlemen or merchants chuse to stay behind, they may, as he takes no notice of any man. When he pleases to encamp he gives a signal to the standard-bearer, who sticks the pike (with the standard displayed) in the ground, &c.'

On the 12th of April Mr. Parsons reached the banks of the Euphrates; along the western shore of which the caravan travelled till the 29th, when they crossed the river at

Annab. Five days were spent in ferrying over the caravan. The Arabs on the Babylonian side of the Euphrates between the ferry and Bagdad, are said to be tributary to the pasha of Bagdad; and the caravans are more secure from their depredations than from those of their brethren in the desert. The pasha undertakes to compensate any robberies which the merchants may sustain between the ferry and Bagdad; and in return he exacts a certain per centage on all goods imported into, or exported from Bagdad. This amounts to eight per cent. on the goods of Turkish subjects, and only three on those of Europeans. This disparity is intended to encourage the commerce of Europeans. On May 2d, Mr. Parsons saw a horde of Arabs decamp; and he gives the following account of the procession:

'First went the sheep and goat herds, each with their flocks in divisions, according as the chief of each family directed; then followed the camels and asses, loaded with the tents, furniture, and kitchen utensils; these were followed by the old men and women mounted on asses, surrounded by the young men, women, boys and girls on foot. The children that cannot walk are carried on the backs of the young women, or the boys and girls; and the smallest of the lambs and kids are carried under the arms of the children. To each tent belong many dogs, amongst which are some greyhounds. Some tents have from ten to fourteen dogs, and from twenty to thirty men, women, and children belonging to it. The procession is closed by the chief of the tribe, whom they call emir and father, (emir means prince) mounted on the very best horse, and surrounded by the heads of each family, all on horses, with many servants on foot. Between each family is a division, or space of one hundred yards or more, when they migrate; and such great regularity is observed, that neither camels, sheep, nor dogs mix, but each keeps to the division to which it belongs without the least trouble.'

On May 5th, Mr. Parsons fell in with the largest horde of Arabs he had yet seen, from which the city of Bagdad is said to receive larger supplies of provisions than from any three others in the neighbourhood. This horde consisted of more than twelve thousand men, women, and children, with five hundred tents and innumerable flocks and herds. At this place our author relates an anecdote, which we read ourselves with no common interest, and we do not envy that man's sensibility whose heart is not touched by the perusal.

'A little Arab girl,' says Mr. Parsons, 'brought a young antelope to sell, which was bought by a Greek merchant, whose tent was next to mine, for half a piastre. She had bored both the ears, into each of which she had inserted two small pieces of red silk rib-

band; she told the purchaser, that as it could run about and lap milk he might be able to rear it up, and that she should not have sold it, but that she wanted money to buy a ribband, which her mother would not afford her: then almost smothering the little animal with kisses, she delivered it with tears in her eyes and ran away. The merchant ordered it to be killed and drest for supper. In the close of the evening the girl came to take the last farewell of her little pet (knowing that we were to decamp at day break). When she was told it was killed she seemed much surprised, saying that it was impossible that any body could be so cruel as to kill such a pretty creature: on its being shewn to her with its throat cut, she burst into tears, threw the money in the man's face and ran away crying.

We do not think the high-coloured picture of Sterne's Maria, half so engaging as the simple unvarnished tale of this little innocent Arab girl.

On May 7th, Mr. Parsons entered the city of Bagdad, of which a very pleasing view is prefixed to the work. He had been fifty-four days in performing a journey which usually occupies from thirty to thirty-four. He calculates the distance between Aleppo and Bagdad at about nine hundred miles. In chapter V. the author presents us with a very copious and interesting account of Bagdad, of which our limits will not permit us to exhibit more than a very brief epitome. The part of the city which lies on the Persian or eastern side of the Tigris is more than twice as large as that on the Mesopotamian, or western side. On the banks of the river each part extends about three miles; but the breadth is very irregular. The court, or Pasha's seraglio, the public offices, &c. are placed on the eastern side, as well as all the principal khans or caravanseras, but provisions are cheaper on the opposite side, as the many hordes of Arabs who supply the city with all kinds of food are in the neighbourhood. House rent is also cheaper; and the environs are more pleasant and convenient. The two sides of the city are connected by a bridge of boats of very ingenious construction. The bridge is near 24 feet wide. Three boats on each side are so contrived as to be easily moved when any vessels pass up or down the river. 'A toll of one para (three farthings) is paid for every loaded horse or mule; and half a para for a loaded ass;' nothing is paid by foot passengers. 'From November to March boats and vessels of all sizes can come from Bussora up the Tigris to the bridge of Bagdad;' the current opposes great obstacles to the facility of the navigation in the other months. The passage-boats which are also used for crossing the river, are a sort of circular basket, composed of strong wicker-work and plastered

over with bitumen. Some of them will carry six or seven passengers besides two men or boys who paddle. The city on the Persian side has a large citadel which is capable of containing five thousand men. Between the river and the seraglio is a spacious garden, the walls of which are washed by the waters of the Tigris. 'In the centre is a gate with steps to which the pasha's barge comes occasionally.' 'About half a mile from the seraglio is the great mosque, to which the pasha goes in state every Friday morning, with numerous attendants mounted on excellent horses and superbly caparisoned.' 'The bazars or marts for all kinds of goods and merchandize are many and well filled;' and the city is adorned with innumerable mosques. The houses are built of excellent bricks, and the principal have large yards or gardens in which are many trees; and particularly the palm or date which rise above the rest. In July, August, and September, dates are so plentiful that they are sold at about a halfpenny a pound; and all other kinds of fruit are said to be exceedingly cheap. The water-melons which are eminently good, are sent by water for presents as far as Bussora, a distance of near seven hundred miles. The principal houses

'Have subterraneous apartments arched and ornamented with handsome stucco-work, to which the families retire about ten in the morning, where they dine and remain until about an hour before sun-set. In the months of June, July, and August, to avoid the excessive hot weather, every one sleeps at night on the terrace, on the tops of the houses, as the subterranean apartments are at that time very hot, although they are cool in the heat of the day.'

At this season of the year the meat and poultry must be dressed almost as soon as they are killed; or they would become putrid in a few hours; but Mr. Parsons affirms that there is not a more healthy place in any part of the world. In the March previous to his arrival, the plague, which the city had not experienced for more than sixty years, was unfortunately introduced from Erzerum; and, out of a population of near five hundred thousand, not more than one hundred thousand are said to have remained alive when it ceased, besides fifty thousand who had fled to escape the contagion.

The water of the Tigris is said to be so highly esteemed that the poorest person will hardly taste of any other though there are wells in the yards of most houses. It is conveyed from the river in skins on horses or asses. Coffee-houses

are very numerous; and, as they are all registered, our author had an opportunity of ascertaining the number; and found that it amounted to nine hundred and ninety-five. Those coffee-houses which are in the skirts of the town or in open situations, have awnings placed before them to allure customers into the grateful shade; and those which are situated near the river, have large yards or gardens where arbours and trees furnish a less artificial protection from the heat. The pasha of Bagdad appears to exercise an independent jurisdiction; and he is only nominally subject to the Porte. His dominions reach fifty miles to the east of Bussora; on the Persian side of the Tigris they extend northwards more than one hundred and twenty miles, and to the west upwards of two hundred. On the 29th of October Mr. Parsons left Bagdad on his way to Bussora. He arrived at Helah on the Euphrates which is nineteen hours journey on the 31st. This town, which goes by the name of Little Bagdad, is supposed to contain upwards of thirty thousand inhabitants. Three miles distant are the ruins of Babylon. On the 30th of November, Mr. Parsons and his companions hired a vessel of sixty tons to convey them to Bussora. The journal of Mr. Parsons's voyage down the Euphrates is varied and interesting. At Korna, which is a large town at the extreme point of Mesopotamia, the Euphrates and the Tigris roll their waters into one common stream; to which the Arabs give the name of the Great River. Our traveller highly celebrates the beauties of this spot; which the Turks suppose to have been the antient site of Paradise; and no place appeared to Mr. Parsons to be more delightfully situated. On November the 11th he left Korna and arrived at Bussora in the evening, where he was kindly received at the English factory by Henry Moore, Esq. the agent of the company.

'The city of Bussora,' says Mr. Parsons, 'is situated in a plain about three miles from the banks of the great river of Arabia, from which a creek runs into the city, navigable, at high water, for vessels of fifty or sixty tons. It is a place of very great trade, owing to its convenient situation, as merchants can here purchase the produce of most parts of India, Persia and Arabia at the first hand, the ships from these countries bringing their rich cargoes immediately from the place of their growth or manufacture to this port.'

'The mosques and halls are all built of burnt brick like those at Bagdad, but are not so handsome, yet many houses belonging to the principal men as well as those of the merchants are large and convenient, being only one story high above the ground floor, which consists of a hall facing the gate, on each side of which are maga-

zines and warehouses for the reception of merchandize. This hall in the winter serves for little more than a passage, but in the summer it is the most frequented part of the house, where the family dine and sup, as they have not the advantage of subterranean apartments like the inhabitants of Bagdad in consequence of their finding water at the depth of six feet in every part of the city.'

The heat exceeds that of Bagdad; Fahrenheit's thermometer often rises to one hundred and twelve or one hundred and fifteen degrees; but in December, January and February, the temperature is said to be so cold as to require a fire. Fevers are very common in the hot months from that prolific source of contagious maladies, the putrid effluvia of stagnant water. Dates are supposed to abound more in this city and in the vicinity than in any other part of the world.

'The land to the east of Bussora for more than thirty miles down the river as well as some miles inland, is an entire wood of palm trees, and the duty on them, (which belongs to the pasha of Bagdad, as lord of the soil) amounts yearly to upwards of one hundred thousand tomans,'

each of which is equal to fifteen rupees. Before the plague in 1773, the inhabitants of Bussora were supposed to amount to more than 500, 000. When Mr. Parsons was there, they were computed from 80 to 90, 000.

'The musolem, or governor, the captain pasha, the musti and cadi, the aga of the Janisaries and chief of the Aghas, who are all of the musolem's council, are appointed by the pasha of Bagdad; yet he cannot displace either; he appoints and displaces at will all other officers, both military and civil; but the ecclesiastical appointments to mosques are in the musti's department.'

While Mr. Parsons was at Bussora, the city was assailed by a Persian army under Sadoc Khan, brother of Kerim Khan, the then sovereign of Persia. Of this siege the author relates some vivid and interesting particulars. At p. 402, we find Mr. Parsons embarked on board his majesty's ship the Seahorse for Bombay. He passes the isles of Baharin the Persian gulph, where is the greatest and most valuable pearl fishery in the world.

'The divers who bring up the oysters are Persians, who are bred to the business from their youth; their gains are according to the success they meet with, or according to the bargain they each make with the merchants or their agents.'

'The duty on what is taken, is one third part to the sovereign, which the collector receives each day either in pearls or their equivalent in money. Each diver has a boat to attend him, from which he descends, and when he rises, he delivers the oysters to a person in it; when he is weary or hungry, he gets into his boat and refreshes himself. The boats are all numbered; and no man is allowed to open an oyster in his boat; but must bring what he has taken on shore by a certain hour; when they are opened in the presence of an officer; the pearls, which are found in them, are carried to the collector, who receives the duty, and the day's business is concluded.'

The oyster shells which constitute mother of pearl, are always the property of the divers; they are bought on the spot and sent to the most distant parts of the world.

Mr. Parsons afterwards visits Muscat in Arabia, Bombay and several places on the coast of Malabar. At p. 324, we have the following account of Hyder Ally which our author received from a Mr. Adams who had officiated for six years as surgeon to the then sovereign of Mysore.

'Every Friday he diverts himself in seeing men fight with tygers, for which purpose there is a spacious amphitheatre, surrounded with convenient galleries, in one of which himself, family, and household are seated: he has by him several handsome English fowling pieces, which are loaded with single ball. A man armed with a sharp pointed javelin enters the area, when a tyger is let loose from his den, who flies immediately at him; with his javelin the man sometimes kills the tyger at the first blow; sometimes the conflict lasts a considerable time. When Hyder perceives the man to be in danger of being killed, he shoots the tyger; he sometimes kills the man also; he lately shot the man only; when this was told him, he made very light of it, replying, that if he had not killed him, the tyger would.'

At p. 240-1, we have some striking instances of the sanative powers of the balsam of Mecca in the cure of recent wounds. In chapter xii. we find a copious account of Surat, with some curious and interesting details. In the vicinity of Surat our author observed that many trees had jars suspended from their boughs. These were daily filled with water by persons hired on purpose by the Gentoos in order to furnish the birds with drink. Here Mr. Parsons inspected the Banyan hospital for old, diseased, lame, or debilitated animals. In one apartment he saw numbers of horses, cows, and oxen; another was filled with dogs, sheep, goats and monkeys. Provision was made for birds and in-

sects in the upper story. The Gentoos seem to exhibit more concern for the sufferings of the inferior creatures than of their fellow men. We should suppose that the practical exertion of so much compassion towards birds and beasts, would be associated with a greater degree of beneficence towards those who possessed the same common nature with themselves. But the author seems to think that the tender sensations of the Gentoos are more excited by the sufferings of a cow than by the sight of a fellow creature in distress. Of all the modes, in which different nations dispose of their dead, the following which is practised at Surat by the antient Persees, seems the most abhorrent to our feelings. We cannot, indeed, peruse it without aversion and disgust. We can easily reconcile ourselves to the idea of burying the lifeless carcase in the earth, or of burning it in the fire ; but the following mode of exposing the dead shews how readily superstition will pervert the ordinary feelings of men, and change the natural course of their sensibility. The Persees, when Mr. Parsons visited Surat, had two buildings within half a mile of the city where they exposed their dead. They are thus described :

‘The structures are of stone, very large and circular, the walls are about ten feet high ; within the outer are many other circular walls, at such a distance from each other, as is sufficient to place a man length ways between each wall, which space is paved and made sloping from the outer to the inner walls. On these pavements the bodies are exposed with their faces upwards and bare ; on the lower parts of the sloping pavement there are channels, which receive and convey into large cavities in the earth whatever moisture drains from the bodies, as the vultures and other birds of prey cannot devour all the flesh before it becomes *too putrid for their eating*. Here I saw the bodies in the different stages of putrefaction, a sight so very disgusting, that I hope never to behold it again. The different sexes are placed apart, some having only a cloth about their waist while others are covered with their shirts.’

After the funeral or rather exposure,

‘Some person of the family is set to watch the body until the first bird of prey alights on it, which always first fixes on and plucks out their eyes ; if the bird plucks out the right eye first, the watchman runs home and with joy relates it as they think the soul happy ; if the left, they mourn it, as they think that it must endure long torment.’

In the beginning of the year 1778, Mr. Parsons embarked from Bombay on his return towards Europe. He

proceeded up the Red sea to Mocha, thence to Suez, from which place he travelled by land to Cairo. Of Cairo he has furnished some agreeable details ; but as we have lately perused diversity of more recent accounts, we shall not select any farther particulars from these travels of Mr. Parsons. We have throughout found Mr. P. an instructive and agreeable companion. His travels are not, as usually happens, made up out of books, but appear to be a faithful delineation of what he himself saw and heard. His descriptions are always perspicuous and sometimes exhibit specimens of elegance and taste. His remarks are sensible and never trifling ; he exhibits the *present* state of the countries through which he travelled, without encumbering his narrative with a representation of the past. He makes no pretensions to learning ; and his work exhibits the marks of a mind which sought after knowledge without being impelled by vanity, which was communicative but not ostentatious, which was studious of novelty, but never negligent of truth.

ART. IV.—*The Crusaders, or the Minstrels of Acre. A Poem, in six Cantos. 4to. Cadell. 1808.*

AT a royal feast given by Richard Cœur de Lion after the capture of Acre, a competition is proposed between the favourite minstrels attached to the three sovereigns, of Jerusalem, France, and England, whose several performances occupy the second, third, and fourth cantos.

The subject chosen by Anselm, (the minstrel of Lusignan) is the expedition of the emperor Conrad, in which the minstrel himself is supposed to have borne a part, from Constantinople through Asia Minor, during which, owing to the treachery of his guides, he lost the flower of his immense army by famine and sickness.

The song of Bernardin (appointed by the ‘Gallic king’) treats of the persecution of the Vaudois in Savoy and Piedmont.

That of Egbert, Richard’s chosen poet, is the tale of his own captivity to a sheik of Lebanon.

The guests being not yet tired of their entertainment, (it must be remembered that they had wine before them to fill up the time and keep them awake, otherwise, considering the nature of the performance, this circumstance would have seemed very extraordinary—) another minstrel rises and sings through the two remaining cantos. We are

given to understand that this minstrel is no other than the famous Blondel who afterwards rescued his master from his imprisonment in Austria. His strains are certainly remarkably edifying. The subject is a prophecy of the restoration of the Jews; and a considerable portion of it consists of a paraphrase of the 38th and 39th chapters of Ezekiel in the ballad-metre. The poem concludes with a description of the new Jerusalem, done, in the same metre, from the last chapter of Revelations.

Jasper, sapphire, chalcedon,
Emerald, onyx, sardine-stone,
Chrysolite, beryl, topaz, chrysophrase,
Jacinth, and amethyst: there ever blaze
Your names, apostles twelve of God's eternal son, &c. &c.
P. 147.

From the bill of fare we hardly think that our readers will expect very superior entertainment in the work. At any rate we wish to caution them against any such expectation, as it will most surely be disappointed on the perusal. The title indeed is alluring; and deceived us with hopes of a renewal of Spenser's or Tasso's enchantments. On first opening the book, we therefore were sorry to perceive that the baleful example of the 'metre-ballad-mongers' of the day had been followed by the author of the *Crusaders*; but we soon found that there was no reason for our lamentations; and that it was perfectly indifferent, as to our interest in the present poem, whether written in (what the admirers of Mr. Scott chuse to name) the *wild* stile of poetry, or in the more legitimate forms of the regular couplet, or stanza. In one point of view, only, this might have made a difference. Had the author attempted to compose it under either of the two latter denominations, he might have found out, from the difficulty of the task, that he was no poet, and have given up the vain enterprize. But the extreme facility with which a mere child may hit off twenty of these *irregular* and *wild* stanzas in a single hour, deceived him (as it will do many others) into the belief that he was born a minstrel; and, accordingly, (we will venture to say, in six days, the necessary reading not included,) the present production was matured and perfected.

This fashionable style of which we are speaking will, if not soon checked, occasion very extensive mischief in two ways, first, by encreasing the multitude of pretended poets, and next, by diminishing the number of genuine ones. We do not mean to insult Mr. Scott by comparing his *powers*

with those of the author of the 'Crusaders;' but we must say we cannot discover any inferiority in the even and unvarying tenor of the verses now before us to the general flow of those in *Marmion*. They are indeed stripped of the characteristic quaintness which is Mr. Scott's great bulwark of defence, and has helped to keep up his credit from fainting through 'many a long lingering' flat of measured prose. But we cannot help thinking that this very poem may serve as an excellent lesson to that gentleman by shewing him his own *system of poetry* in its naked simplicity. It is very useful for every artist now and then to examine the *principles* of his art, more especially when he has long relied on some particular trick of manner for which he is unable to assign a legitimate foundation.

Mr. Scott is fond of astonishing his hearers by the display of his reading in the customs of feudal ages. In this point the author of the *Crusaders* is a successful rival, Attend to his account of the storming of Acre.

'Now wheel the rolling turret nigh :
O'ertop the wall, disperse the foe ;
Let vollied darts to darts reply ;
And urge the balanc'd ram below ;
Let catapult its iron shower,
Cross-bow, and metafarda, pour ;*
And petrary and mangonell
And warwolf crush each trembling tower ;
Or daring sally to repel,
The rugged-millstones whirl,' &c. P. 23.

The poem is crowded with the proper names of places and persons, as if it were a gazetteer, or biographical index.

'From Loire and Rhone,
And Alpine Doubs and broad Garonne,
And Creuse and Seine, thy legions, France,
By royal Philip led, advance.
Acre from Turon's rocky face
Starts as she hears the bounding joy :
And every cave in Carmel's base
Re-echoes 'Vive le Roy!' P. 15.

'And from Dover cliff to Cestrian Dee,
Down and valley and woodland along,
To join them the hardy billmen throng.

* Of these, and the subsequently named machines employed in ancient warfare, for the purpose of throwing darts and immense stones in battles and sieges, an account may be found in the preface to Grose's *Antiquities*.

' And Cornwall her subterranean hive
Has emptied, inured from times of yore
With pickaxe the bars of earth to rive;
And with wedge and hammer's ponderous dint
From granite veins and seams of flint
To wrench the imbedded ore.
And, Humber, the youth have deserted thy plain;
For they thought of the days when invaders slain
Did long obstruct thy crimson tide—
' The sons of those who slew the Dane
Shall humble Turkish pride !'
' And Cumbria sends her mountain race,
Though Eskdale bog and Derwent lord
From Skiddaw wont with Gillsland sword
The Teviot mosstrooper to chase.
And Needwood's sons, of peerless fame
The yew to bend, the shaft to aim,
In dells where, future king of oaks,
Swilcar uplifts his saplin crest,
Leave the Sylvan deer at rest,
Eager to pierce with nobler strokes
The Saracenic breast.' P. 19.

In the same manner there is no sort of reason why the author should not have gone on through every river and rivulet of France and every county and parish of England.
Saladin is as well off as Richard in names and numbers.

' For Egypt's flower, and Sindi's power,
And they who drink Euphrates stream,
And Elam's host, and Media's boast.
And all who rove Numidian sand,
Beneath his banner stand.' P. 20.

' Egbert—him the dales of Dove,
And Thorp, and Ilam's mountain grove,
Where from beneath th' incumbent height
Unprisoned rivers boil to light,
And Thor's wild arch and darkening head
O'er Manifold's forsaken bed, &c.' P. 73.

' By Meron's lake, her slaughter'd kings
Where Canaan mourn'd, we urg'd our way:
And Cabul's ever scorned waste,
And apostate Dan we left in haste:
Small rest by night, and small by day;
Then climbed to Jordan's rocky springs;
Cross'd, Naphthali, thine hills, and round

The base of rugged Hermon wound :
 Then up thy steep, Abila, strain'd :
 While nearer and still nearer sped
 Lebanon's imperial head.' &c. &c. p. 77.

The writers in 'ballad-metre' seem conscious that it will not support them through a poem of more than the ballad-length; and are reduced to the necessity of seeking variations which are for the most part unnatural and unmusical: Such, for example, in *Marmion*, is the frequent adoption of, not only treble, but quadruple, and even quintuple, rhymes, the effect of which is an inharmonious jingle; better, perhaps, than the monotony which it is designed to prevent; but bad enough to convince us of the impropriety of a metre which requires such a relief from its natural flatness.

The author of the *Crusaders* has been very liberal in the use of anapæstic and trochaic verses, doubtless with a view to the same end, and with a still worse effect. At least he should have timed his adoption of those measures, and not have applied them indiscriminately to the lightest and the most solemn parts of his poem.

'And O, had our holy father the pope
 Been present their blameless course to see;* &c. &c.
 — And if he had blest them and prayed a prayer,
 Could the wicked on earth, or the prince of the air,
 Have had power, holy prelates, to do them wrong?
 O, in Italy why does he linger so long? &c. &c. p. 55.

It is remarkable enough that this metre is always put in the mouths of kings and princes. Thus king Richard:

'But now thou art free,' king Richard replies,
 'And by redcross knights art encompass'd round
 And by none art survey'd but friendly eyes,' &c. p. 74.

so also the sheik of Lebanon.

'And, christian,' he said, 'by thy cross of red
 Abjure thy empty schemes of flight:

* If our author had not been so very capricious in his versification that we 'know not where to have him,' we should have suggested the possibility of an error in the press. The line would certainly be rendered more metrical by the insertion of a monosyllable.

'Been present their blameless course for to see.'

Then away with the bands from thy captive hands,' &c.
P. 78.

'Blood calls for blood! yet how may it be?
For bread and salt thou hast eaten with me!' &c. P. 84.

Another artifice introduced for the same purpose is that of shifting about the rhymes in gay confusion, so that every concluding syllable of a verse is put very strangely at a loss to find its fellow. One specimen will suffice.

'Again the flash prophetic darts,
The minstrels heaving bosom warms,
And glitters in his eye.
Joy from each feature beams: he starts.
*Intent to grasp the fleeting forms
Of dim futurity;
Intent to seize the dying tune
Of voices from a world unknown,*
With chords confused in wild collision
Again the harp tumultuous sings
Prince and baron, earl and knight,
And gorgeous rows of ladies bright,
In awestruck expectation gaze.
Loud and more loud he sweeps the strings:
And thus, entranc'd in holy vision,
Anticipates the deeds of distant days,' &c. &c. P. 129.

The beginning lines of the above quotation possess more than the usual share of merit. We have marked in italics four, which are, perhaps, the most poetical in the work.

Another point of resemblance between our author and Mr. Scott is the *lyric obscurity* in which their narratives are frequently involved. Of this an example occurs in the prediction of the defence of Acre by Sir Sidney Smith and the description of the effects which that prediction causes in the minds of the hearers. A great deal of it is, we confess, unintelligible to us. The bard is addressing Richard Cœur de Lion:

'And if in some far distant year,
From Cairo's gates with Paynim boast,
A faithless chief shall urge his host,
On Turon's mount his ensigns rear,
'Gainst Acre's wall his fury spend:
Again, so Heaven decree! be found
A christian knight from English ground
These red-cross bulwarks to defend,

And match the trophies thou hast won!
 With banners rent and scanty files,
 O'er comrades heap'd in slaughter'd piles,
 Sham'd before England's gallant son,
 Richard, as Saladin from thee,
 Back may the renegado flee;
 Flee his apostate front to hide
 In *flags** the banks of Nile beside!
 'Low sounds the harp, subsides the song.
 The chorus bursts from all the throng,
 Save Philip—whether dark disdain
 Of English worth his tongue enchain;
 Or boding fear lest time may trace
 The faithless chief to Gallic race—
 Yes! hither let him urge his powers,
 The faithless chief from Cairo's towers!
 Guardian of Acre's wall be found
 A christian knight from English ground,
 To match the trophies thou hast won!
 Smiling shall England's gallant son
 The vanquish'd renegado see
 O'er piles of slaughter'd comrades flee;
 Flee his apostate front to hide
 In flags the banks of Nile beside.'

P. 48.

The author of the *Crusaders* is much more *correct* than the author of *Marmion*. He does not break Priscian's head above once or twice, and he has very few, if any, inadmissible rhymes.

In one point, however, and that the most † essential of all, there is no comparison between them. The man who denies Mr. Scott's poetical powers, even after the perusal of his last and worst performance, must be equally out of his senses with him who asserts that performance to be free from fault, and to abound in the sublimest beauties. On the other hand, after perusing '*The Crusaders*,' we do not feel hardy enough to assert that we have discovered any poetical powers whatever in the writer. The lines which rise above mediocrity are *so very thinly sprinkled*, as to wear the appearance rather of accident than of real genius or ability.

* Is this intended for pun? (Reviewer.)

† In saying 'the most essential,' we retract none of our former opinions. A work cannot be a poem without poetical spirit—it cannot be a good poem, without many other essential qualifications. (Rev.)

ART. V.—*Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society of London for the Year 1807. Part II.*—[Concluded from p. 349 of Vol. XIII.]

XI. Observations and Measurements of the Planet Vesta. By John-Jerome Schroeter, F.R.S. Translated from the German.—The new planet seen by a fifteen feet reflector, with magnifying powers of 150 and 300 is without any appearance of a disk, merely as a point like a fixed star with an intense radiating light, exactly of the same appearance as any fixed star of the sixth magnitude. It may then with the greatest propriety be called an *asteroid*. Its diameter was measured by means of a thirteen feet reflector, with the power of 288. Of several illuminated disks, of 2.0 to 0.5 decimal lines, the smallest only of 0.5 lines could be used for this purpose. It was calculated that the apparent diameter of the planet Vesta is only 0.488 seconds, and consequently only half of what Mr. Schroeter has found to be the apparent diameter of the fourth satellite of Saturn.

XII. A new Eudiometer, accompanied with Experiments elucidating its Application. By William Hasledine Pepys, Esq. Communicated by Charles Hatchet, Esq. F.R.S.—This is a very pretty and ingenious contrivance, though perhaps the appellation of a *new eudiometer* is calculated to excite false impressions. The eudiometer itself is, like former instruments of the same name, simply a graduated tube. There is, we believe, something new in the mode of applying the liquor which is to absorb the oxygen from the gas to be examined: it is done by means of a small elastic gum bottle with a bent glass tube affixed to it, the end of which is exactly adjusted to the eudiometer tube. The absorbing liquor is pressed into the eudiometer, and the condensation caused by the pressure favours the action of the liquor upon the gas. But the great advantage of this mode of applying the liquor is that it may be previously heated, a circumstance of great importance in eudiometrical experiments. The substance to which Mr. Pepys gives the preference as an absorber of oxygen, is a solution of green sulphate of iron impregnated with nitrous gas. But we come now to the principal novelty of this eudiometer.

This consists in an additional apparatus for measuring the fractional parts of the scale of the common eudiometer. To effect this, conceive a cylindric glass vessel, of the same height nearly as the eudiometer, and wide enough to admit it conveniently; its mouth is expanded like a hyacinth

glass, and a cork, with a hole in its axis is cemented into the bottom of it. Through this hole is thrust a small tube, which can be made to ascend or descend; the small tube is filled with mercury, which may be let out of it by means of a stop cock. The small tube is graduated so that each degree of its scale is equal to a tenth of the degree of the eudiometer: so that if each degree of the eudiometer mark $\frac{1}{10}$ part of a cubic inch, each of the small tube will mark $\frac{1}{1000}$ th part of the same measure. To use this instrument the jar (which is a mere recipient) is to be filled with mercury or water, according to the nature of the experiment, and the eudiometer, with the residual gas which we wish to measure, is to be transferred to it; the small tube (filled with mercury) is to be introduced above the fluid into the residual gas; and by opening the stop cock, as much mercury is to be suffered to run out as will draw the fluid in the eudiometer exactly to a regular division on the scale of the eudiometer. Then by registering the hundred parts on the eudiometer and the thousand parts on the small tube, the quantities united give the sum of the residual gas.

This is simply a method of conveying a small portion of gas from a wide tube into a narrow one. Some slight grounds of inaccuracy might be easily pointed out; but whether it answers practically must be left to experience. We do not see, where considerable nicety is required, why something like a vernier might not be adopted to the scale of a common eudiometer.

This paper contains several suggestions which may be of service to those engaged in eudiometrical experiments.

XIII. Observations on the Nature of the new celestial Body discovered by Dr. Olbers, and of the Comet which was expected to appear last January in its Return from the Sun. By William Herschell, LL.D. F.R.S.—

This body is the asteroid denominated by Mr. Schroeter, and by its discoverer, Dr. Olbers, the planet Vesta. Dr. Herschel's examination of this body was by glasses of much higher magnifying powers than those used by Mr. Schroeter. With a very distinct magnifier of 460 there was no appearance of any planetary disk. Comparing its appearance with powers of 46°, 577, and 636, to that of equal stars, among which was the 463° of Bede's catalogue of the stars in the Lion of the 7th magnitude, the Doctor could not find any difference in the visible size of their disks. To find out, whether the appearance of disk be spurious or real, he used the

same processes with Vesta as he had before done in the investigation of the magnitudes of Ceres, Pallas and Juno. Though, therefore, when the asteroid was viewed with a magnifying power of 460, its apparent disk was about one-sixth of that of the Georgian planet, its spurious nature was manifested by an increase of the magnifying power; and Dr. Herschel found that with a power of 636, its real disk is still unseen; with the power of 460 its apparent disk is 5 or 6-tenths of a second, which agrees nearly with the observation of Mr. Shroeter. Its diameter is entirely free from all nebulous or atmospheric appearances. Thus has the industry and accuracy of modern astronomers put us in possession of a species of celestial bodies formerly unknown.

‘The great success,’ says Dr. Herschel, ‘which has already attended the pursuit of the celebrated discoverers of Ceres, Pallas, Juno, and Vesta, will induce us to hope that some farther light may soon be thrown upon this new and most interesting branch of astronomy.’

From Dr. Herschel’s observations of the *expected* comet (we cannot avoid noticing the singularity of the phrase applied to expectations which have been fulfilled) there appeared ‘no visible nucleus, nor did the light which is called the coma increase suddenly towards the centre, but was of an irregular round form.’ Uniting this with former observations of fifteen other telescopic comets, ‘fourteen have been without any visible solid body in their centre, and the other two had a very ill-defined small central light, which might perhaps be called a nucleus, but did not deserve the name of a disk.’

XIV. *On the Quantity of Carbon in Carbonic Acid, and on the Nature of the Diamond.* By William Allen, Esq. F.L.S. and William Hasledine Pepys, Esq. Communicated by Humphrey Davy, Esq. Sec. R.S. M.R.I.A.—Lavoisier had calculated from experiments apparently conducted with much accuracy, that 100 parts by weight of carbonic acid are composed of 23 parts of carbon and 72 of oxygen. Mr. Tennant, in his valuable *Researches into the Nature of the Diamond*, confirmed this proportion: but Guyton’s experiment allows no more than 17.88 per cent. of carbon; and this proportion is generally adopted in systems of chemistry: it is of importance to determine the true proportion.

Our readers may readily comprehend the manner in which Messrs. Allen and Pepys conducted the experiments adapted to the solution of this problem, by conceiving the char-

coal to be exposed to heat in a tube; a bladder of oxygen gas to be fixed to one end of the tube, and the gas to be forced through the tube into an empty bladder at the other end; and this process to be repeated alternately with each bladder till the charcoal was burnt. Then the quantity of carbon consumed, the carbonic acid produced, and the residuary oxygen gas might each be submitted to examination. Instead, however, of a bladder, in this series of experiments the oxygen gas was contained in a gazometer, and was pressed through the tube into a second gazometer by the depression of its glass receiver; it was forced back again by a similar action of the receiver of the second gazometer, and so on alternately, till the combustion of the charcoal was completed. The tube which was exposed to heat was made of platina; and the charcoal was contained in a cup of the same metal. To the ends of the platina tube were joined tubes of glass, in order to discover any flash that might arise from the combustion of hydrogen, that might be contained in the subject of the experiment.

To obtain correct results it is absolutely necessary that the charcoal be recently prepared. It quickly absorbs matter from the atmosphere; and, as this absorption is very small in confined air, it is probably water principally which is absorbed. The greatest increase of weight takes place in the first hour or two after exposure, and it arrives at its maximum in less than twenty-four hours. About 5 grains in 40 or $12\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. is its greatest increase. If it be heated after it has ceased to absorb, it emits about half its bulk of gas; and at a temperature of 214° , elastic fluid issues from it abundantly, which quickly condenses into water. On this account then Messrs. A. and P. subjected their charcoal to a red heat, *immediately* before using it, weighing it whilst still warm.

In estimating the volume of gases allowance must be made both for temperature and pressure. They have in their estimate supposed the gas at 60° of temperature and under the pressure of 30° . The correction for pressure is of course in the ratio of the height of the barometer. For temperature they have followed Guy Lussac, according to whose experiments gaseous fluids expand or contract $\frac{1}{480}$ part of their volume for each degree above the freezing point. Dividing therefore the whole volume by 480 and multiplying the quotient by the number of degrees above or below 60 must give the required correction.

They next proceed to determine for themselves the exact

weight of given quantities both of oxygen gas, and of carbonic acid; and they found that 100 cubic inches of carbonic acid of the standard temperature and density weigh 47.26 grains; and that 100 cubic inches of oxygen 33.82. There can be no doubt that these estimations are very near the truth: they agree very nearly with those determined by Mr. Davy in his researches on nitrous oxide.

Lastly, they ascertained that lime water very speedily absorbs the whole of a given quantity of carbonic acid, when mixed either with oxygen or common air. The oxygen they used was obtained from hyperoxygenised muriate of potash: this gas when tried by the most delicate tests, never showed the least trace of carbonic acid. They used it recently prepared, having found it deteriorated by keeping, even in glass vessels with glass stoppers.

These preliminaries being settled, Messrs. A. and P. proceed to relate their experiments on charcoal prepared from box-wood. They observed that after combustion, though 3.98 grains of charcoal had become dissolved, the volume of gas was unaltered; a fact which had not escaped the accurate observation of Lavoisier. Nothing but carbonic acid was produced in the experiment. By calculating the weight of the carbonic acid produced it appeared that 100 grains of carbonic acid contain 28.92 of pure carbon. By calculating from the weights of oxygen consumed, the result is 28.77 carbon in 100 grains of carbonic acid; a trifling difference, which may fairly be neglected.

On the diamond Messrs. A. and P. made two experiments with this apparatus. They agreed together very nearly. By the first experiment, in the calculation by carbonic acid, 100 grains of the acid contain 28.95 of diamond. The calculation by oxygen gave 28.81. In the second experiment the results were 28.82, and 28.72 respectively.

An experiment was made with stone coal: they employed that from Wales, used by maltsters, which is well known to contain little or no maltha or mineral pitch, and to burn without flame.

The calculation by carbonic acid gave 28.20 of coal in the 100 grains of acid: by oxygen it was 28.27.

Plumbago was next tried. The specimen used contained 3 per cent. oxyd of iron. The numbers were 23.46 calculated both from carbonic acid and from oxygen.

Animal coal was subjected to two experiments, the first being imperfect. It was found impossible to ascertain exactly the carbon consumed, by reason of the saline matter adhering after combustion to the platina tray. To avoid

this embarrassment they weighed exactly the tray and its contents previous to the experiment. The quantity of carbonic acid produced was 9.49 grains; the loss of the coal was 3.2 grains; but as a part of this was volatile saline matter no just estimate can be formed from these data. It has therefore been applied to determine the quantity of the volatile saline matter, which appears to be 50. In this experiment on first passing the oxygen through the red hot tube, flashes like lightning ran along the glass tube and this was repeated five or six times: the whole of the gas became very cloudy, exhibiting a turbid milky appearance. Hence, therefore, it is highly probable that the diamond contains no hydrogen since there was no flash during its combustion.

The following table gives a general view of the results of these experiments:

	By Carbonic Acid.	By Oxygen.
Box-wood Charcoal	28.92	28.77
1st. expt. diamond	28.95	28.81
2d. expt. diamond	28.82	28.72
Stone coal	28.20	28.27
Plumbago	28.46	28.46
	<hr/>	<hr/>
	5)143.35	5)143.03
	<hr/>	<hr/>
Mean	28.67	28.60
	<hr/>	<hr/>

It may then be concluded that 100 grains of carbonic acid contains 28.60 of carbon.

‘The experiments,’ says the ingenious and industrious author, ‘which we have had the honour of laying before this society prove several important points.

‘1st. That the estimate given by Lavoisier, of 28 parts of carbon in every 100 parts of carbonic acid is very nearly correct; the mean of our experiments makes it 28.60.

‘2dly. That the diamond is pure carbon: for had it contained any notable proportion of hydrogen it must have been discovered either by detonating with the oxygen, as in the case of animal charcoal, or by diminishing the quantity of oxygen gas.

‘3dly. That well burnt charcoal contains no sensible quantity of hydrogen; but if exposed to the air for a few hours it absorbs moisture, which renders the results uncertain.

‘4thly. That charcoal can no longer be considered as an oxide of carbon, because, *when properly prepared*, it requires quite as much oxygen for its combustion as the diamond. This is also the case with stone coal and plumbago.

'5thly. It appears that diamond and all carbonaceous substances (as far as our present methods of analysis are capable of demonstrating their nature) differ principally from each other in the state of aggregation of their particles. Berthollet has well remarked, that in proportion as this is stronger, decomposition is more difficult: and hence the variety of temperatures required for the combustion of different inflammable substances.'

XV.—*An Account of the Relistian Tin Mine.* By Mr. Joseph Carne, in a Letter to Davies Giddy, Esq. M.P. F.R.S.

XVI.—*An Analysis of the Waters of the Dead Sea, and the River Jordan.* By Alexander Marcet, M.D. one of the Physicians to Guy's Hospital. Communicated to Smithson Tennant, Esq. F.R.S.

The Dead sea, or lake Asphaltite, is situated in the southern part of Syria, near Jerusalem; it is about 60 or 70 miles in length, and from 10 to 20 in breadth. The intense saltiness of its waters has been celebrated from the earliest ages; it is such as to prevent either animals or vegetables from living in it; and from which circumstance it has derived its name. An analysis of its waters has been published in the '*Memoires de l'Academie des Sciences* for 1778 by Mess. Macquer, Lavoisier, and Sage. But notwithstanding the authority of these illustrious names stamps a value on their minutest labours, the art of analysis has since that time received considerable improvements; and it is probable that these gentlemen did pay such scrupulous attention to the object of their examination, as to ensure perfect correctness of the results.

The specimen of water which is the subject of this paper, was brought from Syria by Mr. Gordon of Clunie, and by him presented to Sir Joseph Banks. The specimens were put into the hands of Mr. Tennant by Sir Joseph. Dr. Marcet received them from Mr. Tennant, of whose able assistance he frequently availed himself during the course of the enquiry.

The specific gravity of this water is 1.211. This is a degree of density hardly to be met with in any other natural water; from whence it is that it supports bodies of considerable weight, and that the human body can scarcely sink in it. The water is perfectly transparent, and its taste peculiarly bitter, saline, and pungent.

Having satisfied himself that the salts contained in these waters were generally the muriats of lime, magnesia, soda, and sulphat of lime, Dr. Marcet first undertook to determine with accuracy the proportions of acid and base in the three

muriats. From experiments, which in principle seem nearly unexceptionable, he concludes that 100 parts of muriat of lime, perfectly dry, consists of 50,77 parts of lime and 49,23 of muriatic acid; that of muriat of magnesia the proportion is of the base 43,99 parts, and 56,01 of the acid; and that muriat of soda contains 54 parts of soda and 46 of acid. We have said *nearly* unexceptionable; for in gaining these results it was necessary to expose muriat of lime and muriat of silver to a red heat, a process which must be attended with some unavoidable uncertainty.

These points being settled, Dr. M. applied different modes of analysis to artificial solutions of these salts, in order to determine the most accurate mode of proceeding; what he fixed upon was the following: The solution was divided into two portions. From one the muriatic acid was precipitated by nitrat of silver, and its quantity ascertained. From the other the lime was separated by oxalat of ammonia, and the magnesia by caustic potash; and the respective portions of acid belonging to each of these earths being calculated, the quantity of muriat of soda was inferred from the remaining quantity of acid. This method proved very accurate, as was demonstrated by applying it to a solution, of which the contents were previously known. The greatest error was no more than half a grain, which is certainly a degree of nicety sufficient to answer every useful purpose.

Dr. Marcet has related very minutely the circumstances attending his analysis of the waters of the Dead sea, which was conducted essentially upon the principles we have just explained. We must content ourselves with giving the result. It is that 100 grains of this water contain,

Muriat of Lime	3,792
Muriat of Magnesia	10,100
Muriat of Soda	10,676
Sulphat of Lime	0,054
	<hr/>
	24,622

If the result of Dr. Marcet's analysis corresponds with that of the French academicians in the species of salts, it differs widely in the proportions. We cannot hesitate to pronounce, that the present has been conducted with eminent skill and chemical knowledge.

The water of the river Jordan, which is received into the Dead sea, is perfectly pellucid, soft, and insipid. But che-

anical tests show that it contains similar ingredients to those detected in the former water. However the whole quantity which the doctor received was so trifling, (not more than could be contained in a two ounce phial) that it was impossible to draw any certain conclusions from it. Small as it was, there was a marked difference between them: for carbonat of lime was detected in the water of the Jordan, of which there is no trace in the waters of the Dead sea.

ART. VI.—*An Unitarian Christian Minister's Plea for Adherence to the Church of England; including a Narrative of the unsuccessful Fate of the celebrated Clerical Parliamentary Petition and Bill, and its Consequences; with the Proposal of a Practicable Plan of Church Reform, on a Scriptural Basis. By Francis Stone, M. A. F. S. A. London. Eaton, High Holborn. 1s. 6d. 1808.*

IN this performance, Mr. Stone has explained the reasons which, as he thinks, justify him and other persons professing the same tenets, in holding preferment within the pale of the establishment. But as Sir William Scott, or rather the bishop of London, on Friday the 20th of May determined that Mr. Stone should be deprived of all his ecclesiastical emoluments, we shall not at present confine this article to the consideration of the arguments which Mr. Stone has adduced, for the conscientious retention of those emoluments, but shall enter upon a comprehensive view of the subject to which it is entitled, both from its inherent importance as it affects the cause of religious liberty in general and that of the clergy in particular. We are happy to find that our review of Mr. Stone's letter to the bishop of London has been generally approved both by the clergy and the laity. (See C. R. for January, 1808.) In the present article we will state our opinion with great frankness and unreserve, however opposite it may be to any sect or any party in the church or in the state. Our cause is that of morality and truth; and we care not who are our enemies as long as they advocate the interests of intolerance, of error, and impiety.

In the latter end of the reign of James the first, the clergy of the church of England began to embrace the doctrine of Arminius. Those tenets became more general in the following reign, though they were powerfully combated by the calvinistic notions which were propagated by the puritans. After the restoration, the opinions of the puritans

rapidly lost ground; and the opinions of the established clergy became more and more opposite to the letter of the liturgy and the articles. Among the most distinguished supporters of the Arminian tenets at this period, we may reckon Hammond, Jeremy Taylor, Whitby, Burnet, Barrow, Tillotson, and Fowler. Jeremy Taylor has openly and unreservedly impugned the doctrine of the ninth, as Mr. Stone has that of the first and second, article. But the strenuous defender of the '*liberty of prophesying*' was not to be deterred by human authority from declaring what he sincerely believed to be scriptural truth.

'Though the church of England,' said Bishop Taylor, 'is my mother, and I hope that I shall ever live and at last die in her communion, and if God shall call me to it, and enable me, I will not refuse to die for her; yet I conceive there is something highly considerable in that saying, *CALL NO MAN MASTER UPON EARTH*; that is no man's explication of her articles shall prejudice my affirmative, if it agrees with scripture and right reason. It were well if men would not trouble themselves or the church with impertinent contradictions, but patiently give leave to have truth advanced and God justified in his sayings and his judgments, and the church improved and all errors confuted, that what did so prosperously begin the reformation may be admitted to bring it to perfection, that men may no longer go *quâ itur*, but *quâ eundum est*.' See Mr. Fellowes's Life of Bishop Taylor prefixed to his Manual of Piety, p. xxix—xxx.

Bishop Burnet is very heterodox even in his exposition of the articles; and many of his explanations evince the sophistry of the casuist rather than the faith of the interpreter.

Whitby wrote a refutation of the unscriptural doctrine of original sin; in his Five Points he totally subverted the most distinguishing articles in the creed of the Calvinists, which is, *ipso facto*, the creed of the established church, and in his Last Thoughts he renounced the Athanasian hypothesis respecting the divinity of Christ.

In the writings of Barrow and of Tillotson, innumerable passages may be found which are not only contradictory to, but totally irreconcilable with, the ninth, eleventh, thirteenth, seventeenth, eighteenth, and thirty-first articles. If it be asked why Taylor, Barrow, and Tillotson, were not, like Mr. Stone, cited before the spiritual court and deprived of all their ecclesiastical emoluments, we can only answer that the evil genius of methodism had not then stolen into our churches and cathedrals, and made even the coat of purple

and the sleeve of lawn a receptacle for superstition and intolerance. In his '*Design of Christianity*' which is printed in Watson's Theological Tracts, Bp. Fowler has exhibited a simple and beautiful view of the doctrine of Jesus ; but this view is as opposite to the articles as the articles are contrary to the scriptures.

In the year 1712, Dr. S. Clarke, a name which will long be dear to critics, to moralists, and divines, published his '*Scripture Doctrine of the Trinity*,' in which he demonstrated by that method of induction which since the time of Bacon has been so successfully practised in all the branches of philosophy, that the Trinitarian hypothesis, as it is stated in the Athanasian creed, in the liturgy and the articles of the Church of England has no foundation whatever in the scriptures ; and is not supported even by a single text. For Dr. Clarke brought forward *all* the texts of scripture which had either any real or supposed connection with the subject ; and he proved with almost as much clearness as Euclid ever established any geometrical proposition, that those texts, which were supposed to favour the Athanasian hypothesis, would not, when explained according to rules of sound criticism, bear such an interpretation. In the discussion of this important subject, Dr. Clarke, who was at that time rector of St. James's, and chaplain to the queen, could not be deterred from publishing his opinions by their opposition to the liturgy and the articles, nor by the terrors of penal law, which the bishop of London of that day, as well as the bishop of the present, might have invoked to the aid of his spiritual jurisdiction. We shall quote a few passages from the introduction of Dr. Clarke, because they will shew that it was as much his opinion then, as it is that of Mr. Stoue or of any other clergyman of the present day, that every minister of the protestant church of England is justified by his ordination vows, and by the sixth, the twentieth, and twenty-first of the thirty-nine articles, in making the scriptures the only rule of his own faith, and the only guide in his clerical instructions.

'If,' says Dr. Clarke, 'any man can by any external authority be bound to believe any thing to be the doctrine of Christ, which at the same time, his best understanding necessitates him to believe is not that doctrine ; he is unavoidably under the absurdity of being obliged to obey two contrary masters, and to follow two inconsistent rules at once. THE ONLY RULE OF FAITH, therefore, to every christian, IS THE DOCTRINE OF CHRIST ; and that doctrine as applied to him by his own understanding. In which matter, to

preserve his understanding from erring, he is obliged indeed, at his utmost peril, to lay aside all vice and all prejudice, and to make use of the best assistance he can procure. But, after he has done all that can be done he must of necessity at last understand with his own understanding and believe with his own, not another's, faith. For (whatever has sometimes been abruptly pretended to the contrary) 'tis evidently as impossible in nature, that, in these things any one person should submit himself to another, as that one man should *see* or *taste*, should *live* or *breathe* for another.'

'The books of scripture are to us now not only *the rule*, but **THE WHOLE AND THE ONLY RULE OF TRUTH** in matters of religion.'

'At the reformation, the doctrine of Christ and his apostles was declared to be the only rule of truth, in which were contained all things necessary to faith and manners. And had that declaration constantly been adhered to, and human authority in matters of faith been disclaimed in deeds as well as in words; there had been, possibly, no more schisms in the church of God; nor divisions of any considerable moment among protestants.'

Dr. Clarke afterwards quotes a passage from Chillingworth in which that able antagonist to popery says,

'I do not understand the doctrine of Luther, Calvin, or Melancthon; nor the confession of Augusta, or Geneva; nor the catechism of Heidelberg; nor the articles of the church of England; no, nor the harmony of protestant confessions: but that wherein they all agree and which they all subscribe with a greater harmony, as a perfect rule of their faith and actions; that is the bible. **THE BIBLE, I SAY, THE BIBLE ONLY IS THE RELIGION OF PROTESTANTS.** I am fully persuaded that God does not, and therefore that men ought not, to require any more of any man than this—to believe the scriptures to be God's word, to endeavour to find the true sense of it, and to live according to it.'

Dr. Clarke afterwards cites the vows which a clergyman makes before the bishop, when he is ordained priest, with the sixth, twentieth, and twenty-first of the thirty-nine articles, from which he contends that a minister of the establishment is to make the words of God and not the opinions of men the rule of his belief; and that

'If tradition or custom, if carelessness or mistake either in the compiler or receiver happen, at any time, to put a sense upon any human forms, different from that of the scripture, which those very forms were intended to explain, and which is, at the same time, declared to be the only rule of truth, no man can be bound

to understand these forms in such sense, nay on the contrary he is indispensably bound not to understand or receive them in such sense.

Since the time of Dr. Clarke, the most inquisitive and enlightened of the clergy, who have made theological research and biblical criticism the object of their pursuit, have embraced either the Arian or the Unitarian hypothesis. The creed of St. Athanasius has been generally rejected; and is, we believe, at this moment hardly ever read, as appointed by the rubric. We have ourselves known many ministers of the establishment, but we never met with one who ever polluted his lips with this monstrous abortion of intolerance and paradox. Yet this creed, if *creed* it can be called, which is perfectly *incredible*, is as much a part of the church of England as the first or second article which Mr. Stone is supposed to have impugned; and the omission of this jargon of nonsense in the service of the church, on the days on which it is appointed to be read, is an offence which might subject the parties to the penalty of deprivation.

Among the ornaments of the church of England, who, after Dr. Clarke maintained doctrines repugnant both in the letter and in the spirit to her liturgy and her articles, we may mention the venerable names of Jeffery, archdeacon of Norwich; of Hoadley, bishop of Winchester; of Butler, bishop of Durham; of Law, bishop of Carlisle; of Jortin, archdeacon of London; of Blackburn, archdeacon of Cleveland; and of Newcome, archbishop of Armagh. Many others might be mentioned, but these are sufficient to shew that the supposition of Mr. Stone, that it is his duty to make the scripture, rather than the articles, the rule of his clerical instructions, is not a notion of yesterday: but has been sanctioned by some of the most pious and erudite men that ever graced the church of England, or any church in Christendom. The sermons of Bishop Butler, on the human nature, afford the most complete refutation of the ninth article, and of the doctrine of hereditary depravity, which is one of the chief corner-stones of methodism, that ever was composed. Though, therefore, the statute of Elizabeth, by which Mr. Stone, has been deprived of his ecclesiastical emoluments, has never been repealed, yet it has been so long disused, and the practice of the church has for such a long course of years been so contrary to it, that we think that Mr. Stone or any other clergyman might not unreasonably be pardoned for not knowing that such a law was even in existence. We do not say that *usage* can set aside an

act of parliament; but we do say that, in this case, the usage, which has sprung out of the most enlarged views of toleration, which is enforced by the injunctions of scripture, and which is agreeable to the spirit of religious liberty, which caused the church of England to separate from the church of Rome, must be considered, *in a moral view*, as of superior validity to a law which was passed in a period of comparative ignorance, which is deeply tinctured with intolerance, which is totally opposite to the genius of protestantism, and which, though not formally repealed, the best and the wisest men have always considered too absurd, too oppressive, and too antiquated ever to be enforced. But we seem to be living in a period, when the agents of tyranny are at work to stop the great wheel of civilization, which was rolling us gradually forward to a higher state of moral existence and of social bliss, and to push us back into the abyss of ignorance and barbarism from which the reformation caused us to emerge.

'There is,' says the author of *Religion without Cant*, page 38, 'a general usage in matters ecclesiastical as well as civil, which abolishes some laws without formally repealing them, and establishes others without formally enacting them. A law, like many of those in the English statutes is often suffered to die a peaceful death. The power of enforcing it is not taken away; but general disuse suspends its operation; and it becomes as if it did not exist.'

Again, says the same author, p. 41,

'The knowledge of every man who reads and thinks, as every clergyman ought to read and to think, is and must be in a state of continual progression; and of course his opinions on many matters of doubtful speculation may undergo many changes without any change taking place in the purity of his conscience, or the integrity of his heart; without any diminution of his regard for the church of which he is a member, or any deduction from his usefulness as one of its ministers. To diffuse a spirit of good will between man and man, to conciliate the affections of the people to the government, and to awaken in the government an attention to the interests of the people; to promote the growth of all the domestic and all the social virtues, to melt the obdurate and to confirm the penitent, to raise the weak hands, and to strengthen the feeble knees, to animate the righteous and to direct the eyes of the wretched to the realms of immortality; these are the great, and noble, and worthy ends, and uses of an established church; and these ends may be obtained, and this good may be produced, where there is not an uniformity of opinions among its ministers on topics of doubtful inquiry; or where some of them subscribe the thirty-nine

articles in their plain literal sense, and others in one that is totally different.'

According to the bishop's solemn injunctions to the candidate for the priesthood in the ordination service he is '*to be studious in reading and in learning the scriptures*;' he is, as far as possible, '*to forsake and set aside all worldly cares and studies*; he is to apply himself wholly to this one thing, (the duties of his vocation) '*and draw all his cares and studies this way and to this end*;' he is '*continually to pray for heavenly assistance that by daily reading and weighing of the scriptures he may wax riper and stronger in his ministry*.' Now all these exhortations to a strenuous, intense, and unremitting study of the scriptures must be vain if a clergyman is never to make known the result of his scriptural enquiries. But, according to the precedent which will be set by the present prosecution, he, who does thus diligently study the scriptures in obedience to the injunctions of the bishop, and who does either preach or publish what he has discovered to be scriptural truth, is to be deprived of all his ecclesiastical preferment and be reduced to penury and want. And for what? For the conscientious performance of his duty. Oh shame! shame! Oh profanation of holiness, of sincerity and truth! Is it thus that the clergy are to be exhorted, in the most solemn act of their lives, to forsake all worldly business, all temporal interruptions in order to devote themselves solely to the study of theology; but who nevertheless are to be condemned to suffer every privation and distress if they advance into the temple of scriptural truth one step beyond the threshold of the articles? When it is said that a clergyman is daily to read and weigh the scriptures, in order that he may '*wax riper and stronger in his ministry*,' does not this imply that theological knowledge, like knowledge of every other species, is progressive; and that the more a clergyman studies the scriptures the more he is likely to understand them? By daily reading and examining the scriptures, the theological knowledge of a clergyman must become greater after he has been ten years in orders than it was when he was first ordained, and greater at the end of twenty years than at the end of ten. By making the study of the scriptures, accompanied with all the helps which the critical industry of past or of present times has supplied the great business of his life, according to the injunctions of the bishop at his ordination, a minister of the establishment is likely to discover that some of the tenets, which he formerly considered as true and agreeable to the scriptures, are false

and contrary to scripture. Some of the articles and part of the liturgy, which he approved in the days of his ignorance, may be found to be false and unscriptural in proportion as he makes farther advances in the knowledge of the truth. But for what end does the ordination-service thus solemnly enjoin a clergyman to be diligent in the study of the scriptures? That he may conceal his knowledge in a napkin? That in proportion, as his own mind is more enlightened, he may endeavour to darken the minds of his fellow-creatures? No, certainly; but that he may communicate to them the result of his enquiries; and that in proportion as he becomes wiser himself he may redouble his efforts to make others wise. The acquisition of knowledge like that of wealth is useless without communication. A clergyman is desired by the constitution of the church to '*forsake all worldly cares and studies,*' and '*to be studious in reading and in learning the scriptures*' not for his own selfish gratification, but for the instruction of those who are intrusted to his care. It is the duty of a clergyman to teach scriptural truth, and nothing but scriptural truth, to the people committed to his charge, and to banish every error which is contrary to the scriptures, however conformable it may be to particular parts of the liturgy or the articles. If the statute of Elizabeth says that a clergyman is not to maintain any opinions, in any degree repugnant to the articles, however erroneous those articles may be, then we say that this statute is totally subversive of the whole letter and spirit of the ordination service; of the great sixth article; and of the church of England itself as a PROTESTANT ESTABLISHMENT. For no protestant establishment can subsist on any other base than this, that the SCRIPTURES ARE THE ONLY RULE OF FAITH. If the statute of Elizabeth be maintained, we do not hesitate to affirm that the church of England is not a protestant but a popish church; but with this remarkable difference, that the church of England acknowledges THIRTY-NINE INFALLIBLES, while the church of Rome is contented with ONLY ONE.

If the church of England be convinced that her tenets are founded in the scriptures, why will she not permit them to be examined by the scriptures? Why does she persecute those, who found their opinions only on the scriptures? Does she not recollect that '*he, who doeth evil, hateth the light, neither cometh to the light*'? Is the church of England afraid of having the light of scripture reflected on her liturgy and her articles? Is she secretly conscious that her tenets are unsound, that her doctrine is mingled

with fables; and that polytheism is worshipped within her walls? The true answers to these questions will readily suggest themselves to those, who reflect that the church of England separated from the church of Rome because that church set the traditions of men above the authority of the scriptures, and that this very church, which usurps the name of protestant, now denies to the scriptures that very supremacy in matters of faith which she claimed, and for which her advocates both wrote, and bled, in her contests with the church of Rome. Let us hear the language of the immortal Wickliffe, who lived only in the uncertain dawn of the reformation, when the darkness of ages was but just beginning to shew a faint streak of intellectual light. He affirmed,

‘That the new testament is of full authority and open to understanding of simple men as to the points that ben (be) most needful to salvation; that the text of holy writ ben words of everlasting life, and that he that keepeth meekness and charity hath the true understanding and perfection of all holy writ; that it seemeth open heresy to say that the gospel with his truth and freedom sufficeth not to salvation of christian men without keeping of ceremonies and statutes of sinful men and unkuning (ignorant) that ben made in the time of Satan and of Anti-Christ. That men ought to desire only the truth and freedom of the holy gospel, and to accept man’s law and ordinances only in as much as they ben grounded in holy scripture, either (or) good reason and common profit of all christian people. That if any man in earth, either (or) angel in heaven tethith (teacheth) us the contrary of holy writ or any thing against reason and charity, we should flee from him in that as fro the foul fiend of hell; and hold us steadfastly to life and death, the truth and freedom of the holy gospel of Jesus Christ; and take us mekely men’s sayings, and lawes, only in as much as they accorden with holy writ and good consciences, and no farther, for life neither for death.’ *Lewis’s Life of Wickliffe*, p. 72,3.

This is the language of one of the first founders of the reformation; and it breathes those sentiments of religious liberty, which, if they had inspired the bosom of the bishop of London he could never have passed the cruel sentence of deprivation on Mr. Stone.

Dr. Lawrence endeavoured to impress on the audience, at the trial of Mr. Stone, that this was not an ecclesiastical prosecution; that it was not instigated by ecclesiastics; and that no ecclesiastic was a party in the disgraceful transaction. If a certain prelate took no interest in this unchristian prosecution, we beg leave to ask him whether he did not

personally desire, nay urge Dr. Breedon to give evidence against Mr. Stone? Mr. Stone had accidentally communicated to Dr. B. a copy of his sermon, which he happened to have in his pocket, at the society of antiquaries. Dr. B. as we have been told, mentioned the circumstance to the bishop; and, if we are not grossly misinformed, the bishop, after inveighing against the subject of the sermon, strenuously enjoined Dr. B. to make this deposition against his old acquaintance, Mr. Stone. Nothing else can excuse Dr. B. for the deposition which he made; but if Dr. B. be excused, we hardly see how, with all our willingness, we can frame any apology for the bishop of London. But if the bishop did really and truly not take any part in promoting the persecution,—whence did it happen that, before he knew whether Mr. Stone would, or would not, revoke the doctrine which he had preached, he went to Doctor's Commons in order to deprive him of his benefice? For Sir Wm. Scott had no sooner refused to admit the apology of Mr. Stone, than the bishop who must have been waiting in one of the adjoining buildings, was produced to read the sentence of deprivation. We ask with all humility and candour, was this decent? Was it becoming the dignity of the bishop, or the gravity of the occasion? When Sir Wm. Scott found that Mr. Stone, like an honest man, would not consent to make any recantation, *which was contrary to his conscience*, would there not have been less appearance of vengeance and precipitation if the whole proceedings of that day had been laid before the bishop, and he had taken time to reconsider them before he determined to pass a sentence which was to deprive an old man of his subsistence and seven young children of bread? It appears to us, and we say it without any ill-will to any of the parties, that this mode of proceeding would have best accorded with the solemnity of the occasion, and with the mercy of the judge.

As Bishop Porteus and Mr. Stone are both old men, and, as Mr. Stone impressively said, both with one foot in the grave, the time cannot be long ere both will have to appear before that tribunal, from which there is no appeal! We will therefore suggest to the bishop whether it would not have been more consistent with that spirit of charity which is the bond of perfectness, and which must be the condition of his own acceptance with the Deity, not to have crushed Mr. Stone by the force of an antiquated statute, which is contrary to the commands of Christ and to the basis of a PROTESTANT establishment? On the 20th of May, when Mr. Stone was called upon to revoke his supposed errors,

he declared that, when he preached the sermon in question he thought that he was strictly doing his duty according to his ordination engagements; that he was not aware he was offending against an act of parliament; and that he would not repeat the same offence. It cannot be supposed that Mr. Stone should renounce those tenets as false which the theological research of forty years had taught him to be true. This it was neither liberal to ask, nor reasonable to expect; but as Mr. Stone had not by any means wilfully contravened the letter of the statute, and as he did promise not to repeat the offence (if so it may be called), we think that this acknowledgment might at least, have mitigated the rigor of the sentence; and that the bishop might have been so far influenced by that spirit of loving-kindness which is so forcibly inculcated by his master CHRIST, as not to deprive a brother-clergyman of all that was left him for the support of his family and the comfort of his age.

But perhaps the reverend prelate or some of his advocates will allege that his lordship was *compelled by the statute* to punish the imagined heresy of Mr. Stone by the deprivation of his preferment. To this we will reply, that the statute itself very wisely and very humanely left the sentence of deprivation to the *free election of the bishop*. By the express permission of the statute, it was entirely optional with the right reverend prelate to pass or not to pass the sentence of deprivation, to leave Mr. Stone in possession of his rectory, or to let him languish in indigence during the remainder of his days, as his mercy or his severity might incline. Is the faith of the reader staggered by this assertion? Then we will produce the express words of the statute itself; and those words shall be left to settle the question between us and the bishop, and between the bishop and the public. The words of the statute are as follow:

‘ And that if any person ecclesiastical, or which shall have ecclesiastical livings, shall advisedly maintain or affirm any doctrine directly contrary or repugnant to any of the said articles, and being convented before the bishop of the diocese, or the ordinary, or before the queen’s highness’ commissioners in causes ecclesiastical shall persist therein, or not revoke his error, or after such revocation afterwards affirm such untrue doctrine, such maintaining or affirming, and persisting, or such afterwards affirming shall be just cause to deprive such person of his ecclesiastical promotions. AND IT SHALL BE LAWFUL TO THE BISHOP OF THE DIOCESE, OR TO THE ordinary, or the said commissioners to deprive such persons so persisting, or lawfully convicted of such afterwards affirming, and up-

on such sentence or deprivation pronounced, he shall be indeed deprived.'

The manner in which this clause in the statute is worded deserves particular attention; because it does not say like other acts of parliament, that if a certain offence be committed, a certain definite penalty *shall be* inflicted, but only that it *shall be lawful* to inflict it. The punishment is not authoritatively *commanded* but legally *permitted*. The law itself leaves a *discretionary power in the bishop* either to pass or not to pass the sentence of deprivation; even after the conviction of the individual. It says that the maintaining of any doctrine contrary to the articles *shall be just cause* to deprive, &c. and that it *shall be lawful to the bishop* to put the sentence in execution. Who will now say that this was not an ecclesiastical prosecution? The law by no means *compelled* the bishop to pass the sentence of deprivation; but left it to his choice to do it or to leave it undone; and hence the learned prelate had an opportunity, (which, for his own sake as well as for that of Mr. Stone we wish that he had embraced) of evincing his clemency and moderation. But we remark with great sincerity of grief that this trial has evinced no striking proof of those heavenly virtues. If the statute had said that, on the offence of gainsaying the articles being proved, the party offending *shall, ipso facto* be deprived of his preferment, no ground of complaint could have been alleged against the diocesan of Mr. Stone; but when the law only says that such an offence *shall be just cause to deprive* and that it *shall be lawful to the bishop* to deprive him, the case assumes a very different complexion; and our indignant feelings are roused because the utmost rigor was practised where the highest forbearance was expected. This was a case in which the utmost lenity might have been exhibited with no common advantages both to the character of the prosecutors and to the good of the accused; and in which the mildness of reproof would have been much more efficacious than the terrors of coercion. Though the bishop may slight our injunctions on this occasion, yet we trust that he will lend a favourable ear to those of St. Paul, which are more particularly addressed to the bishops, or overseers of the church. 'The servant of the Lord must not contend; but must be gentle to all men, *apt to teach, forbearing, with meekness instructing those that oppose themselves.*' 2 Tim. ii. 24, 25. Archbishop Newcome's translation.

Instead of proceeding immediately to the most rigorous

extremities against Mr. Stone, would it not have been more becoming in the bishop of London, more consistent with the spirit of universal charity which the soul of a christian ought to breathe and his life to exemplify, to have endeavoured in a friendly conference to refute his errors, if errors they be, and to bring him to a conviction of the truth? Mr. Stone would have listened with complacency and respect to any rational or scriptural arguments which the bishop could have produced. False judgments, if Mr. Stone's be false, would have been best corrected by the force of reason, and the persuasives of charity. The bishop is as much bound by his episcopal, as Mr. Stone by his priestly, engagement 'to banish and drive away all erroneous and strange doctrines, contrary to God's word;' but neither the bishop nor Mr. Stone can consistently with the spirit of christianity do this with any other weapon than the force of SCRIPTURAL AUTHORITY.

The 122d canon says that no sentence of deprivation shall be passed on a minister of the establishment except by the bishop in person; '*per quamlibet personam præterquam per episcopum*. Now, if the bishop must attend in person at the act of deprivation, ought he not to have been present in person at the trial? Without being present at the trial the bishop certainly could not hear Mr. Stone's defence; and without having heard his defence, was he competent, as a judge, to pass sentence of deprivation? This is an important question; and should the house of commons, or any superior tribunal answer it in the negative, the whole proceedings must be regarded as *informal* at the least, without employing any harsher term. It may be said that Sir Wm. Scott, or the procurator general, or the counsel for the prosecution, reported to the bishop the substance of the defence which Mr. Stone delivered. This may all be true and the report may have been impartial and correct; but we ask, would the bishop himself, or any other man, think it fair or just that sentence should be passed on him by a judge who was not present at his trial, who had not heard his defence, and had no knowledge of the proceedings except from circuitous information? We hope that some patriotic member of parliament will cause this question to be agitated in that house; for it appears to be intimately connected not only with the vital principles of religion, but of civil liberty. The living of every clergyman is a *freehold*; and is it not contrary to *magna charta*, to the petition of right, to the bill of rights, and to all the great bases of English liberty, that any subject should be deprived of his

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freehold without the legal judgment of his peers. In the twentieth chapter of Magna Charta, which Blackstone calls the foundation of the liberty of Englishmen, we read the following memorable words: '*nullus liber homo disceisatur de libero tenemento suo NISI PER LEGALE JUDICIUM PARIUM SUORUM.*' By the statute called *confirmatio cartarum*, 25 Edw. 1. Blackstone says that '*all judgments contrary to it (magna charta) are declared void.*' This question therefore becomes very important in a constitutional point of view.

In the present prosecution of Mr. Stone, a right is affected by the church to interfere in controversies of faith, which the church itself disclaims; and which, agreeably to her own legal establishment, she cannot exercise. For in the twentieth article of the church, as that article was ratified by act of parliament in 1571, it is expressly said that

'It is not LAWFUL for the church to ordain any thing contrary to God's word written, neither may it so expound one place of scripture that it be repugnant to another. Wherefore, although the church be a witness and keeper of holy writ, yet AS IT OUGHT NOT TO DECREE ANY THING AGAINST THE SAME; SO BESIDE THE SAME IT OUGHT NOT TO ENFORCE ANY THING TO BE BELIEVED FOR NECESSITY OF SALVATION.'

In the common prayer books, and indeed in all the copies of the articles which are now in use, the twentieth article is printed with the following spurious and contradictory clause:

'The church hath power to decree rites or ceremonies, and authority in controversies of faith.'

The good sense of the reader will convince him that this clause is contradictory; it is our business to shew that it is spurious; or that it never constituted any part of those articles, which were established by act of parliament. In the articles which were published by king Edward the sixth, this article concerning 'the authority of the church' was printed without the preceding clause; the clause was not added by the convocation which revised the articles in 1562; nor by that which met in 1571. The articles which were subscribed by the convocation in 1562 without the clause were sanctioned by act of parliament in 1571 without the clause. And as it is only by virtue of the act of 1571 that any *legal authority* is vested in the articles, the clause, which asserts the authority of the church in controversies of

faith, not having been ratified by law, cannot have the force of law. The original MS. of the articles, with the subscriptions of the archbishops and bishops of both provinces, and the clergy of the lower house of convocation *does not contain the clause*, as may be seen by inspecting the document itself in the library of Bennet college, Cambridge. Several thousand copies of the articles were published both in Latin and English in 1571, which do not contain the clause; and no Latin edition of the articles which does contain the clause can be produced of an earlier date than 1612, or more than forty years after the articles were ratified by act of parliament.* The clause, therefore, itself is a *palpable forgery*; which was foisted by stealth into the articles by some high church zealots in order to serve the purposes of ecclesiastical domination. But if the *genuine* twentieth article of the church of England disclaim all authority in matters of faith beyond the authority of the scriptures, on what ground can she vindicate her present unjust, uncharitable, and unscriptural proceedings against Mr. Stone?

If the judgment, which has been passed upon Mr. Stone, *be not reversed*, the consequences will indeed be much more unfavourable to the best interests of the establishment than the most unbounded circulation of Mr. Stone's sermon ever could have been. The clergy, who, in the ignorance of their zeal, have lent their aid to this prosecution, will find that they have been sanctioning a law against themselves. For there are not ten clergymen out of a hundred, who never preach any doctrine repugnant to any of the articles; and if it be left to the *discretion* of the bishop to deprive every offender of his living, the authority of a Turkish bashaw can hardly be more absolute than that of an English bishop. We know that even the breasts of bishops are not impervious to the feelings of religious, of political, or even personal hostility; and though we trust that they will not often kindle into a flame, yet it cannot be expected that they should be always quiescent. Where so much is left to the *discretion* of individuals, the baser passions will sometimes interpose to give a false bias to the determination even of the upright and the wise. But what consequences can be expected from the foolish and corrupt? from the prejudiced bigot, the servile courtier, or the time-serving

* Sparrow in his 'Collection of Articles, &c. of the Church of England,' has had the audacity to insert in it a pretended copy which he gives of those of 1562. Burnet has done the same.

politician? After this decision, the personal, the political, or the religious enemies of any clergyman whose instructions are supposed to deviate even from the most absurd of the articles, may station informers in his church who may take down some obnoxious tenet which falls from his mouth, and cause a prosecution to be commenced against him in the ecclesiastical court, by which he may be deprived of his whole subsistence by the arbitrary fiat of an individual. These may be extreme cases; but in arguing against such unconstitutional stretches of power, extreme cases must be put in order to shew not only the probable but the possible abuse. Civil and religious liberty must go hand in hand; they cannot be disjoined. If the clergy of England be made slaves the people will not long be free.

The issue of the present trial will constitute the triumph of the methodists over all the honest and rational ministers of the establishment. The *evangelical* clergy whenever they are attacked either by scripture or by argument, always take refuge behind the strong hold of the articles. Here they entrench themselves behind thirty-nine absurdities, not one of which is to be touched by the assailant without the cry of sacrilege and profanation. And if this cry, as in the case of Mr. Stone, is to be followed by a deprivation of all the comforts of life, what man is there with sufficient intrepidity to attack the superstition of this SAVAGE SECT? For the tenets of that sect, however opposite they may be to the scriptures, are congenial with the articles. By the prosecution and deprivation of Mr. Stone, therefore, the bishop of London has not only receded from that practice of christian liberty which has been tacitly permitted in the church for the last one hundred and fifty years, but the precedent, which this trial will establish, will in fact cause not only the christian liberty of the clergy but even all the *moral uses* of the establishment to be sacrificed to the invidious contrivance of the most flagitious and intolerant faction that ever prevailed in any state. On the last day of the trial, Dr. Lawrence said, according to the account of his speech in the British Press for May 21st, 1808;—‘Should he’ (Mr. Stone) ‘repent his offence, the law sentenced him to three years confinement in any gaol his majesty should appoint, without the benefit of bail or mainprize.’ We call the attention of the clergy, of the legislature, and indeed of the country at large to the tremendous intimations of inquisitorial persecution which this sentence (if it were delivered and we have never seen it

contradicted) must have been intended to convey. Yet this is the Dr. Lawrence who said that this was not an ecclesiastical prosecution; that it was not a prosecution which concerned the truth or falsehood of particular doctrines, but only the violation of the statute; and that though Mr. Stone must conform to that law while in the church yet that out of the church he was at liberty to defend his own theological opinions. Yet at the moment Mr. Stone is about to be deprived of his living and to be driven from the pale of the church, this consistent accuser tells him, that if he continue, according to his conscience, to defend the same tenets, or, in the Doctor's own language to *'repeat his offence,'* he is to suffer an imprisonment for not less than three years, as if he had been guilty of some atrocious crime. This trial, therefore, must be regarded by all the friends of religious liberty as the commencement of a proscription of certain scriptural opinions, and as tending to revive the days of Popish bigotry and intolerance. On this occasion we feel it a duty paramount to every other to sound the alarm to the whole body of Unitarian christians, WHO WORSHIP, AS CHRIST HIMSELF DID, ONE ONLY GOD. If Dr. Lawrence meant any thing by the words quoted above, what could he mean but that government intended to put in force the statute of the 9th and 10th of William III. c. 32? by which it is enacted that, if any person educated in the christian religion, or professing the same, shall by *writing, printing, teaching, or advised speaking, deny any of the persons in the holy trinity to be God*, he shall, upon the first offence, be rendered incapable to hold any office or place of trust; and for the second, be rendered incapable of bringing any action, being guardian, executor, legatee or purchaser of lands, and *shall suffer three years imprisonment without bail*. Such is the merciful law with the infliction of which Mr. Stone has been menaced; and let it be remembered that this menace will apply to all the noblemen and gentlemen who worship the Father of mercies, the God of Christ and of all mankind, in Essex-street chapel, as well as to Mr. Stone. Each of these persons, and indeed every Unitarian christian in the united empire, does either by *writing, printing, teaching, or advised speaking, deny two of the persons in what is called the holy trinity to be God*. For this denial they are still liable, in this enlightened period and in this favoured asylum of civil liberty, to be deprived of all the benefits of law; of all the enjoyments of civilized society; and of every thing that can render life dear. And yet while the upright and the

wise body of UNITARIAN and RATIONAL christians, who worship God in no other way than Christ himself did, and all whose tenets are favourable to the purest morality, are thus placed by a law which has never been repealed, under the axe of the most unqualified proscription,—the whining, the canting and hypocritical horde of methodists, whose tenets pull up all morality by the roots, are to be glutted with the loaves and fishes both of church and state, and to bask in the sun-shine even of episcopal approbation !!!

In the present article we have endeavoured to shew that the spirit and the usage that the most exalted theory and the most approved practice of the establishment are directly opposite to that exercise of ecclesiastical intolerance to which recourse has been had in the case of Mr. Stone:—that the opinions of the great majority of the clergy are and have long been at variance with the liturgy and the articles, that the best and the wisest among the ministers of the church, since the days of archbishop Land, have both from the pulpit and the press maintained tenets, which are directly opposite to some of the articles, without this practice having been made the ground of any persecution like the present; that the exercise of the most perfect liberty in the interpretation of the scriptures is not only expressly sanctioned but authoritatively enforced in the whole of *the ordination service*;—that, by the decision in this case, that honour is claimed for the articles which is due only to the scriptures; that the *divine* authority of the New Testament is placed below the *human* authority of the articles: that the bishop of London passed sentence of deprivation on Mr. Stone without having been personally present at the trial, and without having heard at least from the mouth of Mr. Stone either his defence or his apology; that due time was hardly taken to consider whether the apology which Mr. Stone offered ought to have been accepted; that the bishop was not *compelled* by the statute to proceed to such an extremity of punishment against his fellow christian and his brother clergyman; that the statute did not command the bishop as the absolute fiat of unconditional law, but only *permitted* him, without breach of law, to deprive Mr. Stone of all his ecclesiastical emoluments; that such permission, being contrary to the GREAT CHARTER of English liberty, it is at least doubtful, whether it can be *constitutionally* exercised; that the living of a clergyman is a freehold, of which according to the civil and political law of the land, he cannot be deprived without *the judgment of his peers*; that, on this ground, if on no other, it belongs, to the constitutional guardians

of the liberties of the subject to take the proceedings of Mr. Stone under their special cognizance; that the precedent, which will be established by his trial, if not set aside, must be subversive of that religious liberty which is the indefeasible right of the clergy, not only as members of a protestant establishment, but as the servants of Christ, who, in points of religious belief, is the only master whom they can conscientiously acknowledge upon earth; that from what dropped from Dr. Lawrence during the proceedings, it appears to be the intention of the authors of this prosecution to put in force the act of the ninth and tenth of William III. which inflicts the most barbarous punishment on those who deny any one of the supposed persons in the Trinity; that hence all rational believers in the one God and Father of Christ have serious ground for anxious alarm; and that it is absolutely necessary for parliament to interfere, and to adopt such measures on the occasion as may appear to them best to promote the moral interests of the establishment, to secure the christian liberty of the clergy and the freedom of religious opinion throughout the united empire. In what we have stated on this subject we have discharged an important duty; and we trust that we have deserved well of all denominations of christians who are the friends of charity and peace, and who worship THE FATHER of mercies and the God of all comfort in spirit and in truth.

Since writing the above, we have been informed that a subscription has been opened for Mr. Stone. To this we trust that the friends of religious liberty, of scriptural truth and, above all, of christian charity will contribute their generous donations. Subscriptions will be received by Browne, Cobb, and Co. Bankers, 66, Lombard street.

ART. VII.—*A few Observations on the present State of the Nation; in a Letter to his Grace the Duke of Bedford. By the Rev. F. Randolph, D. D.* 8vo. pp. 99. Wilkie and Robinson, 1808.

AMONGST all the calamities, with which the country is at present surrounded, we are willing to believe that some circumstances are to be discovered, from which the best materials for hope and consolation may be fairly drawn; and particularly that the public mind is undergoing a very wholesome change in regard to some of the leading points

in our political relations. At no period do we remember to have noticed so many valuable pamphlets by men of sound understandings and considerable attainments, which, without party views, or selfish interests, have recommended to the country that firm, moderate, and sensible line of conduct, which, if sooner adopted, might have prevented all the evils we feel, and to which we must ultimately resort for redemption from them. Dr. Randolph has ranked himself in this useful and honourable class of writers, by his good sense, his liberality, and his strong conviction of the indispensable union between the general principles of morality, and the political duties of nations.

From the failure of all our schemes, and the dreadful increase of the mischiefs they were designed to correct, the author thinks it reasonable that we should enter on a complete revision of plans and motives, with a fixed resolution of amendment in all that may be found erroneous. And though we are not prepared to go along with him, in maintaining that the present war is peculiarly marked with the judgments or the indignation of heaven, yet to those, who are fond of viewing things in this light, while they make a constant exception in their own favour, the following pointed remarks are fit subjects for very serious consideration:

'The man of serious thought,' says the Doctor, 'will not dare to suppose, that upon a moral and religious comparison, our foundation of trust is stronger than that of many who have perished. He will not venture to pronounce, in the name of his country, *I am holier than thou*; or that we ourselves might not have as justly shared a portion of their sad inheritance. But I forbear speaking on this high theme, too sacred for any place but that in which we are now once more called upon to deprecate the just anger of God against his violated laws. I mean only to urge, that if *war be necessary*; if neither *liberty, laws, nor religion, can be preserved* without it; if the vanity of our own counsels *put us not to shame*; if we feel that it would be impossible or unsafe to follow the advice which God gave to his people, under circumstances very similar to ours; *'In returning and rest shall ye be saved, in quietness and in confidence shall be your strength*;' then we must await the decision of arms; but the severity of the decree which imposes this duty upon us demands every thing in unison with it; a christian, as well as a warlike spirit; a moral as well as a martial grandeur; an order of sentiments congenial with the terrific character the war has assumed.'

He forcibly contrasts our high toned declarations of war with the mean collusions practised to evade the taxes by

which alone it can be waged, and still more feelingly denounces the inconsistency of our professed regard for civilization and public morals, with the unprincipled outrage that has degraded us below the avowed profligacy of our barefaced enemy.

On this subject, we are happy to find that the moral sense of the people has almost universally disclaimed the violence of the government, and that the affecting appeal of the crown prince to the minds of Englishmen has received the answer it deserved. 'It is a deed, (he said in his declaration) which sullies the reign of a virtuous monarch, and which every generous and feeling mind, even in England, must condemn.' It is melancholy that the national character should suffer for an act so incapable of being defended on any grounds of justice or policy, that we can only regard it as a party manœuvre. After all the clamors against the late ministers for want of activity, it was thought that some strong measure was necessary to dazzle the public mind; and the expedient that was hit upon could not possibly fail of success, whenever the moral objections to it were removed. The same selfish faction, which could purchase power, at the hazard of involving the country in the bitterest religious dissensions, would not hesitate to preserve it, with the certain loss of the principle and honor of the country.

Dr. Randolph freely declares his opinion that peace, if attainable, is a most desirable object, and after observing that 'it has been the misfortune of this war to bring partial good out of general evil,' exposes the mischievous fallacy, that war is essential to our prosperity. He then combats the notion of our being independent of commerce, with much good sense, but perhaps in a stile somewhat too declamatory for the simple details of political economy. It is unnecessary to enter into this part of the work, because the answers to Mr. Spence have all proceeded on grounds nearly similar. With regard to the author's proposal for increasing the property tax to a fifth, for the purpose of immediately paying off a large portion of our national debt, we acknowledge that he appears to calculate more on the patriotism of our countrymen, than facts, or even his own observations, will be found to warrant. But the pamphlet on the whole is extremely creditable to the writer, and proves that his general views unite the good sense of an enlightened politician, and the benevolence of a christian divine.

ART. VII.—*The Abyssinian Reformer, or the Bible and Sabre, a Novel.* By Charles Lucas, M. A. Author of the *Infernal Quisote*, &c. &c. 12mo. 3 vols. Richards, Cornhill. 1808.

KAROLE REUSHO, the hero of the present interesting performance, was made governor of Maitsha, in Abyssinia, for some service which he had rendered to the king of Gondar in crushing the rebellion of Kessa Boro. Karole Reusho, whose education had been conducted under the auspices of Abba Moreta, 'prior of the monastery of St. John apostle and evangelist adjoining the sacred mountain,' had no sooner entered on his government than he commenced reformer; and among other innovations, endeavoured to abolish the practice of eating raw meat, or rather flesh cut from the living animal. This, with the fate common to the attempts of wise and virtuous reformation, excited general dissatisfaction. Wodriska, a real enemy, but a pretended friend, whose life Reusho had saved in the conflict with Kessa Boro, had secretly calumniated all his proceedings at the court of Gondar, and had prevailed on the king to bestow on him the government of Maitsha in lieu of Reusho whom he was ordered to depose and to destroy. He was proceeding to execute his purpose when a slave named Rahad, made Reusho acquainted with his intentions. The unfortunate reformer has just time to fly, attended by the faithful Rahad, and closely pursued by the treacherous Wodriska. He kills the latter in single combat with the sword which he had taken from Kessa Boro; and on this trusty weapon one of the principal events in our hero's life is made to hinge. In crossing the desert, Reusho and honest Rahab are made prisoners by some wandering Arabs, who sold them as slaves to Mohammed Ali Bey. The bey had no sooner become acquainted with his history than he made both Reusho and his servant a present of their liberty. In a battle which the Mameloucs afterwards fought with the French near the pyramids, Reusho is wounded and carried prisoner to Cairo. He is treated with great humanity and attention by the enemy. His friend and protector Ali Bey, whose life he had saved in the battle, in vain used every means to obtain his liberty.

In their way to Egypt the French had captured a Portuguese vessel, with an English merchant, his wife and daughter on board. They were carried to Cairo, where the daugh-

ter was harassed by the importunate attention of the French officers. On a particular occasion the gallantry of one of the generals had so much alarmed the fair captive, that her screams brought the Abyssinian, who was placed in an adjoining apartment, to the spot. Reusho was ordered by the chief to withdraw, but his naked sword was the only answer to the threat. He was, however, forced back into his room which he was ordered not to quit on pain of death. The Abyssinian was not destitute of sensibility, which was powerfully excited by the interesting female he had seen, and whom he had with so much intrepidity attempted to serve. He seems, indeed, to fall in love at first sight, and the lady herself, as appears in the sequel, was far from having been unmoved by the attractive figure and heroic demeanour of the swarthy prince. Reusho could not erase the idea of the lovely stranger from his recollection. His close confinement by preventing the dispersion of his thoughts tended to strengthen the impression. The first sensation of preference soon swelled into a passion of exclusive love. His letters to Ali Bey are a warm description of what was passing in his heart. Some tempting offers were made to Reusho to induce him to cooperate with the French ; but he refused, because, *'he did not like the cause.'* The general at last determined to send him a prisoner to France, but he previously gave him his sword and his former freedom of parole. Previous to his departure he is furnished by the sedulous Rahad in conjunction with two English sailors, who make an aperture through the roof of his apartment, with an opportunity of escape; of which however he refuses to profit because 'he had given his promise to the general.' Before he leaves Cairo he receives a letter from the lovely stranger, whom he had endeavoured to rescue from the insulting freedoms of the French general. This letter was signed Anna Mellison: and proved as refreshing to his mental uneasiness as water to his physical thirst while he was crossing the desert from Cairo to Alexandria. At Alexandria a Jew-merchant in vain offered to purchase the sword which Reusho had taken from Keflo Boro for two hundred ounces of gold or any price which he might think proper to name. In case Reusho should ever change his mind, the Jew gave him a card to take to the principal person of his tribe in whatever part of the world he might be, who would direct him to some one that would give him his own price for the weapon. In his way from Alexandria to France Reusho is taken by an English ship of war. In

England his story is heard with interest; he is hospitably entertained, gains admission into families of distinction; and receives a regular allowance from the government: Reusho writes constantly to his friend Mohammed Ali Bey to give him an account of what he has seen and heard in England. Some of these letters are full of judicious observations on present modes and recent occurrences. After he has been some time in England, Reusho accidentally meets, at the exhibition, with his Egyptian acquaintance Anna Mellison. She recognizes our hero and is greatly agitated at the interview. Miss Mellison's father receives Reusho with great cordiality, and informs him that the honest Rahad had been the means of effecting their escape from the vile durance of Cairo. Reusho finds Mr. Mellison involved in great pecuniary difficulties. He had a debt of six thousand pounds to discharge in a short time; a note for twelve hundred of which was immediately due. This was in the hand of an amorous old banker Sir James Stockport, who had long cast an anxious look on the elegant form of Miss Mellison, and would readily have cancelled the whole debt in order to obtain possession of so beautiful a prize. But the father would not consent to so base a sacrifice of his child. When Reusho called one morning at Mr. Mellison's he found the bailiffs in his house. Sir James had procured his arrest for one thousand two hundred pounds. Reusho instantly makes every effort to raise the money. He takes his sword to a pawnbroker who proves to be a very honest man; the hilt is examined and found to contain jewels of inestimable value. Mr. Mellison is set at liberty; the twelve hundred pounds are paid; and a large sum is lent him by Reusho to remove all other incumbrances; till his affairs which had been greatly disordered by the speculations of a partner in the East, could be finally arranged. Mr. Mellison receives an anonymous letter informing him that a captain Bourdeville, a French officer on his parole, who makes a conspicuous figure in the present performance, intended in the evening to carry off his daughter, whom he had known in Egypt and whom he had persecuted by his addresses in England. Reusho, whose jealousy had been in some degree excited by Bourdeville, resolves to be in the way at the time when this adventurous project was to be put in execution, determined to prevent it if it turned out that the lady herself had no part in the contrivance. In the dusk of the evening Bourdeville approached Mr. Mellison's house with a carriage and four horses. A female, who

was an acquaintance of the family, and who was Bourdeville's agent in the plot, was sent to the door in order to speak to Miss Mellison. That lady no sooner appeared than she was pulled into the road; and at the same time Bourdeville and his attendant proceeded to force her into the carriage. Her screams convinced our hero that her resistance was not feigned; he cut the traces; and when the horses, which were ordered to proceed, set off, the carriage was soon left motionless behind. The assailants fled, and Reusho bore Miss Mellison into the house. This event, which convinced our hero of Miss Mellison's sincerity, only increased his love. After this, Reusho is challenged by his irritated antagonist Bourdeville. The parties fight with swords, Reusho was slightly wounded in three places, but he succeeded at last in cutting off his adversary's right arm; though his generosity spared his life. In the fever, which was the consequence of this encounter, Reusho is visited by Mr. Mellison and his daughter. In this crisis of his fate he is convinced of the reciprocal attachment of Miss Mellison. His friend Mohammed Ali Bey with his wife Fatima and family, visit England after the peace. Ali turns Christian, settles in England, changes the name of Mohammed into Matthew; and is created a baronet under the name of Sir Matthew Alibey. Reusho marries Miss Mellison; and, as is usually the case in these fictitious representations of life, before the curtain is let down and the author puts a 'finis' to his toils, all the parties seem consigned to the fruition of unclouded bliss. This is a brief outline of the principal story, without including the extraneous and subordinate details. Some of these are interesting and others might have been omitted without any disadvantage to the work. It is the common-place expansion of a novel which principally weakens the effect. Some of the characters are imagined with skill and supported with consistency. Among these we may reckon that of Captain Bourdeville, a vain, boasting, and flippant Frenchman; a heterogeneous but very common mixture of scepticism and credulity; a professed contemner of revelation, and yet a devout believer in astrologers and fortune-tellers. After having laughed at religion all his former life he resolves after the loss of his arm to become priest on his return to France, and makes no doubt of obtaining a bishopric, in order to console him for his disbelief of christianity, As a prelude to his *pious* design Bourdeville resolved to set about reading the bible; and he began with the book of revelations; 'forthat,' said he, 'being

the most difficult, if I understand I shall know all the rest !' The marchioness de Vaurecour is a lively French emigree with all the characteristic frivolity, attractive gaiety, sparkling wit, and lust of dissipation which are so often the properties of the females in France. Bourdeville who had been carrying on an intrigue with this lady, writes to her several very sprightly and amusing letters from Egypt ; and, when he comes to England, introduces Reusho to her acquaintance. The marchioness is deeply impressed by the figure, sense, and accomplishments of the young Abyssinian ; and lays close siege to his heart. But the place was already occupied by the fidelity of love ; and even the charms of the marchioness could not make a breach in the walls or tempt the garrison to betray their trust. The marquis is very well pleased with the gallantries of his wife and, like many other Frenchmen on similar occasions, seems to pride himself on the homage which she receives and the admiration which she excites. In the course of the work the marquis sickens and dies ; but during his illness he is attended by his frail rib with an assiduity and tenderness which shew that depravity had yet left untouched the fibres of her heart. After her husband's death and seeing the affections of Reusho immoveably fixed, she is induced to marry a lord Raffan, and, to all appearance, becomes an improved and altered character. Honest Rahab, whose timely information had preserved Reusho from the treacherous attack of Wodriska, after various vicissitudes marries Mary, a female domestic of the Mellisons ; and Mr. Mellison and Reusho make an ample provision for all his wants. The hero of the piece presents a very amiable character ; he is modest, courageous, generous, and upright. We were much pleased with the sagacious, benign, and enlightened spirit which his letters breathe on politics and religion. The observations evince no small share of reflection and discrimination in the writer. The preface is the worst part of the work. It contains many marks of petulance and irritation ; and is besides a very inaccurate and inelegant composition.

ART. IX.—*The ancient and modern History of Nice ; comprehending an Account of the Foundation of Marseilles : to which are prefixed descriptive Observations on the Nature, Produce, and Climate of the Territory of the former City and its adjoining Towns : with an Introduction, containing Hints of Advice to Invalids, who, with the Hope of arresting the Progress of Disease, seek the renovating Influence of these salubrious Climes.* By J. B. Davies, M. D. one of the British Captives from Verdun, Author of *Project de Reglement concernant les Decès*, and Member of several Medical Societies. 8vo. 10s. 6d. Tipper and Richards. 1807.

WHENEVER a physician travels into foreign parts and publishes an account of his travels, there is a presumption in favour of his book.

Physicians are frequently well-educated, studious men, and their knowledge is of that sort which is well calculated for general observation and consequently for general amusement. A certain portion of chemistry belongs to their profession, and this may be brought forward upon many occasions. A little mineralogy and a little botany mix up suitably with other matters, and a discussion on the atmosphere and the rise and fall of the barometer and thermometer, serves to display a *philosophical* cast of mind ! Whether those qualities rendered the works of Dr. Moore so agreeable and instructive we do not say, being satisfied with expressing a wish that other travellers were as well qualified to appear before the public. Neither shall we accuse Dr. Davies of deficiency, nor compliment him on his exuberance in these particulars, since he has assumed to himself the higher name and characters of an historian. We look therefore for a prouder port, and a more measured step.

Our author informs us that he was at Nice in 1802, and that he was peculiarly anxious to make enquiries into every thing which related to the advantages and disadvantages of the place as a residence for the sick who migrated there from his native country. The rules he prescribes, may one day we hope be serviceable to those who shall be afflicted with pulmonary complaints, but that day is, in our opinion, unfortunately too distant to induce us to enter into any details upon this subject. Whenever that much to-be-desired period shall arrive, Dr. D. and his meteorological table may be consulted for the moderate fee of half a guinea.

Nice, its environs and its climate, are unquestionably very interesting, and we were pleased with some part of the de-

scription which is here given of them. Yet we could not but sigh for nature and simplicity. Dr. D. never descends to the level of ordinary language. He always marches in a sort of poetic prose in these 'Hints of Advice to Loyalists, who, with the Hope of arresting the Progress of Disease, seek the renovating influence of these salubrious Climes.' (Preface, page 10.)

With respect to 'The ancient and modern History of Nice, and the Account of the Foundation of Marseilles' we must candidly confess that we were a little drowsy before we reached the end of the section in which they are considered. We would therefore hint that we may have passed over some of the excellencies and beauties which a more alert reader might discover. Still, however, we were wakeful enough to assure ourselves that had the historian given us a pamphlet containing at most a sixth part of this book, he would have spared many a trite remark and much of uninteresting history. He might then have hoped to make us more vigilant, and his readers more benignant. But that the writer may not deem us envious and malignant critics, we subjoin an 'elegant extract' or two as specimens of his taste and fancy.

'O Zimmerman, who was ever here and felt the delight of a tranquil evening, without calling you to recollection? The mind revolves, the imagination warms at thy sublime cogitations; yet slightly fancy subsides into a well arranged collection of thoughts, and under thy fascinating precepts is never moved but in perfect harmony with the heart. On this desirable connection then, charming author, rests the basis of happiness, the offspring of good which thy lessons of morality have so finely taught us to distinguish, and so invitingly disposed us to pursue. Happy they whose felicity depends not on the caprice of fortune; far happier still who seek it by other paths than those of grandeur. Where virtue reigns, content is near, and let him who is in search of it follow thy instructions.' p. 62.

'How frequently, on this spot, have I seen with secret pleasure and delight, the rural amusements of the peasants, and how highly have I been captivated with the scenes of mirth and innocence. Each swain trips over the lawn with his chosen fair, listening with inward rapture to the echoing accents of the lyre, sweetly passing time in the bosom of happiness and in the simplicity of a smiling country. Actuated by an honest passion, his heart opens to the artless conversation of his modest partner; love occupies his bosom, and a pastoral song explains his amorous desires. What a lovely image of happiness, of social concord, and virtue these contented swains

afford us! We, poor, irresolute, and feeble imitators of the lesson given us by untaught man, fancy their joys fleeting; and instead of having courage to be virtuous, indulge in vice, assume a face of serenity, and thus disguise the corroding pains of a wounded conscience.

We have readers of all sorts, and some 'misses in their teens' may, for aught we know, think the Doctor writes like a 'killing man.' And if the Doctor be a person of gallantry, he will be so pleased with *one handle* of this compliment, as not to suspect that it may have *another*.

ART. X.—*A Description of Ceylon, containing an Account of the Country, Inhabitants, and Natural Productions; with Narratives of a Tour round the Island in 1800, the Campaign in Candy in 1803, and a Journey to Ramisseram in 1804. Illustrated by Twenty-five Engravings from original Drawings. By the Rev. James Cordiner, A.M. late Chaplain to the Garrison of Columbo. In 2 Vols. 4to. Longman. 1807.*

CEYLON, the *Taprobana* of the ancients, and the *Serendib* of the Arabians, a name so familiar to the readers of oriental tales, was first visited by the Portuguese in 1505. After maintaining a superiority in it for upwards of an hundred and fifty years, they were expelled by the Dutch in 1658, who in their turn surrendered it to the British, in 1796, to whom it was finally ceded by the peace of Amiens.

The territory which belongs to Great Britain forms a complete belt round the island, varying in different places from six to sixty miles in breadth. The king of Candy, who retains the whole of the interior, and whose capital of the same name, is situated exactly in the centre of the island, is thus completely hemmed in by his powerful neighbours, who do not permit him the advantage of a single communication with the ocean which flows round his dominions.

For some years after Ceylon fell into the hands of the English, it remained under the controul of the East India company; but in 1802, it was placed under the direction of his majesty's ministers, by whom its affairs are now entirely regulated. It is supposed by many to be an important acquisition to the British empire, and was considered by a certain

¹ CRIT. REV. Vol. 14. June, 1803.

set of ministers, a sufficient indemnity for all the expences and losses of the last disastrous war. Its advantages however are all in embryo; instead of a benefit, it has hitherto been only a source of expence to government. Captain Percival, indeed, whose account of this island, published about four years ago, is in many respects an authentic and valuable work, estimates the annual revenue at 1,200,000*l.* sterling. But the present author, who is evidently disposed to think favourably of the colony, maintains that its utmost limit would not exceed 226,600*l.*, while the expence of the various establishments amounts to 330,000*l.* occasioning a yearly charge of 103,400*l.* upon his majesty's treasury.

The heat of the climate is not so intense as might have been expected so near the equator. It is more temperate and uniform than in any part of the neighbouring peninsula of India, owing doubtless to its situation as an island. On a great part of the coast, the medium heat is not more than 81 degrees. But in the inland districts, which abound in woods and marshes, the air is generally unhealthy, and in some parts peculiarly noxious.

The soil and productions of Ceylon are very similar to those of Coromandel, from which it is so narrowly divided. This circumstance, added to the shallowness of the water, and the numerous shoals in the channel which separates them, renders it more than probable that the two countries were originally united.

Columbo has been judiciously chosen for the seat of government, the south-western coast on which it is situated being by far the most healthy part of the island, and so temperate as not to occasion those privations of comfort which must be submitted to in our other East India settlements, more particularly that of Madras. But the numerous facilities of amassing wealth give a charm to the other settlements, of which Ceylon cannot boast, and which amply compensates for the loss of inferior enjoyments.

Living at Columbo is as expensive as in any part of India. The society Mr. Cordiner represents to be singularly agreeable. An assemblage of so many excellent characters, we are assured, is rarely to be found. 'The men at the head of the civil and military departments, are particularly amiable;' 'the offices in the courts of law are filled by men of eminent professional attainments;' and 'the garrison of Columbo has been singularly fortunate in that urbanity of manners,' which, Mr. Cordiner seems to think, distinguishes military men. Whether this compliment be generally applicable to the infantry regiments of the line, which consti-

tute the mass of our army, is we think very questionable. They doubtless abound in men of high breeding and polished manners; but they also abound, to at least an equal extent, in pertness, vulgarity, and drunkenness. If, however, all these fine things, which Mr. Cordiner is so kind as to say of the ladies and gentlemen of Columbo, were true, that settlement would doubtless deserve the magnificent title of the 'Indian paradise,' which he does not hesitate to bestow upon it: but we, who are ever disposed to a discreet scepticism when we hear of a greater excess of virtue or of vice than is consistent with the variegated qualities of human nature, rather believe that the society of Columbo contains an equal number of good and of bad characters with any other circle of the same description and extent, and that Mr. Cordiner, from having probably met with a greater share of attention than usually fell to his lot, was blinded by his gratitude into a belief that they were superior to the generality of mankind.

'The great body of the inhabitants of Ceylon is divided into three general classes, Cingalese, Candians, and Malabars. The first and second are descended from the aborigines of the island: the third are the offspring of the colonies which have emigrated from the Indian peninsula. Each class contains about five hundred thousand persons making the whole population one million and a half. The Cingalese occupy the coasts of the southern half of the island, from Dondra-Head to the confines of Batticaloe on the east, and to the river of Chilau on the west. The coasts farther north are occupied by Malabars. Both of these classes are subject to the British government. The Candians are entirely shut up in the heart of the country, and have never been subdued by any foreign power.'

'The Cingalese are indigent, harmless, indolent, and unwarlike, remarkable for equanimity, mildness, bashfulness, and timidity. They are extremely civil, and uncommonly hospitable to strangers; shewing them an eager wish to oblige, and seeming to delight in the performance of good offices. The greater part of them, who inhabit the inland provinces, live apparently in a primeval state. Their habitations are huts made of mud, or of the leaves of trees, destitute of every species of furniture. Fruit is their principal article of food, water almost their only beverage: and they wear no clothing except a piece of cotton cloth folded round the waist.'

'The Cingalese, in general are of a slender make, and rather below the middle stature. Their limbs are slight, but well shaped: their features regular, of the same form as those of Europeans: and their colour of various shades, but not so dark as that of the Indians

on the continent. The women are lower in stature than the men, and the greater part of them not comely. Both sexes have uniformly black eyes, and long, smooth, black hair, which they always wear turned up, and fastened on the crown of the head with a tortoise-shell comb, or other instrument. The white of the eye is remarkably clear. Many of the higher classes of the people who are not exposed to the rays of the sun have complexions so extremely fair that they seem lighter than the brunettes of England. In all ranks, the palms of the hands and the soles of the feet are uniformly white.

The state of civilization and modes of life of those Cingalese who have not yet felt the influence of European manners, well accord with the most beautiful pictures that ever have been drawn of rural simplicity flourishing under a genial climate. Their wants are but few, and those most easily supplied. The habitations even of the most indigent wear an air of comfort. Every hut and every hamlet is surrounded with groves of large fruit trees of a most picturesque appearance. The verdure and the foliage, both lively and perpetual, soften the temperature of the air and gladden the tranquil retreats amidst these blooming thickets.

The houses are often built of timber and clay, and sometimes only of posts and leaves: they are rather smaller than English cottages, and never consist of more than one floor. The most common roof is formed of the leaves of the cocoa-nut tree. They are split length ways through the middle of the centre nerve, and the fibres are plaited together, thus forming sheets of matting about six feet in length and two feet broad. When disposed on the roof, one sheet laps over another; and this kind of thatch makes a house cooler, and excludes rain better than any other materials used within the tropics. The huts have only one door, and the windows are always small, and few in number. The buildings being merely intended as an occasional shelter from rain, are constructed after the most simple forms. They have no chimneys, and excepting a portico for the sake of shade, are devoid of every artificial ornament. The inhabitants spend by far the greater portion of their time, both night and day, in the open air, sometimes reclining under the shade of a tree, and sometimes under the portico before their door. Even the business of cooking is carried on in similar situations, and rarely within the house. A small earthen pot is placed between two stones with a few sticks below it; or a fire is kindled in a hole dug in the ground. The dish out of which they eat their victuals is often formed for the occasion out of the leaves of the nearest tree. Fruit, as has been mentioned, is the principal article of their food. Rice is a luxury, of which many of them seldom partake: fish and flesh come nearly under the same description. But many of their fruits are extremely nourishing, and make very delicious curries; amongst these the first in rank is the jack, the largest species of bread fruit. The chief

ingredients in the seasoning of the Ceylon curries, are chelies, turmeric, and the white juice of the cocoa-nut. This last article is pressed from the kernel, after it has been removed from the shell by an instrument which performs, at once, the operations of a scoop and a grater. The manner of boiling rice is the same in all parts of India. When thoroughly dressed, and soft to the heart, it is likewise whole and separate, and so dry that no two grains adhere together. They occasionally drink the sweet limpid water which is found within the cocoa-nut; and sometimes palm wine, or liquor drawn from the top of the tree, before it attains an inebriating quality.—The men, in general labour but little, where rice is cultivated; and all the drudgery of life falls upon the women. The possession of a garden, which contains twelve cocoa nut and two jack trees, finds no call for any exertion. He reclines all day in the open air, literally doing nothing; feels no wish for active employment, and never complains of the languor of existence. What has been ascribed to Indians in general is not applicable to this people. They say, it is better to stand than to walk; better to sit than to stand: better to lie than to sit; better to sleep than to be awake; and death is best of all. If the owner of the garden wants any article of luxury, which his own ground does not produce, his wife carries a portion of the fruit to market, and there barter them for whatever commodity is required. The only furniture in their houses is a few coarse mats rolled up in a corner, which are spread upon the earthen floor, when the inhabitants intend to sleep. Tables, chairs, beds, and all those articles which are considered so necessary in Europe, are here totally unknown. The ideas of the common people seem not to extend beyond the incidents of the passing hour: alike unmindful of the past and careless of the future, their life runs on in an easy apathy, but little elevated above mere animal existence.

The Cingalese are of the religion of Buddha, but some of the principal people profess christianity. Their language is a mixture of *Sanscrit* and *Pali*. The latter is supposed to have been the language of Buddha. The same is spoken by the Candians, who have originally been one people with the Cingalese, separated only by local circumstances, and differing from them no more than the inhabitants of the mountainous parts of Scotland, or any other country, differ from the low-landers, or those who dwell on the sea coast. The Candians are upon the whole less polished than their neighbours, owing to their having had less communication with Europeans. They seem indeed to be less advanced in civilization than the natives of any other part of India. With the exception of four or five families who constitute a sort of hereditary nobility, which alone have the privilege of

surrounding the throne, and filling the offices of government, the rest of the subjects of the king of Candy live in a state of the greatest poverty and degradation. Whatever riches the nation possesses, is concentrated in the sovereign and his few nobles, the mass of the people having merely the necessaries of life, while their entire exclusion from the sea prevents their increasing their substance by commerce, and takes away every inducement to profit by the luxuriant fertility of their soil.

The Candian government is in its principle purely despotic, and is administered both by the king and his ministers, with the most rigorous tyranny. The crown, however, is not hereditary, but elective—an anomaly in the monarchies of the East—and by an ancient law, the sovereign must be chosen from a certain race or tribe of Malabars, who are not the original natives of the island. The electors consist of a small number of the nobles whom we have before alluded to; and as the choice is not confined to any particular family, the country is of necessity convulsed with factions and conspiracies.

Till the publication of captain Perceval, we were in possession of no authentic account of Ceylon, and our acquaintance with it is still so imperfect, that the present work must be considered a desirable addition to our stock of travels. It is rendered more valuable by a curious and accurate description of the manner of ensnaring and taming wild elephants, with which that island abounds beyond all other eastern countries; of the mode of diving for pearl oysters, of which there is a most important fishery at Condatchy on the western side of the island, as well as some others of inferior note, producing together an average revenue of 40,000*l.* per annum; of the stripping of the cinnamon bark, one of the staple commodities of Ceylon; and the process of collecting natural salt from the numerous salt pans which are found on the island. All these processes, which do not admit of abbreviation, are described from actual observation and authentic documents. The author has also added a detailed account of the embassy of general Macdowall to the king of Candy in the year 1800, which illustrates the numerous and absurd ceremonies practised at that court; likewise a description of Ramisseram, a small island belonging to the East India company, between Ceylon and the coast of Coromandel, which is distinguished by a magnificent pagoda, and by being so entirely dedicated to purposes of religion, that no plough is permitted to break the soil, and no animal either wild or tame allowed to be killed upon it. As this island lies out of

the usual rout of travellers, it has, we believe, never been before described.

The part of Mr. Cordiner's work to which we shall principally confine our attention, is the narrative of the unfortunate campaign against the Candians in 1803, in which the whole of the British forces were so shamefully surrendered to the enemy by their commanding officers, with arms in their hands, and so cruelly massacred on the spot by a cowardly and perfidious enemy. That disastrous and disgraceful event excited a great sensation at the time, and its effects are not yet done away. Major Davie, the commander of the troops that capitulated, and who was reserved from the general massacre, is, we believe, still a prisoner in the capital of Candy. The detailed account of the causes, progress, and consequence of the war, which is given in these volumes, will therefore be perused with interest. In a military point of view, the operations were perfectly insignificant, but we think we shall be enabled to show from Mr. Cordiner's own statements, which are evidently intended to be defensive of the measures of the Ceylon government, that the war might not only have been avoided, but that it was in the highest degree impolitic, and that the plan of its operations was as demonstrative of rashness and incapacity on the part of those who devised it, as the adoption of hostilities was reprehensible; whether we consider the general duty to avoid unnecessary bloodshed, or the particular inexpediency of risking the loss of lives and the national credit, in a contest which did not seem to offer even a chance of success.

When the Dutch were in possession of the coast of Ceylon, it was always an object with the East India company to bring about an alliance with the court of Candy. For this purpose embassies were sent from Madras in the years 1765 and 1782 respectively, but without accomplishing any thing material. Another mission, with no better success, was dispatched in 1796, as soon as the English had obtained complete possession of the Dutch settlements. About the middle of the year 1798, the king of Candy died, and the first Adigar, or prime minister, had influence enough to exclude the relations of the deceased monarch, one of whom is usually elected, though not of necessity, nor by any fixed rule of succession, and raised to the throne a young Malabar, who was nearly an idiot, and in whose name he managed the reins of government with uncontrouled authority. The widow and all the relations of the late king were thrown into prison, from whence the queen's brother, Mootto Sawmy, some time afterwards found means to escape, and having solicited

and obtained the protection of the British government, was committed to the charge of the commandant at Jaffuapatam, a settlement at the northern extremity of Ceylon. So far all was as it should be. To be the protector of greatness in distress, was worthy of a British governor. But a British governor is not to waste the lives of his fellow subjects to restore an exiled prince, to whom, after all, the laws of his country gave no title to the crown : the Candian nation was competent to settle its own internal administration, and Europe during the last ten years had seen enough of bloodshed, of useless blood-shed, in the cause of royalty. The scenes that were at that time transacting at home might have been a warning to Mr. North. Or was peace an object so little desirable in the eyes of that governor, that every pretext, however slight, was to be seized for letting slip the dogs of war? It will be seen by the sequel that this prince, who had the ill luck to be cursed with our protection, was kept in reserve, and brought forward to play his allotted part in the tragedy that was preparing, whenever it suited our convenience to elevate him to a throne, or our security to offer him up a sacrifice. In 1799 the first Adigar commenced his communications with the English government, and in his second interview with Mr. North, made known the villainous project he had in contemplation, which was no other than that of taking away the life of the unhappy puppet whom he elevated to royalty, placing himself on the throne, and rendering the English masters of the country, on condition they would assist him in the execution of his measures. To acquiesce in a proposal of such open iniquity was impossible, even in India where the moral law is held in so little account by European governors; and so far from applauding Mr. North for rejecting it, we are disposed to blame him for not putting a decisive stop to any further communication whatever with its perfidious author. But instead of this manly line of conduct, an intercourse was kept up without intermission, and the Adigar's proposals urged in repeated conferences with the principal members of the British government, in each of which he discovered some new plan of villainy.

It seems evident, therefore, that there was a fixed determination to interfere at any rate in the affairs of the Candian kingdom. Was Mr. North actuated by a mistaken zeal for his country in wishing to enlarge her already overgrown dominions in the East? or was he actuated by the fever of renown, in engaging so obstinately in a war, which terminated in such deserved disgrace to its authors and conductors? there were three grounds for Mr. North to take, any one of which would

have been more manly and more politic too, than the miserable half measures which were eventually adopted. One cause that offered itself to the espousal of such as were quixotically disposed, was that of the fugitive prince Mootto Sawmy, whose fall from a state of splendor, and a reasonable expectation of succeeding to the throne, assuredly deserved compassion, though it is to be remembered that as the laws gave him no claim to that throne, and he suffered, in consequence, no injustice in being deprived of it, that compassion entitled him to nothing more than a refuge from the jealousy of the power that had supplanted him. The next was that of the unfortunate prince who actually wore the crown. Whether raised to that high dignity by influence, by intrigue, by chance, or by force, one of which must always preponderate in an elective monarchy, he was the true and rightful possessor, and if any interference on the part of a foreign power were either necessary or justifiable, this was the party whom both equity and generosity would have called upon us to espouse. The third was the cause of a rebel and a traitor, a cause which has been so often supported, and with so much success, by the present master of Europe. But that extraordinary character never shrinks from extremes. It is to their having set the moral law completely at defiance, as much as to their arms, that the French owe their unparalleled successes : and there is something in the greatness of villany, which, however it may inspire detestation, is at least a safeguard against contempt. There remained one other line of conduct for imbecility to adopt; namely, to endeavour to reconcile all those conflicting interests, (a nice labor, which the address of the French emperor has lately accomplished in Spain, but which required much greater talents than any that the British settlement in Ceylon possessed) and, in appearing to befriend each, to incur the execration and contempt of all. This was the line of conduct chosen by Mr. North, and in its result he succeeded as well as if he had studied to disgrace his country. To proceed with our statements; the base and bloody designs of the first Adigar were of course rejected by the British government, but without any superfluous warmth, that might have given offence to the proposer. He was informed by the secretary to government, that the governor would never consent to depose a prince *who had not made any aggression against him*. The subtle minister took the hint, and immediately asked 'what would be considered an aggression? and whether an invasion of the British territories by the Candians would not come under

that description?' As Mr. Cordiner does not inform us what answer was made to this significant question, but merely remarks that 'from these circumstances it appeared that hostilities were to be apprehended on the part of the Candians,' it may be presumed that the Adigar and the secretary came to a tacit understanding. What confirms this conclusion is, that a compromise was made with this traitor, that a British embassy should be sent to Candy, to propose to the king to transport his person and his court into the British territories, and to depute to the chief adigar the exercise of his power; also that a British force should be maintained in the country at the expence of the Candian government. This conduct can be construed no other way than as a direct furtherance of the plans of the Adigar, the appearances of humanity being barely kept up, in the attempt to save the life of the unfortunate king.

But in this contest of duplicity and intrigue, the British governor was grievously outwitted by the Candian minister, who in point of political finesse, seems to have been no unworthy rival of the prince of Benevento. It was obvious to an infant that his wish to place his country under British influence was insincere; that he meant to make use of their assistance to raise himself to the throne, and with the usual gratitude of the great, to kick down the ladder by which he had mounted. With all his crimes he must be allowed to have united patriotism with ambition, and to have laid his deep designs for the purpose of freeing his country from the neighbourhood of a nation which had carried war and desolation wherever it had gained footing in India. Major-general Macdowall was appointed ambassador. The first symptom of the Adigar's duplicity was a refusal for the military force, which he had engaged should accompany the embassy, to pass the frontiers. This he imputed to his want of influence at court, and the excuse was religiously believed, although the governor perfectly well knew, that his power was supreme in Candy. Only a small escort was allowed to proceed, and the embassy returned, as the Adigar always intended them to do, without having accomplished any object. An attempt was now made to negotiate with the Candian court through the medium of two other nobles, who were supposed to be enemies of the Adigar. But in vain. Every avenue had been secured by the wary minister, who in his turn sent an embassy to Columbo for no other object than to gain time, which he employed in fomenting disturbances in our territories, in making every preparation for war, and in endeavouring to provoke the English to commence hostilities. For he

was now resolved upon war. He did not wish for the half-friendship of Mr. North. He would have been contented had he been suffered to prosecute his designs without molestation or interruption; but as soon as that gentleman refused either, fully to co-operate with him, or to decline interference altogether, he despised his mediation, and courted his enmity. Provocation followed provocation, and insult was added to insult, till Mr. North had no longer the option, as he had had in the first instance, of avoiding hostilities. We shall now examine the mode in which the war was conducted. We do certainly believe that it was the Adigar's wise intention, as soon as he should have placed himself at the head of affairs, with or without the assistance of the English, to attempt their forcible expulsion from the island of Ceylon. But what we maintain, is, first, that it was for Mr. North not to accelerate that event by any superfluous interference; and in the next place, when it did arrive, to confine himself to a defensive posture, as the troops at his disposal were neither sufficiently numerous to achieve the conquest (even had such a conquest been desirable), nor to keep possession of the Candian dominions when acquired. After again making an ineffectual attempt to conciliate by negotiation and to terrify by threats, of the efficacy of which latter expedient a great opinion was entertained, but which was rejected with disdain, it was determined to commence offensive operations, and to march troops into the interior to take possession of the capital. Although the whole of the British forces in the island do not appear to have consisted of more than about two thousand British, and from four to five thousand native troops, it was presumed that this small force, or rather as much of it as could be spared from the necessary defence of the different garrisons, would be sufficient for the subjugation of the Candian kingdom. The army destined for the service consisted of no more than two European and one Malay regiment, one thousand men of the Ceylon native infantry, three incomplete companies of artillery, and a small corps of pioneers. These marched in two divisions, from Columbo and Trincomalee respectively, and arrived nearly at the same time within sight of Candy, after experiencing scarcely any opposition except what arose from a noxious climate, and a most impracticable country. The roads were for the most part so steep, rugged and narrow, as to be impassable for carriages or even beasts of burden, so that the troops were obliged to leave almost all their baggage and even the greater part of their tents behind them, and the remainder to be transported on men's backs. The fatigue

and hardships sustained by the army were incredible. On taking possession of the city, not a living creature was to be seen, except a few dogs. Before evacuating it, the inhabitants had set fire to it in many places, and had carefully removed the treasure, and every article of value.

As soon as we had so far succeeded, the fugitive prince Mootto Sawmy was sent for from Jaffnapatam, to be placed upon the throne. Articles of convention were immediately entered into between his highness and the British government, by which he virtually resigned his independence as a sovereign, by ceding to us in full sovereignty one of his largest and most fertile provinces, two hill-forts in the neighbourhood of the city of Candy, which were supposed to be impregnable, and the liberty of constructing a road across the whole breadth of his territories, from the settlement of Columbo to that of Trincomalee, on the opposite coast of the island. Many other privileges and advantages were also required and granted. But unfortunately his highness, on his arrival in his capital, met with not a single adherent. He was destitute of that support which a prince should find in the affections of his people; and how feeble was that of the British army, on which he relied, he soon had a fatally convincing proof.

In the mean time the king of Candy and his minister had taken refuge in a strong fortress, two days march from the capital. The latter again opened a deceitful correspondence with the British under the mask of friendship, and, strange to tell, was again listened to. He recommended that two strong detachments should be sent by different routes to attack the fortress where the king resided, pointed out the line of march and mode of attack, and promised that he would assist in delivering the sovereign into our hands. It will hardly be credited that two detachments did actually march according to the mode and route prescribed. They had not advanced half a dozen miles from the city before they were fired upon by parties of Candians, who had been placed in ambush for the purpose, and who harassed them all the way to the fortress, about thirty miles. When they arrived there, the king had of course been removed, and they found nothing but the naked walls. The commander of the corps had more wisdom than his superiors; he saw that a snare had been laid for him by the Adigar, into which he should inevitably fall if he continued to pursue the king, and prudently set off on his return to Candy, during which he was harassed as before, and fortunately reached head quarters though with considerable loss.

The troops had now occupied Candy about a month, and the rainy season having commenced, attended with its usual train of diseases, it was determined that the greater part of the army should return to their respective quarters, and that one thousand men should remain in garrison in Candy, with which the commandant was confident that he could maintain himself securely against the whole forces of the Candian monarchy.

Before their departure, finding it impossible to reduce the nation to submission, and that though possessed of the empty houses of the capital, the Prince Mootto Sawmy could not command a single Candian subject, an intercourse was renewed with the chief Adigar, through the medium of a Candian ambassador, and a treaty entered into, by which he was to be invested with the supreme authority in Candy on condition of allowing a certain annual revenue to Mootto Sawmy, and ceding certain forts and territories to Great Britain. But the Adigar had refused similar terms before the commencement of the war, and was not likely to fulfil them, now that the English army had not only proved itself incapable of accomplishing its object of conquest, but was in fact, as the events shewed, completely in his power. For the present, however, he pretended to ratify the convention; but soon evinced an opposite determination by various acts of hostility; and in no long time afterwards by actually assembling a numerous army in the environs of Candy. On the morning of the 24th of June, before day-break, the British were attacked in their quarters by such overpowering numbers, that after some ineffectual resistance, they were obliged to capitulate on the following conditions, viz That the city of Candy, with the stores and ammunition in it, should be immediately delivered up to the Candians; that all the British soldiers should march out of Candy with their arms; that the Prince Mootto Sawmy should accompany them, and that the Adigar should take proper care of the sick and wounded, till they could be removed to one of the English garrisons. However derogatory these conditions, when compared with the high hopes they had so lately entertained, they would have been too happy in the safe and unmolested fulfilment of them. At five o'clock the same evening they marched out, and reached the banks of the broad and rapid river which runs within two miles of Candy, and with the means of crossing which they were wholly unprovided. Next morning,

' About seven o'clock A. M. many of the armed Candians assembled near them, and others made their appearance on the oppo-

site banks of the river, four Frenchmen came up to Major Davie, and informed them that the King had been greatly enraged at the *adigar* for allowing the garrison to leave Candy; but that if they would deliver up Mootto Sawmy they should be supplied with boats to cross the river, and receive every assistance to enable them to accomplish their march to Trincomallee. Major Davie replied that he would not deviate from the articles of capitulation, which both parties were bound to observe. Two hours afterwards, another party of Candian chiefs waited on Major Davie, spoke to him in a very mild and friendly manner, and solemnly declared the king was desirous to see and embrace Mootto Sawmy, and that he would receive and protect him as a relation. Major Davie consulted his brother officers, and replied to the ambassadors that he could not part with Mootto Sawmy without permission from Columbo. On this they again departed, but returned soon afterwards, and declared that if Mootto Sawmy were withheld, the King would send his whole force to seize him, and to prevent the British troops from crossing the river. After another consultation with the officers, Major Davie addressed himself to Mootto Sawmy, told him that he had not sufficient power to detain him longer, but that the king had pledged himself to entertain him kindly. Mootto Sawmy exclaimed, "My God! is it possible that the triumphant arms of England can be so humbled as to fear the menaces of such cowards as the Candians?" Major Davie and the other officers could not avoid entering into his feelings; but as it appeared that resistance would prove vain, and involve them all in destruction, this unfortunate prince was given in charge to the chiefs, who conducted him attended by his relations and servants towards Candy. On his arrival there, he was carried before the king, who upbraided him for having attempted to deprive him of his crown, and gave orders that he and two of his relations should be immediately executed. Eight of his servants were deprived of their noses and ears, in which mutilated condition they arrived six weeks afterwards at Trincomallee, and have since been provided for by the Ceylon government at Jaffnapatam.

This sad humiliation was but a prelude to which our brave troops were soon to undergo. Instead of assisting them in crossing the river, according to agreement, the Candians, who now began to assemble in greater numbers, threw every obstacle in their way. And now follows the tale which every British soldier must weep to read.

'About one hundred Candian Malays, and eighty Caffrees, followed by a great crowd of undisciplined natives, posted themselves at eleven o'clock A.M. within one hundred paces of the British troop; a *Dessaue*, or head man came up to Major Davie, and delivered a message to him in public, saying, it was the king's desire that all the garrison should return to Candy unarmed; and that if they refused to comply with this demand, they should be immediately surrounded and put to death.'

Mr. Cordiner remarks that some of the embarrassments which distressed our unfortunate countrymen may not yet be known: let us allow those embarrassments to be as great as possible; they need not indeed be greater than what himself has represented; a small body of troops, without artillery, was hemmed in between a numerous force on one side, and on the other by a broad and rapid river, which could at no time be passed without great difficulty and preparation. But they knew that they had to deal with an enemy regardless alike of the faith of treaties and of the calls of humanity; policy therefore would have directed them to any risk, which might offer even the possibility of escape, and which could at the worst have ended in an honourable death, rather than deliver themselves up to the mercy of a cruel, a cowardly, and a treacherous foe. As long as they had arms and courage, their retreat was not impracticable, if we consider the immense superiority which their discipline gave them over the rude and effeminate Candians. But the panic that seized the British officers seems to have been too great to admit of deliberation. It appears unquestionable that Major Davie was afraid to die. He was placed in one of those situations which every soldier must expect will at one time or other fall to his lot, in which the service of his country required him to yield his life; and he might have yielded it with honour; nay, in resistance lay even some chance of safety; but he preferred the baser and more dangerous part; he forbade five hundred brave men under his command to use their arms, and gave them up into the hands of executioners. They were literally led out two by two, and butchered like oxen, being knocked down with clubs before the eyes of their commander. He himself and one of his officers were the only two selected for preservation. The latter died in confinement, and the former is still a close prisoner at Candy. One individual alone, a corporal of the 19th regiment, returned to the British settlements to tell the horrid tale. He was led out in his turn with his companion, knocked down with the butt end of a musket, and left for dead, in which condition he remained for some time; but finding himself recover, contrived to swim across the river, and find his way to the nearest British fort.

On hearing the disastrous tidings, the British settlements were in a state of the greatest consternation. The Candians, flushed with their success, prepared to besiege Columbo, and the king himself advanced at the head of a numerous rabble for the purpose. But though adepts in the arts of trea-

cherous cunning, they were incapable of carrying on offensive operations with success. They were easily repulsed with hardly the loss of a single soldier on our part by the garrison of a small fort which covered the road to Columbo; an additional proof that the troops under Major Davie's command need not have despaired of the efficacy of resistance.

Both parties having thus manifested their respective inability to make a serious impression on each other, they relapsed into a state of tacit forbearance, in which they have ever since continued, and which being guaranteed by mutual weakness, may probably be of longer duration than the most solemn treaty. Thus ended this calamitous contest after the loss of some thousands of lives by sickness and the sword, after much discredit to the British councils, and more serious dishonour to the British arms.

MONTHLY CATALOGUE.

RELIGION.

ART. 11.—*The Doctrine of God's Moral Government of Nations vindicated from the Objections peculiar to it; a Sermon preached at Trinity Chapel, Conduit Street, on Wednesday, Feb. 17th, 1808, being the Day appointed by his Majesty's Proclamation for a general Fast and Humiliation. By the Rev. J. B. Jackson, of Queen's College, Oxford, assisting Minister of Curzon Chapel, May Fair. 8vo. Hatchard. 1808.*

MR. Jackson seems to suppose that God's moral government over nations is less clear and perceptible than that which he exercises over individuals; and that the former is liable to objections from which the latter is exempt. We have not been used to view the subject in this light. For we think that the moral government of the Deity, as it is relative to nations, is written in the page of history in characters which are too plain to be mistaken. And as nations, considered in their corporate capacity have no future existence, the operations of the divine government on their well or wo, according to the degree of their merit or demerit, are seen in

their present visible and tangible effects. The rewards or the punishments, which the justice of God apportions to the vice or the virtue of nations, are rather matters of present intuition than of future expectation. But individuals are to look for recompence in the world beyond the grave. The moral government of nations therefore which is the object of sense rather than of faith, is more susceptible of demonstration and liable to fewer objections than that of individuals. In this world individuals are not always happy and prosperous in proportion to the degree of their moral worth; but the happiness or misery of nations always constitutes the criterion of their rank in the scale of moral obligation. The quantum of moral determines that of their physical good. The more or the less temperance, truth, justice, industry and public spirit there are among them, the more they flourish or decay. This is capable of rigid demonstration. But few fast sermons have come under our inspection; but this publication of Mr. Jackson, though it is not free from common place remarks, is, on the whole, entitled to commendation.

ART. 12.—*The Christian Officer's complete Armour; containing Arguments in Favour of a Divine Revelation. By Colonel A. Burn, of the Royal Marines. With a Recommendation of the Work by Sir Richard Hill, Bart. Second Edition. 4s. Matthews and Leigh. 1808.*

THE panoply which is here offered to the public against the shafts of infidelity, under the auspices of Sir Richard Hill, brother of the Rev. Rowland Hill, is formed of a dialogue between a major and a captain. The captain combats the scepticism of the major, and at last succeeds in reconciling his mind to a belief in the christian revelation.

ART. 13.—*An Attempt to display the original Evidences of Christianity in their genuine Simplicity. By N. Nisbett, A. M. Rector of Tunstall. 8vo. White. 1807.*

MR. Nisbett considers the four gospels principally as a history of the controversy between our Saviour and the Jews concerning the true nature of the office and character of the Messiah. This hypothesis Mr. N. thinks abundantly confirmed by the phenomena: and considers it as a sure guide to the right understanding of the New Testament and some of its most obscure and difficult passages. The present performance of Mr. Nisbett, as well as that which we noticed in our last number, contains many judicious observations; and we think that the theological student may be much benefited by the perusal.

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ART. 14.—*Six Sermons on the Church Catechism ; originally delivered in the Parish Church of High Wycombe, Bucks, 1797—1801, at the Busby Lecture. Now first revised and published with Notes critical and expository. By the Rev. W. B. Williams, M. A. Minister of Ram's Chapel, Hanerton ; one of the Lecturers of St. Antholme and St. John the Baptist, Watling-street ; Thursday Morning Lecturer of St. Peter's upon Cornhill ; and Chaplain to the Marquis of Lunsdown. 8vo. 3s. 6d. Rivingtons. 1808.*

WE cannot bestow any high praise on these lectures ; there is nothing definite in the explanations, and much that is unscriptural in the doctrines. Pag. 10, the author represents the uncertain and highly controverted doctrine of atonement as 'the chief pillar of our faith, and the basis of our hope.'—Might he not as well have affirmed it at once to be the sum total of religion ? For if it be the main support of all that we are to believe and the chief foundation of all that we are to expect, why need we trouble ourselves any farther ? What necessity for theological research ? what for practical exertion ? This doctrine is all-sufficient ; and those who are in possession of such a salvo cannot do amiss. But it happens unfortunately for the verity of this doctrine, which Mr. W. calls '*the chief pillar of our faith and basis of our hope,*' that it is never once sanctioned by the authority of our Saviour. And we simple and unlearned Christians, who have not taken any pains, like Mr. Williams to puzzle our intellects with all that theological reading which is never read, *are not willing to receive any doctrine as essential to salvation which Christ himself did not clearly and incontrovertibly inculcate.* Now though we never find Christ teaching any thing like this doctrine of atonement, yet we do find him most explicitly and most strenuously enjoining us to believe that he was the Messiah, to do as we would be done by, to love God with all our hearts and our neighbour as ourselves. These parts therefore of the church catechism, and only those which inculcate this genuine unadulterated species of Christianity, are what Mr. W. would have done most wisely to explain without meddling with any dark and polemical points of faith ; which if they be parts of the catechism, are certainly no part of the scriptures. In the age of ignorance in which the catechism was composed, it is not to be wondered, that some abstruse points of scholastic theology should have been introduced, but it is the duty of the modern expositor not to dwell on those points, except it be to shew that they are not authorized by the scriptures. It behoves him to confine his attention more exclusively to the enforcement of those duties, the practice of which is the only condition of future acceptance with the Deity, *while it conduces more than any thing else to the security of government and to the present happiness of mankind.*

Apr. 15.—*The Propriety of the Time of Christ's Appearance in the World; with Reflections on the Nature and Utility of public Worship;—a Sermon preached May 23d, 1808, at the opening of the new General Baptist Meeting-house, Cranbrook, Kent. Second Edition. 1s. H. D. Symonds.*

MR. Evans is well known to the public by his interesting 'Sketch of the Denominations of the Christian World.' That work breathes a spirit of moderation and of charity which does great honour to the author; and the present performance does not contain any sentiments which are not in unison with the amiable and benevolent character which Mr. Evans has established both by his conduct and his writings. The General Baptists are a highly respectable body of Christians; and there are among them many teachers who would do honour to any church.

POLITICS.

ART. 16.—*Debates in Parliament respecting the Jennerian Discovery, including the late Debates on the further Grant of twenty Thousand Pounds to Dr. Jenner. Together with the Report of the Royal College of Physicians of London, on the Vaccine Inoculation; with Introductory Remarks, by Charles Murray. 5s. Murray, Fleet Street. 1808.*

AS parliament by a grant of ten and then of twenty thousand pounds to Dr. Jenner for the discovery of an antidote to the small pox, have sanctioned the practice of vaccination, and as the practice has been approved by the royal college of physicians and by all the medical men of the greatest eminence in the empire, we doubt whether the house of commons ought not to proceed a step farther and make inoculation for the small pox an object of legislative prohibition. We do not in general approve of legislative interference in those cases which ought to be left to the good sense and experience of mankind; but in the present instance, where a country is infested by a most virulent, loathsome and destructive malady, for which a safe and easy remedy has been discovered, but of which not only prejudiced ignorance but interested artifice is labouring most assiduously to prevent the adoption, may not the representatives of the people humanely interpose to prevent the dissemination of the poison and to generalise the use of the antidote? The health, as well as the morals of the people are, by no means, unworthy the attention of the legislature; and in addition to the extirpation of the small-pox virus we should with pleasure behold the house of commons exerting their authority to extirpate the use of spirituous liquors, which are a deadly poison both to the health and the morals of the community. But we forget that the pest, which is suffered to ravage the community in the form of alcoholised

distillations is a prolific source of revenue ; and perhaps if the small pox had in a similar manner been an object of taxation, the philanthropy of the treasury would rather have rewarded Dr. Jenner for suppressing, than divulging his discovery. The editor has prefixed a very sensible introduction to the republication of these debates.

ART. 17.—*A comparative View of the Plans of Education, as detailed in the Publications of Dr. Bell and Mr. Lancaster. By Joseph Fox. 8vo. 1s. 6d. Darton and Harvey.*

IN this pamphlet the author appreciates the claim to priority in the new plan of education, which belongs to Dr. Bell and Mr. Lancaster. The original idea seems to be the property of Dr. Bell, but this has been so much enlarged and improved by Mr. Lancaster, that he is entitled at least to divide the palm with his competitor. Mr. Fox however thinks that Mr. L. deserves by far the greatest portion of the praise. Mr. L. indeed seems to have carried the plan for abbreviating the labours of the master and for accelerating the improvement of the scholar, for diminishing the expence and multiplying the facilities of education to a degree of perfection far beyond what appears ever to have been in the contemplation of Dr. Bell. For the practice of writing in sand Mr. Lancaster is certainly indebted to Dr. Bell ; and Dr. Bell is said to have borrowed it from a school in Malabar. But whatever may be the different degrees of praise to which Dr. Bell and Mr. Lancaster are respectively entitled, we think that they both deserve so much, that the portion which is bestowed on one need not be deducted from that which is due to the other. Both merit that wreath of renown which Philanthropy will always weave for her choicest favourites ; which is composed of flowers that will never fade.

ART. 18.—*Letter on the Catholic Claims ; written to the late Right Hon. Edmund Burke, in the Year 1795. By the Hon. William Smith, L.L.D. F.R.S. and M.R. L.A. now Third Baron of the Exchequer in Ireland, then a Member of the late Parliament of that Country. 1s. 6d. Hatchard. 1808.*

AT the time of writing this letter the learned author does not seem to have made up his mind on the great question of Catholic emancipation. The *pros* and the *cons* were oscillating in his brain ; but the *cons* seem to have had the preponderance ; though we trust that, long ere this, the experience of thirteen years has enabled the *pros* to turn the scale ; and that Mr. Baron Smith at present considers the acquiescence of government in the petition of the Catholics as a measure not only of temporary expedience but of moral duty and the highest political importance.

ART. 19.—*Brother Abraham's Answer to Peter Plymley, Esq. In two Letters, to which is prefixed a Postliminious Preface.* 8vo. Cradock and Joy. 1808.

THOUGH we did not expect that these pages would be filled with any weight of argument we did hope to find them enlivened by some scintillations of wit. We have, however, to our mortification, found them miserably deficient both in wit and argument.

ART. 20.—*A Letter on Toleration and the Establishment; addressed to the Right Hon. Spencer Perceval, Chancellor of the Exchequer. With some Remarks on his projected Bill.* 8vo. 1s. 6d. Rivingtons. 1808.

THE writer says, p. 3, that 'the most enlarged maxims of toleration do not require more than a permission to every class and to every individual of society to profess any opinions, or to follow any modes of worship which do not militate against those fundamental principles, both of natural and revealed religion, on which the moral obligations of society are established; or exhibit any circumstances prejudicial to the peace and good order of the community.' We believe that these maxims of toleration, if they were acted upon, would soon lead to the most outrageous persecution. For who is to determine what are the fundamental principles of revealed religion? The author may, perhaps, think that such principles are contained in the creed which bears the name of *Athanasian*. But if no persons are to be permitted even to profess opinions which are repugnant to this creed, we must again fill Smithfield with faggots; and let the metropolis be illuminated by the conflagration of heretics.—The author seems to refer with more complacency than we approve to the 9th and 10th of William III. which inflicts the most dreadful penalties on the denial of any of the persons of the *Athanasian Trinity*. Does he think this act necessary to the *safety* of the establishment? If so, we must suppose that the doctrines of the establishment are not true; for if true, they can receive no injury from discussion; and, if false, do they not call for a rational refutation?—According to our sentiments of toleration, which are we believe in unison with those of Mr. Locke, all *opinions* may be safely left to themselves without any legal penalties being annexed to their profession. For where opinions of every genus and species have a free and unimpeded circulation, they will, like grosser bodies, soon find their own level.—The false will finally be subverted by the true; but, where the rights of discussion are not subject to any narrow limitations, the true can never be overwhelmed by the false.—No opinions, whether moral or theological, physical or metaphysical, are proper objects of judicial cognizance, till they are embodied in overt acts; and then it is the acts rather than the opini-

ons, which are objects of punishment.—The abstractions of mind, however false, absurd or fanciful they may be, do not fall within the province of the magistrate. The opinions, which were *professed* by Mr. Hume, appear to us to have ‘militated against the fundamental principles of natural and revealed religion;’ but as long as these opinions did not lead Mr. H. to any flagitious or immoral acts, we do not think that they were fit subjects for any human cognizance.—The merit or demerit could be *rightly* appreciated only by the great Author of the universe, who alone can see the secret workings of the mind and heart.

There are, however, several observations in this pamphlet which we approve, and some suggestions which are highly deserving of attention. We agree with the author that ‘the number of places of worship for the service of the established church’ is very insufficient for the present population; and that the lower ranks, who have ‘most need of religious instruction’ are almost excluded from the worship of the church by the want of seats. The pews are engrossed by the richer members, and the poor are left to shift for themselves. Hence they are either compelled to relinquish all public worship, or to perform it in the chapels of the methodists, rather than in the walls of the establishment. This calls for redress. In livings in which there is either no parsonage house, or one which is out of repair, the author proposes that whenever a vacancy occurs, the profits with the reserve of a certain sum for the performance of the duty should be sequestered for a limited time till a sum has been accumulated sufficient either to build a new house or to repair the old. This strikes us as a salutary and judicious regulation.

ART. 21.—*Thoughts on the Catholic Question. By a Protestant of Ireland.* 8vo. Budd, Pall-Mall. 1808.

THERE is rather too much glare and confusion of metaphor in many parts of the present pamphlet; but the subject is judiciously treated and many of the sentiments are forcibly expressed. The author makes the following remarks on the salutary influence which a seat in the legislature would probably exert on the few Catholics who might obtain it:

‘Had a catholic a seat in Parliament, he would be drawn to the metropolis of the empire, he would come in contact with minds of the highest order, he would be encircled by those walls which have resounded with the lofty eloquence of a Chatham and a Burke, he would tread the hallowed ground where Fox, impassioned by the love of freedom and the love of man, rolled with a more than human energy his “moral thunders o’er the subject soul.” New ideas would crowd upon his mind, new passions animate his heart, and every opinion that bore not the stamp of truth begin to loose its hold. He would return to his constituents with a new existence, and diffuse the spirit of liberality with an

influence all friendly and benign. Again, the possession of political power is the cause of public spirit. In despotic states, where the people have no political existence, they never identify themselves with their rulers, and the renown of their country is to them a topic of profound indifference. On the contrary, in free states, where the people feel their importance, and are admitted to partake in the councils of the nation, all have an interest, all have a property in their country's honour. Closely connected with their rulers, they catch their feelings, and with ardour second their designs. To each a national achievement is a personal exaltation, a national failure a personal disgrace. There is a powerful sympathy, a connecting medium between the members of the community, their feelings are in unison, they act as if they constituted a single individual.—If the Catholics possessed political power, if they had seats in Parliament, and were permitted to share in the administration of the Government, then they would identify themselves with that Government, and feel that they formed an integral portion of the empire—they would take an interest, they would possess a property in the glory of the United Kingdom—Napoleon would cease to have a partizan in Ireland.—Thus we see that the changes produced in the minds of the Catholics who should obtain seats in Parliament, instead of endangering the establishment, would have a tendency directly the reverse. Remove from the Catholics the pressure of unnecessary restraints, and their understandings will expand, and the prejudices of their education wear away; the tide of public sentiment will circulate through their breasts, they will cease to be a diseased excrescence impeding the motions of the body politic.

To the truth of these observations we heartily subscribe. The present author will prove no small accession of strength to the advocates for Catholic emancipation.

POETRY.

ART. 22.—*Poems by the Rev. James Hurdis, D.D. late Fellow of Magdalen College, and Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford. 3 Vols. 12mo. Longman. 1808.*

THE first of the volumes now before us contains 'The Village Curate' and 'Adriano, or the first of June.' The second, 'Sir Thomas More, a Tragedy,' and a small collection of verses to which is given the affected title of 'The Bouquet.' The third comprises 'Tears of Affection,' and 'The favourite Village,'—

The earliest in date of the above poems was published in 1788; and all, we believe, have been noticed by us at different times since that period with their due share of praise. The present publication is a tribute due to his memory from his surviving sisters, to whom, in life, he appears to have acted a most affectionate and exemplary part.

The very numerous and respectable list of subscribers prefixed, afford an honourable testimony to the esteem in which the author was held, not only in his university but in the world at large.

The short memoir of his life only confirms the impression, which his writings are sufficient to create, of the excellencies of his mind and heart.

Cowper was among the most intimate of his friends; and in following the style of poetry which that original writer had introduced, we believe he thought himself following the standard of perfection. The present is not a fit opportunity for discussing whether Cowper is a poet to whom the principle of imitation can be safely applied. In our opinion, with all his beauties, he must ever stand alone in his peculiar style. Dr. Hurd, however, obtained from him very distinguished praise: and, were he still alive, we believe that one line of commendation from Cowper would more than console him for any censure or neglect of ours. He died, most sincerely regretted by his friends and acquaintance, at the early age of 38, after being married only two years, and left a widow and two infant children behind him. These are facts sufficient to disarm criticism, which would blush to disturb the repose of so amiable and inoffensive a character.

ART. 23.—*Abradatus and Panthea: a Tragedy in five Acts, from the Cyropædia of Xenophon.* Ridgway.

IN a post advertisement to this work we are informed that for a period of six years 'it has lain unknown and neglected in the ware-room of the bookseller:' and it is intimated that twice nine years have elapsed since it was first composed. The production is ascribed to John Edwards, of Old Court, in the county of Wicklow, Esq. The story of *Abradatus and Panthea* is beautifully told in the *Cyropædia*. It possesses indeed such inimitable captivations of simplicity and pathos that we are not acquainted with any thing superior to it in the writings of the ancients. But in the tragedy of Mr. Edwards, the simplicity of the original disappears, the pathos is weakened and the interest destroyed.

ART. 24.—*Kathleen; a Ballad from an ancient Irish Tradition in the Valley of Glandilough, County of Wicklow.* By John Edwards, Esq. of Old Court, in the same County. Chapple. 1808.

THE fair Kathleen very unfortunately fixes her affections on St. Kevan, who seems to have no taste for gallantry, and so resolutely persecutes him with her presence, that the holy father clammers to the top of a precipice in order to get out of her way. Here he scooped himself a chamber, where he hoped that

'Weak female frailty should haunt him no more.'

But chance which favours love, or love which despises difficulties, conducted the despairing Kathleen along the narrow and perilous track to the saint's retreat. The good father was taking a nap; but suddenly alarmed at the approach of a stranger, he flung out his arm in self defence, and very inadvertently knocked the poor damsel down the steep cragg into the lake below. Such is the substance of this miserable ditty.

ART. 25.—*The Rural Enthusiast, and other Poems.* By Mrs. M. H. Hay. 12mo. 10s. 6d. Longman. 1808.

MOST of Mrs. M. H. Hay's lines are very prosaic, but, perhaps in the mind of modern book-buyers, the elegance of the engravings will atone for the insipidity of the verse.

ART. 26.—*Charles's Small-clothes, a National Ode.* By the Author of the *Foxiad*. 1s. Bickerstaff. 1808.

IF vulgar abuse, unblushing impudence, and false assertions can for a moment gratify any reader, who was not an admirer of Mr. Fox, they will find ample amusement in the low and contemptible lines by which the author has thought proper to disgrace the press, and to style a national ode. When we consider the present high price of paper we cannot without regret and indignation see it so deplorably misapplied; and we would exhort the writer instead of spending his time in fabricating such scurrilous and doggrel lines to apply to some handicraft employment, in which he might be of some trifling service to the community, and appear in a more respectable character himself.

NOVELS.

ART. 27.—*The private History of the Court of England.* 2 Vols. 12mo. 12s. Crosby. 1808.

IT is a sign of great depravity of manners when such books as that before us are encouraged and multiply. The court of France (the most dissolute in the universe) has abounded with them in her most dissolute periods; and the court of England under Charles the second followed the example. We have been tolerably free from similar pests during the reigns of the Brunswicks, till within the last few years, when the very weak and unguarded conduct of some persons of the highest rank in the country has opened again the floodgates of scandal.

The present publication, though there is some paltry ingenuity in the contrivance of the veil which covers it, is not indeed so gross and immodest as the *Atalantis* and *Utopia* of the 17th century; but in dullness it may challenge a competition with the most infamous of its prototypes.

We can only add that this is one of the few instances in which we are almost induced to form a wish for new restrictions on the liberty of the press. The wish, indeed, is suppressed almost as soon as formed; but we shall never cease to account those writers among the most prejudicial to society who expose vices and errors which all true patriots would rather wish to be concealed in the thickest darkness, however the shameful imprudence or more shameful indifference of the principal actors may blazon them forth in daylight.

ART. 28.—*The Village Gentleman and the Attorney at Law, a Narrative.* By Mrs. Duncombe. In two Vols. 12mo. Hatchard.

HAD Mrs. Duncombe narrated her story in any other way than she has done, the *Village Gentleman*, &c. might have been considered as a good specimen of her abilities in the art of novel writing; but to make a king and his courtiers of the present century possess the powers of rendering themselves invisible, borders too much upon absurdity, especially when there is no occasion for it, as we do not find at the conclusion that any punishment is inflicted by his majesty for the actions of the guilty, or any commendations bestowed by him upon objects worthy of the highest esteem. We are merely told, 'the king now resumed the seat of government, perfectly well satisfied with the admirable order of Providence, which sooner or later justly rewards every human thought and action.'

ART. 29.—*William de Montfort, or the Sicilian Heiresses, by Agnes Musgrave, Author of Cicely of Raby, Solemn Injunctions, &c. in three Volumes.* 12mo. Richards. 1808.

IN this historical romance, the reader will find much to amuse, and much to instruct him; William de Montfort from whom the present work derives its title, is the son of the famous Simon de Montfort Earl of Leicester, distinguished in the reign of the third Henry; and though we are not in general friendly to historical novels, yet the deviations from history are in this instance so very rare, that we are induced to give it our cordial approbation. Though Zagda may outrage probability yet the belief of the age in which the story has placed her, is in her favour: and when in these days of scepticism and unbelief we still observe the vulgar yielding to the idea of certain women, in almost every country parish, possessing supernatural powers of doing evil, we cannot wonder that in the 12th and 13th centuries we find the counts of Terra Nuova terrified at the powers of the Ætnean Sorceress. The Lady Juliet who is a prominent character in the work before us, had been initiated in all the arts and sciences of the Arabians, by which means apparent miracles are wrought which are cleared up in the chapter from which we extract the following passage:

‘Already,’ said she, ‘you know, Montfort, that I received from my grandmother, the Lady Albina, all those prejudices which have been the means of Zagla tyrannizing over the minds of every descendant of Raymond and Fatima.—Already you also know, that at the command of my father, I listened to the instructions of the learned Gioviana, who himself had acquired his knowledge from an Arabian versed in every secret of art and nature. With the knowledge he acquired, Gioviana also acquired a spirit of enquiry into the truth of religion, and found his faith not equal to the belief of every dogma of the monks, or to the pretended miracles wrought by senseless blocks and stones. Gioviana looking beyond, saw through the artifice, and beheld cunning, wicked, and ingenious men, making use of secrets known but to themselves, to terrify and mislead the ignorant and superstitious. I was an apt pupil, and Gioviana, as he unfolded his stores of wisdom, shook also my belief on many subjects I had been taught to reverence. I laughed at the infallibility of him who is called the Father of the Christian World, and laughed at his dispensations and absolutions; yet all this was concealed from the Count di Capeci. Ah! happier had I been, had I never been taught to stray in the paths of science; never been taught what is usual for women of my rank to learn; still then should I have attended to the reproof and advice of my Confessor, nor dared, by striking out a path for myself, have laughed at restraint.

‘These principles of Gioviana became known, and he might as well have denied the existence of one Almighty and self-created being, as the saintship of weak mortals like-ourselves, prayed to by the ignorance and superstition of the times, and might with the same impunity have denied that the God of nature existed, as to pry into its secrets, and form by the hand of wisdom, combinations so surprising, that it was said he dealt in magic. Persecuted, he fled, and took shelter amidst the splendid ruins, where, ere I accompanied you, I had visited him; and where in the pursuit of his favourite study, he met that death his enemies would have made him so unjustly suffer. It was necessary I should speak of Gioviana that I might account to you for a kind of knowledge which would appear to you supernatural, and which I should at the time have noticed, had I not feared, by so doing, to lower myself in your opinion. Ah! even now I do it, and you deem me a vile heretic and infidel to the holy church. Alas! I wish I had still deemed her infallible, and supported that a certain dress, and attending to prayers that touch not the heart, is the way to heaven. I have with daring hand opened the book of life, and I know guilt must be punished, though clothed in scarlet, or in the coarse garb of a monk;—but let me proceed:—

‘At the court of the King of Sicily, I first beheld you, Montfort, and was struck with your noble mien; but it was another circumstance which so powerfully interested me. I attended the

queen and some ladies of the court to see you contend with a famous wrestler; then it was, Montfort, I beheld on your arm the sacred symbol of our faith; my heart at once acknowledged the Western stranger, and conceived a passion that can end but with my life, and which death alone can overpower.

'You left the court,—my faithful Lorenzo assisted me in following you. I saw you taken a prisoner to the Castle of my fathers, and knowing each secret outlet, I easily found means to enter and conceal myself in it; whilst Lorenzo offered his services to Raymond, which were accepted. Ah! need I relate the various methods I took in the Castle di Capeci to gain your love. Alas! as I recat that period I feel deeply humiliated; I degraded myself in your eyes, nor thought whilst sacrificing every thing to the passion which governed me, I could be acting on false conclusions, and that I might be guilty. Yet, Montfort, knowing as you now know, that I then fondly imagined I was your destined bride, and that if I succeeded in gaining your affections, every sentiment of love, pride, and ambition would be gratified, can you wonder at my actions? or that when goaded by despair if not succeeding, I gave way to the agony I felt, till again roused to exertion. When we quitted the castle by ways wholly unknown to its new masters, I was the happy means of preserving your life by my presence of mind, impressing the ignorant soldiers with an idea, what was but a natural appearance, though very rarely seen, was a host of men coming to our relief.

'At the ruins where the sage Gioviana lost his life, and mine was almost miraculously preserved, I was parted from you, but followed, and, in the habit of a pilgrim, heard you abjure all connection with me at the Monastery of La Trinita. Yet I again followed, assuming a fresh disguise, and once more was so happy as to save your life from the banditti. I reached the cottage of Paulo before you; the gentle Marie was laving her fine limbs in a limpid stream; I beheld on her arm the mark imprinted by the mother of every descendant of Raymond and Fatima; convinced I was not then the sole heiress of Terra Nuova, I was sunk in despair. You had renounced me, and life no longer desirable, I determined upon terminating it; you already know it was preserved. You may ask, Montfort, why here I defended not myself from the charge of magic; alas! I was convinced you would not credit my assertions; perhaps even now you do not, for it would require more time in explaining what you have seen me perform, than I now have leisure for; and these secrets of nature unfolded to me by Gioviana, was done under an oath of secrecy, to keep them sacred from all but the initiated.'

ART. 30.—*The master Passion, or the History of Frederick Beaumont. 4 Vols.* Millar, Albemarle street.

THE fair lady, who is the author of the *Master Passion*, in her

address to the reader says, 'And if the secret tribunal, whose judicial sentence sways the taste of readers, and pales the cheeks of writers—but a sudden dizziness comes over me,' &c. We will as far as in our power endeavour to dispel the alarm, that caused this very unpleasant sensation of *dizziness* by our candour in giving as clear an account of the Master Passion or history of Frederick Beaumont, as we are able to collect from a careful perusal of the work.

Mrs. Villars, the young widow of an officer who fell in battle in India, is an amiable and of course handsome personage, who resides in Wales and devotes her time to the education of her only child, an infant girl. In this task she is assisted by the rector of the parish, a Mr. Melcombe, who is the younger son of a noble family. This very worthy divine has under his charge a youth, whose father is amassing wealth in the East Indies. This young gentleman, the Frederick Beaumont of the piece, is said, at the commencement of the tale, to be about thirteen years of age, and Miss Helena, Mrs. Villars's daughter about ten. The master and miss read together and play together, till it is time for the young gentleman to take his departure to Eton school, and from thence to Oxford. The vacations in each seminary were spent with Mr. Melcombe, and of course during every visit the young people appear to each other more and more improved and delightful. An ardent and sincere attachment is formed long before they are sensible of it or know what it means further than the friendship of brother and sister. The young gentleman in one of their morning walks soon convinces Helena, that he will not only be a brother, but wishes to be her lover and finally her husband. This not proving unacceptable to Helena, the respective parents are applied to for their consent to the union. Frederick's father gives his consent only on the condition that the lady repairs to India as soon as she is married to his son. This could not be accomplished with comfort to all parties; Frederick is therefore desired by his father to go to Vienna to settle some business for him. Here he meets with various (but very hacknied, and common place) incidents; and returns at last after being sometime confined in a cave inhabited by banditti with his health broken from the hardships and sufferings which he has undergone. During this absence, Helena through her activity, benevolence, and presence of mind rescues his father from a watery grave: the ship in which the elder Mr. Beaumont is a passenger from India being shipwrecked off Hastings. All ends very happily at last by the union of Frederick with the beautiful and no less amiable Helena. These are the heads of the tale. Those who are fond of this kind of desultory reading, may perhaps be kept awake by the perusal; there is nothing to vitiate or disgust, though we cannot say that there is any thing that will very powerfully interest or delight. A young girl may be instructed by contemplating the frankness of Helena, her good sense, her cheerfulness,

and above all that's admirable, her confidence in her mother. Some of the characters are not badly drawn, and the story of Rose Woodland is prettily told. We could have wished that the author had not made a petty display of learning which can be of no good to her young readers, nor of any avail to herself; but carries with it an air of self-conceited pedantry which every woman of good sense would wish to avoid. The faults of this piece are various; but there is no defect in the morality. There are more incidents (although trivial) than enough for one novel; and more than the limited genius of the writer was able to wind up with proper and interesting effect. Hence the narrative is intricate and confused. Her power of wit is small, and what little she has is spoiled by affectation: nor can we commend her attempts at the pathetic and sublime. One of her most absurd endeavours to be fine, is an effort to make the reader thrill with sympathy and admiration by the description of a lady's sufferings during a fit of the tooth-ach, and of the fortitude which she displayed during the process of extraction which a neighbouring blacksmith is called in to perform. Where the author intended to be very moving she becomes highly ludicrous; and our risible muscles shake where she meant that our eyes should weep.

ART. 31.—*Bath Characters; or Sketches from Life. By Peter Paul Pallet. Second Edition, with many Additions. Amongst which are a Poetical Pump Room Conversation. A new Preface, and an Appendix, containing a Defence of the Work, and a Castigation of its Persecutors.* 8vo. 5s. Wilkie and Robinson. 1808.

THE novel of the 'Winter in London,' which obtained some little notoriety two years ago, from professing to give a representation of characters who were actually playing a conspicuous part on the great theatre of the metropolis, has given birth to several other publications of a similar nature. It was soon followed by a 'Winter in Bath,' and a 'Winter in Dublin.' The present publication has just come into our hands, and we have since observed 'Characters at Brighton' advertised in the public papers. Of these works, none of which we have as yet seen have adequately performed their assumed task. They have for the most part seized upon one or two peculiarities of one or two personages of eminence, and have filled the rest of their pages either with professed fiction, or what is much less tolerable, with perversion, exaggeration and falsehood. The present, however, seems to us the best of the set. Not that Mr. Peter Paul Pallet is possessed of any genuine humour, that we can discover, more than the rest of his fraternity. But most of the facts to which he alludes, are, we doubt not, correct, and he has contrived so to characterise the individuals who are the objects of his satire, that no person acquainted with Bath can fail to recognize them. But the characters of Bath are not, we think, of sufficient importance to interest the British public. They

do not, like some of our high-bred London fashionables, attain to the dignity of absurdity. Mrs. C. (designated here by the synonyme of Mrs. *Vehicle*) may give very large parties in the crescent, and win a great many rubbers at *guinea* whist, without the public's caring for her, any more than for the irritable lady, who runs pins into the latter parts of such other ladies as encroach upon her seat at the concert room. The obsequiousness of an orthodox Bath divine, who admits no tradesmen, livery-servants, or poor people to his chapel, that the company may be perfectly select, and the drunken jokes of another Bath parson, do indeed deserve to be held up to the contempt and indignation of the world, in as much as they tend to injure the interests of religion and morality, in the eyes of the indiscriminating; but the perplexities of a Bath master of the ceremonies, the absurdities of a Bath singer, and the tricks of a Bath apothecary, together with other localities peculiar to that once fashionable but now declining place of resort, as they have failed to elicit any humour from the author who has undertaken to satirize them, so will they fail to excite in an indifferent reader a smile either of amusement or of ridicule.

MATHEMATICS.

ART. 32.—*Remarks on a supposed Error in the Elements of Euclid, By the Rev. William Lax, A. M. F. R. S. Lowndes Professor of Astronomy and Geometry, in the University of Cambridge.* 8vo. Lunn. Cambridge, Deighton. 1807.

M. LE SAGE states, in a communication which he made to the academy of sciences in 1756, that he had discovered an error in the 21st prob. of the 11th book of Euclid, which asserts "that every solid angle is contained by plain angles, which together are less than four right angles." But if re-entering angles are admitted (that is to say, if the pyramid be so constructed, that its base contains an angle greater than two right angles, or more of the same kind,) the proposition is so far from true, that a solid angle may be constructed, which shall exceed four right angles by any given number of degrees. But Mr. Lax contends that the definitions given by the venerable Grecian of a solid angle exclude re-entering angles. There are two definitions given by Euclid. The first is, the inclination of more than two lines meeting together, and which are not in the same plain, towards *all the rest*. This condition, says Mr. Lax, is not fulfilled in a pyramid formed with re-entering angles. The second definition, 'a solid angle is that which is made by the meeting of more than two plane angles, which are not in the same plane, in one point,' certainly does not expressly exclude a pyramid with re-entering angles. But Mr. Lax observes, and we think with justice, that it is virtually excluded, as much as plane figures are in the first book presumed to have each of their angles less than two right angles; or

the definition of a sector in the third book is intended to be confined (though not expressly so limited in words) to the figure included between the straight lines containing the angle and the smaller part of the circumference of this circle.

This is in truth so obviously the meaning of the great father of geometry, that it was probably the opinion of the royal society, (to whom this paper was presented) that he did not stand in need of any defence: and this may have been the reason that these remarks were not printed in the transactions of that learned body.

MISCELLANIES.

ART. 34—*Rules of the Annuity Fund, established for the Benefit of Governesses, with an Account of the Institution and Proposals for enlarging its Plan, by Means of an Honorary Association.* 4to. Johnson. 1808.

THE object of this scheme is to provide a comfortable maintenance for a very respectable and useful class of individuals who in case of casualties, of sickness, or of age, are too often left without any other resource than the aid of a precarious benevolence. By becoming members of this institution domestic governesses and public teachers have an opportunity of relieving their minds from that state of insecurity and inquietude which is perpetually tormenting these, who have made no preparation against the contingent misfortunes of life and the certain imbecility of age. The regulations of this society seem to be very judiciously drawn; and will afford not only alleviation to distress but encouragement to virtue. We trust that the subscriptions of honorary members will be large enough to enable the society to extend the scale and enlarge the number of its benefits. The amiable Miss Eliza Hamilton is said to be the author of this performance.

List of Articles which, with many others, will appear in the next Number of the Critical Review.

Hodgson's Juvenal.

Cayley's Life of Sir Thomas More.

Finlay's Scottish Ballads.

Roscoe on the Negotiation for Peace in 1807.

Ellis on Air.

Bothroyd's History of Pontefract.

Present State of Ireland.

Matilda Beetham's Poems.

Chalmers on National Resources.

Hoare's Giraldus Cambrensis concluded.

Theory of Dreams.

The Bees, Book II.

THE CRITICAL REVIEW.

SERIES THE THIRD.

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No. III.

ART. I.—*The Satires of Juvenal, translated and illustrated by Francis Hodgson, A. M. Fellow of King's College, Cambridge.* 4to. pp. 572. 2l. Payne and Mackinlay. 1807.

WE do not think it an essential part of our duty, in reviewing a new translation of Juvenal, to descant on the moral merits of that powerful writer, and in truth we are glad to be relieved from the task; for we apprehend that on such a subject the whole contents of our common-place book might be poured forth in vain, and the character which he has maintained for many centuries would probably remain unaltered by the liveliest efforts of a modern journal. Neither does it occur to us that we are called upon to form any commercial calculations as to the amount of the demand that may exist for an additional translation of his works, or to consider how far the market may be overstocked, and the public already sufficiently supplied. It is indisputably true England has produced, at various periods, and under various forms, a great number of imitations of the Roman satirist: yet it will hardly be said that a glut of the article ensued as a necessary consequence; for all these imitations, with a single exception, had not only escaped the recollection of general readers, but had even forfeited their station in the libraries of the learned. The spirited but careless paraphrase executed by Dryden and his associates, though to a certain degree it keeps its ground, could never be regarded in the light of a complete translation of Juvenal: with respect to the few illustrious passages, which came glowing from the mint of his genius, it might be said—

‘Nævius in manibus non est, sed mentibus hæret,’—

for they were treasured in the memory of all true lovers of poetry, without ever procuring a perusal for the entire

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work. Mr. Gifford has indeed most clearly proved, in his introduction, that a new translation was due to the present state of our literature ; from this conviction, he offered his own to the world ; and now, before his pretensions are established by the test of permanent public approbation, a new candidate for fame starts for the same prize. Is there any thing wrong in such a competition ? Is it not, on the contrary, the mainspring of all exertion, and the source of every species of excellence ? Did not Pope present Horace to his countrymen, while Creech's version was recent, and did he not complete the mighty task of translating Homer, in the face of Addison's avowed and exasperated rivalry ?

In consequence then of the neglect that has overtaken all former writers, who may be properly called *translators* of Juvenal, a direct comparison is necessarily instituted between the two latest, who have undertaken the arduous task. The lists have been cleared of all the combatants of inferior note, and are exclusively occupied by two distinguished cavaliers ; one, formidable from experience, and respectable in a long established fame ; the other rejoicing in great though hitherto untried powers, vigorous in youth, and inflamed with the noble confidence of future glory. What must inspire every generous spectator with some degree of prejudice in favour of the young adventurer, and with the hope at least that he may not encounter an ignominious defeat, is the courtesy displayed by him towards his veteran adversary, whom he treats with uncommon respect and deference, and whom he loads with the most profuse and liberal praise.

But though the present work cannot be examined, without reference to this comparison, we really cannot promise to enable our readers to form any estimate of the merits of the respective writers. To extract one or two passages from two large collections of poems, as the means of judging and comparing both collections is rather more than twice as absurd as the landlord's production of a single brick, as a specimen of the house he wished to let. But we are bound not to shrink from the declaration of our own opinion ; and this task, though always in some degree invidious, we are the less reluctant to perform on the present occasion, because we rate very highly the services of both translators, and because we consider their excellences as so distinct, and running so much parallel to one another, that they can very seldom interfere. Few persons capable of duly appreciating either antient or modern literature, would willingly be without either of them. Mr. Gifford has made Juvenal a

very intelligible and most entertaining English work: Mr. Hodgson has enriched the language of his country with some of the noblest poetry to be found in it.

In one respect, there is a striking difference between the plans of translation adopted by these two gentlemen. Mr. Gifford has thought himself obliged to labor at preserving the manner of Juvenal, by a close imitation of his abruptness, his broken lines, his sudden turns, his rapid questions and short replies. Mr. Hodgson frankly confessing himself unable to reconcile these peculiarities with the harmony of English verse, has sacrificed them to 'the sweeping grandeur of declamation, the exalted stile of poetical oratory,' which he justly denominates the leading characteristics of his original. We not only agree in this remark, but think it may be carried much farther. Not only is the versification of English poetry inharmonious, where the lines are much and frequently broken: but it ceases to be verse at all. The Latin *sermo pedestris*, however interrupted or delayed, never fails to be perceptibly metrical,—such is the variety of modulation resulting from the dactyls and spondees, which compose the hexameter, and such the advantage of being at liberty to run the lines into one another. The very worst verses in Horace (who is much more licentious in regard to rhythm than Juvenal) can never be confounded with prose; but no ears that have not been formed on the model of Dr. Johnson's celebrated line

'Lay your knife and your fork across your plate,

can possibly ascribe to the greater part of the following paragraph any one property of verse, but rhyme:

"But should some god, or man of godlike soul,
The malice of your niggard fate controul,
And bless you with a knight's estate, how dear
Would you be then! how wondrous great appear
From nothing! Virro, so reserved of late,
Grows quite familiar: Brother, send your plate,
* Dear brother Trebius! you were wont to say
You liked these dainties, let me help you, pray."
You, riches, are his brother; and to you
This warmth of friendship, this respect is due."

* The whole of this elegant compliment is entirely gratuitous.

Indeed the rhyme itself hardly prevents this extract from Mr. Gifford's translation of the fifth satire from falling into very tame and common prose ; and if it were printed without the division of lines, no mortal would be rash enough to conjecture that it ever was designed for *poetry*. We subjoin Mr. Hodgson's version of the same passage, not by way of promoting a general comparison, which could not be made, with any shew of justice, out of such scanty materials, but in order to evince the possibility of expressing the same ideas *in verse*, with equal spirit and fidelity :

' But if to Trebius, by the hand of Heaven
The sudden fortune of a knight were given,
Or by some friend more bountiful than fate,—
How is his worth increas'd with his estate!
Into a lord the little wretch is turn'd,
And courtly Virro loves the man he spurn'd.
' Slaves, wait on Trebius!—Would my brother taste
The sweetbread? Let it at his side be plac'd!—
Dear Trebits!—Canst thou not the cause divine?
He is thy fortune's brother and not thine.'

And it may not be amiss here to add the original lines, which are an example of hexameters much broken and interrupted, yet without any sound that can shock the ear the most nicely susceptible of metrical exactness:

' Quadringenta tibi si quis Deus, aut similis Dīs,
Et melior fatis donaret, homuncio quantus
Ex nihilo fieres, quantus Virronis amicus!
Da Trebio— pone ad Trebium—Vis, frater, ab ipsa
Ilibus? O nummi, vobis hunc præstat honorem,
Vos estis fratres!'

Under this head we have one more observation to make. Though the want of harmony and the licence of harsh numbers appear peculiarly favourable to accuracy and closeness of translation, Mr. Hodgson's version is not more diffuse than Mr. Gifford's, but the contrary.

In proceeding to lay before our readers a few specimens of this work, which we hope will be found to justify our opinion of its excellence, we shall not pursue any particular method, but shall first exhibit the style, in which the whole of the fifth satire is executed. Juvenal there indulges in a vein of humour at once cold, playful, and sarcastic, in minutely depicting the thousand humiliations encountered by the mean and needy client, at his patron's

table. It may be called a perpetual antithesis between the luxurious comforts of the rich man, and the sordid fare and revolting insults administered to his miserable dependant.

‘But what a dinner shall be thine at last,
And wine how worthy of the grand repast!
Thick lees, that woollen of the coarsest grain
Would not imbibe, shall fire thy madd’ning brain;
Thine eyes, like some fierce Coribant’s, shall glare,
Foul words shall trumpet forth th’ approaching war—
Freedman, and parasite with fury glows,
Saguntine flaggons deal promiscuous blows;
Thou too, assail’d shalt hurl the goblets round,
And with red napkin wipe thy gaping wound.

‘Far from this brawl your happy lord reclines,
And quaffs the nectar of the noblest vines;
(Pour’d when Rome’s chiefs were rough with manly hairs,
Or tramp’d from the grape mid social wars—)
Quaffs it alone, nor has the soul to send
The gen’rous cordial to a drooping friend.
With Alban juice to-morrow’s bowl he fills,
Or the rich vintage of Campania’s hills;
Matur’d by such a length of mellowing years,
That date nor title on the cask appears.

‘Such wines great Thrasea and Helvidius pour’d,
Crown’d with dark myrtle at the patriot board;
When Cassius’ natal day was festive made,
And Freedom drank to godlike Brutus’ shade.

‘See rough with amber, and with pearls embost,
The goblets wielded by thy lordly host:
Should the proud treasures meet thy grasp by chance,
See, at thy side, their guardian’s watchful glance;
Who counts the gems, and saucily the while
Notes thy long talons with a jeeting smile;
And cries, ‘Your pardon, if too close I gaz’d,
But yon bright jasper is so highly prais’d.’

‘See to thy hand yon haughty scoundrel bear,
With grumbling voice and discontented air,
Black, mouldy, bread, that mocks thy rav’nous bite,
While Virro banquets on the softest white.

‘Deck’d with rare herbs, and stretching out in state
A lordly lobster fills thy patron’s plate;
Borne by the slave aloft, as if to shew
How much it scorn’d the longing guests below.
For thee a crab with half an egg is spread,
Poor as the scanty supper of the dead.
Venafran olives zest his noble fish,
Though the pale cabbage in thy nauseous dish

Breathe out the lamp's strong odour, and proclaim
That the rank seas'ning, from Numidia came.
Our empty bagnios loathe the Moorish smell,
And sick'ning snakes creep harmless to their cell.'

In the next passage we shall quote, the reader may think the parallel is pushed to its farthest limits :

'Behold a lamprey—large as ever found
In Regium's streight, when all is calm around ;
And Auster, resting in his silent cave,
Shakes from his wings the moisture of the wave :
Forthsprings the fisher lur'd by such a prise,
And his bold lines Charybdis' self despise.
Behold it only-hope not to partake—
A doubtful animal, 'twixt eel and snake,
The frost-bit spawn of Tyber, all impure,
And gross with ordure from the issuing sew'r,
Such is thy banquet, mark'd with many a stain
Of its old haunt in mid Suburra's drain.'

Virro's motives are admirably set forth for inflicting these disgraceful insults on his miserable guest :

'Think ye, that Virro treats you thus, to spare
The costly dainties of his better fare?
No ! 'tis to place before his wanton eye
The hungry glutton's crying comedy ;
To see your rankling hearts o'erflow with bile,
Hear your teeth gnash, and hear them with a smile.'
'Wise is your host—such insults ought to fall
On Trebius' head, for he can brook them all ;
Soon shall he bow his shaven head beneath
The lordly lash, and not a murmur breathe.
Soon, the hack slave of e'en this slavish age,
Reap the last fruits of Virro's patronage.'

From Sat. 5. passim.

On the sixth satire we feel ourselves neither disposed nor authorised to enlarge : yet we cannot pass over this admirable translation in perfect silence, as Mr. Hodgson's powers appear both original and splendid, even when contrasted with with one of the most signal triumphs achieved by the genius of Dryden. Even the description of Messalina, the most finished and most spirited *morceau* that can perhaps be found in the whole translated works of that 'mighty master,' appears to us to be rivalled by the same passage as it is represented in the volume before us. If our classical readers will compare these wonderful bursts of poetic

fire, we are persuaded they will at least think it doubtful, to which the preference ought justly to be awarded. From that satire we must be contented with transcribing a single extract:

‘When now the day in jarring strife has past,
And nature courts a little peace at last,
The wedded wretch is still condemn’d to hear
The curtain lecture stun his sleepless ear.
Then, like a tigress, in resentful mood,
A tigress, roaring for her ravish’d broud,
The wife transfers upon the husband’s head
The crime of wand’ring from the marriage bed;
And, conscious of her own true guilt within,
Groans over his supposititious sin;
Raves at the servants, or, dissembling weeps,
‘For ah! her cruel lord a mistress keeps!’
Weeps at her will, such ready tears supply
Th’ exhaustless fountain of a woman’s eye,
Stand in their place, wait her command to fall,
Nor ever disobey the sudden call.
But you, fond cuckold! by her cunning mov’d;
Think never man was like yourself belov’d;
Catch on your glowing lips the crystal tide.
And hang enamour’d o’er your beauteous bride.
Oh! could you ope yon escritoire, and there
Peruse the letters to your jealous fair!—*

‘But lo! th’ adult’ress in the fact is caught—
Now what excuse, Quinctilian, for her fault?
Can all your eloquence defend the deed?
No! for thyself, thou shameless harlot, plead.—
Nor hesitates the whore—‘I’ve sinn’d, I grant;
But mutual freedom was our covenant.
Say, did I ever act the sordid spy,
Or interrupt your pleasing privacy!
Call heaven and earth to witness as you will,
I shall be frail, and but a woman still.’ Sat. 6. v. 411. et seq.

Can any thing exceed the boldness, the spirit, the dramatic effect, of this domestic scene?

We now take one of the few opportunities that occur of displaying the talents of this translator for tender and interesting poetry, and the picturesque description of natural objects. Juvenal who rarely indulges this vein of pleasing

* We have heretaken the liberty of omitting a couplet, which represent nothing in the original, and appears to us to weaken the sufficiently strong effect of the two preceding lines.

sentiment, has never displayed it more amiably, than in the twelfth satire, where he celebrates the escape of his friend from shipwreck :

' But when the winds were silent, and the sea
Lay, as asleep, in smooth tranquillity :
When now the sailor, rescued from the wave,
No longer shudder'd at a wat'ry grave ;
When the kind Fates the lab'ring vessel sped,
And wove with cheerful hand a whiter thread ;
Upon the ocean blew a gentle gale,
And swell'd the gown, extended for a sail.
Her foresprit only left, the leaky bark
Saw the glad sun illumine the welkin dark ;
With renovated hope, o'ercoming fear,
Saw the green coast of Italy appear :
And the lov'd hills, to which Iulus bore
The seat of empire from Lavinium's shore ;
Hills that receiv'd an everlasting name
From the white sow the Mantuan gave to fame.

' The port at length our weary sailors gain
Where a new Pharos lights the Tuscan main,
Enter the moles, (that, running out so wide,
Clasp in their giant arms the billowy tide,
That leave, afar diminishing, the land,
More wondrous than the works of nature's hand)
And moor their shatter'd bark, where safely stray
The Baian wherries o'er the quiet bay.
Now to the pitying gods they haste to bear
The grateful offering of their votive hair ;
Tread the dear soil again with joyous glee,
And love to tell the dangers of the sea.'

Sat. 12. v. 101, &c.

This beautiful picture reminds one of all that is fresh, and soft, and brilliant, in the loveliest sea-pieces of Claude, whose delicate and alluring style has been less frequently attempted by the strong hand of Juvenal, than the coarser taste which suggested a copy of vulgar but striking objects to the faithful pencil of Teniers. We do not profess to be great connoisseurs in that Chinese school of painting, which has of late been often so familiar for the purpose of illustrating criticisms on the productions of a sister-art ; but we may confidently refer our readers to Mr. Hodgson's exhibition of the *mnage* of Codrus, the multiplied perils that infest the streets of Rome, and other particulars in the third satire, to prove that he possesses much of the skill, humour, and correctness, that distinguish the Flemish artists.

We cannot excuse ourselves from producing a specimen of the tenth satire.

‘How are the mighty changed to dust ! how small
 The urn that holds what once was Hannibal !
 Yet in these silent ashes dwelt a soul
 No fear could daunt, no limit could controul—
 Not the wide space of Afric’s fruitful reign,
 From Nile’s warm torrent to the Moorish main,
 Stretching its vast interminable tracks
 To other elephants, and other blacks.
 Spain swells his empire, but he pants for more ;
 The steepy Pyrenees he rushes o’er—
 In vain would nature to the chief oppose
 Her cloud-capt Alps and everlasting snows ;
 Burst by his art, the solid mountain yields
 A yawning passage to Italia’s fields ;
 Italia’s fields are his ; but, thundering on,
 Insatiate yet, he cries, ‘ We’ve nothing won !
 Till the detested gates we batter down,
 And sound our trumpets through the blazing town,
 Till I myself in mid Suburra stand,
 And plant the Punic flag with conquering hand.’
 Oh ! what a picture would the chief have made,
 The one-ey’d chief, when thus he proudly said,
 On his triumphant elephant displayed !
 Thy work, O Fame ! thus gallantly begun,
 How didst thou finish for thy favour’d son ?
 Swift Rout behind and skulking Terror wait
 On his vain march—the glorious and the great,
 The godlike Hannibal, condemn’d to fly
 For shameful safety to a foreign sky,
 Before a despot’s tent, the cruelsport,
 The wonder of an Asiatic court,
 Bows his brave head with all a suppliant’s fear,
 Till the Bithynian deign to wake, and hear.
 No hostile dart, nor rocky fragment hurl’d,
 Laid low this hot disturber of the world ;
 A little ring aveng’d the heaps of slain,
 The streams of blood on Cannæ’s fatal plain.
 Was it for this, infuriate chief, you crost
 Each Alpine barrier of relentless frost,
 Was it for this you triumph’d,—to employ
 The teaching pedant, and declaiming boy ?

Sat. x. p. 193. •

Our readers will hardly expect any apology for the length of these extracts, with which we are confident that they will be

much better pleased, than with any observations of our own. It has been our aim not to pick out a few epigrammatic and insulated sentences, but, by passages of sufficient extent to comprise all the leading points of Mr. H.'s style, to enable our readers to judge of the general merits of his execution. The prevailing faults, which will arrest their attention, are a degree of carelessness that sometimes affects the diction, and too great a propensity to expand the original, to which indeed unauthorised additions have, in our opinion, been occasionally made. On the whole, however, it cannot be fairly said that many liberties are taken with the original; and the threadbare metaphor of cloathing him with a finer coat, which does not fit him so exactly,* is by no means applicable. But of the last-mentioned fault we wish to denounce one example, which offends us the more, because it is interpolated in a passage of great force, and extraordinary beauty, in the fourteenth satire. Juvenal's expression—*Cum facias pejora senex*—is amplified into a couplet—

‘When in thy life still fouler blots are seen,
And the dry wood's more rotten than the green;’

in which not only is a new line added, but an unmeaning, we had almost said an incongruous metaphor, is introduced; for rotten wood must be dry, and green wood cannot be rotten. Though we have not transcribed the passage, in which this faulty metaphor occurs, it ought not to escape the censure of sound criticism.

There are critics, whom nature has formed rather to discover a flaw in the drapery of the finest statue, than to contemplate the beauty of its form; who can detect the discoloration of a single stone, but are incapable of admiring the magnificent effect of a building; and whose utter inability to feel and relish the genuine excellence of poetry leaves them at full leisure to search for grammatical errors, and minute violations of the rules in perusing the best and noblest composition. To such critics we can promise but little gratification in Mr. H.'s volume, the language of which is in general, if not universally, remarkable for correctness. One or two questionable phrases we think it necessary to point out. ‘Sooner than *me* shall these vile Syrians sign’ may at least be doubted, though it is by no

* This ancient and reverend joke is neatly applied by bishop Secker in one of his letters to Miss Carter—‘Unless you can prove to me that Epictetus wore a laced coat, I will not allow you to dress him in one.’

means an uncommon idiom, according to the usage of our best *writers, and in conformity with the French expression, '*plutôt que moi*'; sooner than *I* is indisputably accurate, and therefore ought to be preferred. We had marked '*boyish gold*' as an objectional translation of *bullæ*; but Johnson's definition of *boyish*—'*belonging to a boy,*' and our recollection of the Latin *virilis*, which is perpetually joined to *toga*, convince us that we were mistaken in our first impression. The expression '*doglike offals,*'—signifying '*such offals as a dog might eat,*' stands upon wholly different ground, and is, we think indefensible; at the same time we must observe that we have great doubts whether Juvenal's Latin was pure, when he employed *farris canini* for the same purpose; and if the reviews of his time could be produced, we would venture a large wager that the phrase would be found severely stigmatised by our Roman brethren. '*Each thought their native gods,*' &c. though at first sight it appears open to censure, is in fact only a trap for a shallow grammarian, who would complain that the natural adjective *their* should be referred to *each*, a singular substantive; forgetting that *each* referred to two nouns of multitude,—the state, or people of Ombi on the one hand, and that (or rather *those*) of Tentyra on the other. We will illustrate this by an instance, which occurs to us at the moment, though it may be condemned as drawn from our own vocation. '*One set of reviewers calumniated a work, of which they could not feel the excellence; another strove to do justice to genius, which they respected and admired: each maintained that their own opinion was right.*' So much for Mr. H.'s verbal errors.

The eighth satire and the thirteenth, being translated by two friends of the author, Mr. Merivale, and Mr. B. Drury, require a separate examination. We should have been equally astonished and concerned, if these two important satires had been consigned to feeble hands, by one so capable of doing them ample justice as Mr. Hodgson: it appears to us that his confidence in the abilities of his friends is perfectly justified by their performance. The eighth is executed certainly with singular fidelity; but, that quality is not inconsistent with animation, and we think the critic may suspect himself of dullness, who condemns such lines as the following for want of spirit:

* One well known instance will instantly strike the reader:

'The nations, not so blest as *thee*,' &c. Thomson's '*Rule Britannia.*'

'Say, progeny of Teucer, is it birth
 That fixes on the useful brute his worth ?
 The gen'rous horse, to whom the judge decrees
 The palm of oft-repeated victories,
 O'er whom the thunders of the circus roll,
 First in the race, and earliest at the goal,
 For his own worth we prize, and ne'er enquire
 The pastures where he fed, nor what his sire ;
 While the degen'rate and unhonour'd steed,
 Though sprung from fam'd Hirpinum's ancient breed,
 Or from the fleetest of Corinthian mares,
 Sells undistinguished at the public fairs,
 There no respect to ancestry is paid
 No honour to the gallant courser's shade ;
 His slow and sluggish offspring must belong
 To ev'ry clod that buys him for a song,
 Bend the gall'd neck, inglorious, to the wain,
 Or turn a mill, worn blind with age and pain.

'If then to honour's meed thy soul aspires,
 Let thine own actions claim it, not thy sires ;
 If thou wouldst rise to glory, shew some cause
 For praise, nor rest on undeserv'd applause.

'Enough for him, whose pride can stoop to claim
 His grand alliance to a tyrant's name ;
 For plain good sense, first blessing of the sky,
 Is rarely met with in a state so high.
 Now, Ponticus, my mind reverts to thee !
 Thy praise by birth bestow'd I will not see ;
 Thyself unworthy of futurity.

'Tis weak to rest on others your renown ;
 Shake but the pillar, the whole pile falls down.
 The vine, that creeps abandon'd on the plain,
 Looks to its widow-elm's support in vain.
 Be thou, thyself, in war thy country's sword,
 In peace the upright judge and gen'rous lord ;
 If ever summon'd by the sacred laws
 A witness in some dark, uncertain cause,
 Though Phalaris himself command the lie,
 And present torments prompt the perjury,
 Count in an evil, worse than flames or death
 To barter honour for this short-liv'd breath ;
 Or, for the sake of fickle life, to give
 That, which alone should make thee wish to live.
 Worthy his fate, the perjurd wretch will die,
 How great soe'er his wealth and luxury ;
 Though he lie plung'd in essenc'd baths, and eat
 A hundred Lucrine oysters at a treat.

Sat. 8. v. 67, &c.

Among a variety of strong and admirable passages, with which the thirteenth satire abounds, we regret that our selections must be very limited. The original of the following passage is fresh in the recollection of every classical reader.

'On earth, pure morals took the place of law,
A crime the greatest wonder that they saw.
'Twas a foul sin, and doom'd to deadly rage,
If youth arose not, at th' approach of age;
If boys to bearded men their seat denied,
Though, drunk with plenty, flush'd with rustic pride,
At home they saw more clustering berries swell,
And countless acorns of the largest shell.—
'Four years' precedence was so high rever'd,
Nor less the glories of the dawning beard.' Sat. 13. v. 81.

In the other passage, he ridicules his friend's indignation at sustaining a trifling loss, while the great wholesale traffic of crimes is carried on upon the largest scale:

'Nor these the times to rave at petty fraud,
When giant Guilt, unfetter'd, stalks abroad.
Mark the dread ruffian, who for cursed hire
Lays the dark train, and spreads the sudden fire;
Mark those, who, bold in sacrilegious lust,
Profane the goblet's venerable rust;
Bear off the antique temple's massy plate,
Gift of some hoary king, or friendly state;
No precious relic there? the meaner thief
Scrapes from Alcides' thigh the golden leaf,
Peels Neptune's cheek, and Castor's burnish'd skin—
What should he not, who, plung'd in deeper sin,
Insatiate, more than once, without demur,
Has melted down a whole-length Thunderer?
Mark those, who poison sell, mark those who buy;
And him, with whom a guiltless ape must die,
Condemn'd to sink beneath the foaming tide,
Alive imprison'd in a noisome hide.
Yet these how scant a portion of the crew,
Whom justice and her myrmidons pursue!
What crimes from morn till eve, from year to year,
The sad recorder, Gallicus, must hear!
That single court, if doubts perplex your mind,
Enough depicts the morals of mankind:
Though brief your stay and observations there,
From that foul sink emerging into air,
Pronounce yourself unhappy if you dare.' Ib. v. 219.

The more important parts of the satire are all rendered with equal spirit; the persecutions of conscience are full of dreadful energy; and the close of the description, where the guilty wretch feels his complete abandonment by Heaven itself, is scarcely to be exceeded:

‘Nor dares the sinner, in that trying hour,
Devote due victims to his guardian power:
In vain for him the bleating lamb would fall,
Nor crested cock his dreadful doom recal;
Say, to what hope his suffering soul shall flee,
Or where the victim worthier death than he?’ Ib. v. 358.

Having stated thus much of the contents of this volume, we return to its general character. Though we have dwelt with delight on the extreme beauty of diction and smoothness of versification displayed in it on soft and interesting subjects, we are decidedly of opinion that the peculiar talent it exhibits is a talent for satire. The shrewdness with which he enters into Juvenal’s observations on human nature, his wit, his humour, and his irony, the ardour of his attacks, and the dramatic felicity of his style, are the true elements of satiric power. He never appears to enter with more animation into the feelings of his author, than when he vents his indignation against the sanctified hypocrites of his day.

‘Oh let me fly to some deserted coast,
Some dreary region of eternal frost,
Far from the cant of hypocrites precise,
Far from the sermonizing slaves of vice,
Who seem all virtue in the streets of Rome,
And swell the Bacchanalian roar* at home!’

There may possibly be a class of persons in this country, who will not feel quite comfortable under the idea that such uncommon satirical talents are alive to the mischief and the absurdity of those fanatical pretensions which have created a strange and anomalous faction among us. These persons may affect to depreciate the present work, by a variety of tortuous manœuvres. They may possibly deny

* We are not quite satisfied with this phrase (which means nothing more than the indulgence of convivial debauchery) as a translation of *Buchanalia vivunt*, which embraces the whole train of vices charged on that frantic crew. We prefer ‘like Bacchanals,’ as it is rendered by Mr. Gifford, who however has assumed an unwarrantable licence, in translating the sober term ‘*libet*’ into the lyrical exclamation ‘O for an eagle’s wings!’

the utility or even the lawfulness of satire in general. They may censure the present translator, for offering to the English public poems, with which the English public has been familiar these ten years, through another medium; they may squeamishly reprobate a freedom of language, which is equalled even by Johnson, and much surpassed by Dryden and Pope, or they may think it prudent boldly to underrate the genius, which has given birth to the present volume. If we are not mistaken, they will make a direct and fierce attack against the notes, which have, in some cases, been evidently composed with too much rapidity, and in particular to fasten on a censure too hastily and too generally passed upon the writings of Cowper. If, indeed, what Mr. H. states be true, that the works of that author are more frequently reprinted than any other book besides the Bible and Shakspeare, we think this fact a lamentable symptom of the public taste. It cannot be accounted for by the excellence of Cowper's poetry, and ought perhaps to be ascribed to the prevalence of those Calvinistic opinions, of which he was the apostle and the martyr. To his pure and benevolent mind those doctrines were only a misfortune; but to others they have furnished a pretext for indulging the blackest passions of our nature; rancour, arrogance, the spirit of persecution, the most sordid self-interest, compassing its base ends, through the agency of the most contemptible hypocrisy. In a word, they have been the apology for every virtue, and the cloak for every vice.

The same note contains a very severe judgment upon Thompson, who is unceremoniously and strangely ushered in, with the ludicrous *prænomen* "Jemmy." Without entering into our reasons for dissenting from this and some other of Mr. H.'s criticisms, we will only observe that, in our opinion, he would have had more chance of making proselytes to them, if his language had been more cautious in respect to authors of established reputation. In a note to the preface, (which seems to be in some degree *postliminious*, as it was composed after the Annotations) we think some regret is discovered for the literary *κακηγορία* so conspicuous in many of his observations. He thus expresses a doubt of the justice of his censure on Thomson, from a perusal of Dr. Johnson's panegyric on that favourite poet,—a doubt surely well founded, when we remember Johnson's frugality of praise, especially to his own contemporaries. We agree, however, in the opinion that the Castle of Indolence is Thomson's best performance, and are confident that another per-

usal of that beautiful allegory will compel our author to retract the assertion that the poet wants 'harmony, or great merit of any kind.' We cannot account for an opinion so completely at variance with the good taste and high poetic feeling of which Mr. Hodgson has given so many unquestionable proofs, by conjecturing that he has only looked over that poem, at an early age, when allegory is always more perplexing than instructive, and when the Spenserian stanza might fatigue his ear.—This and some other strictures on celebrated writers ought to be expunged; and if Mr. H. will also strike out some uncalled-for treatises on irrelevant topics, there will remain in his notes enough of useful and apposite explanation, to form a valuable commentary on Juvenal. His accounts of the Roman coins (notes to sat. 1. and 5.) of the Roman month (sat. 9.) of the Roman luxury (sat. 11.), and many descriptions of Roman laws and customs, bear honorable testimony to his industry and research. But the notes that will be read with most satisfaction, are those which illustrate Juvenal by means of parallel passages admirably translated from other Roman poets, principally Claudian, Statius, and Martial. All those selected by him are eminently beautiful in the original, and are, almost without exception, greatly improved in their English dress. The well known address to sleep by Statius, as it is here rendered, might be cited as one of the most highly-finished specimens of English versification. We regret the want of room to insert, and cannot find it in our hearts to mutilate or abridge, this exquisite production.

We close this volume for the present, with the conviction that we shall be tempted frequently to resume it, and shall always derive fresh delight from the perusal. While we are anxious to acknowledge our obligation, as individuals, to the author, we think a still more imperious duty incumbent upon us in our critical capacity to point out its rare merit to our readers and the world. Far from adhering to that new sect which would limit the honorable functions of criticism to the detection of faults, and the condemnation of offenders,* it appears to us old English reviewers, that the most useful, as well as the most agreeable part of our office is to confer deserved praise, and render 'honour to whom honour is due.' No literary truth is more important than that conveyed in the remark of Paterculus *honos alit artes*; and though it would be culpable to abstain from

* *Judex damnatur, cum nocens absolvitur.*

exposing, as we have done in the present instance, the blemishes of a youthful poet, it should be remembered that the cold and malignant denial of just applause to him, who with trembling sensibility introduces to the world the first offspring of his muse, by strangling the motives for future exertion, might have deprived the republic of letters of many of its noblest ornaments. Of Mr. Hodgson it is bare justice to declare, that he has displayed all the essential qualities of a poet, that can be found in a translation; but we hope ere long to have an opportunity of appreciating his claims to the higher praise of invention and original composition. We have already stated that we think him peculiarly gifted with satirical talents: and he cannot be at a loss for proper objects on which to employ them, while our *Tartuffes* are daily assuming a thousand new disguises, and while cold-blooded metaphysicians pretend to regulate the public taste in regard to poetry and the *belles lettres*.

ART. II.—*A new Illustration of the Sexual System of Carolus Von Linnæus. By Robert John Thornton, M. D. Chiefly Prints. 30l. Boards. Symonds. 1808.*

THE bastard title, as it is called, states this production to be 'A British Trophy in Honor of Linnæus,'—and in the title-page of the work, the author points out, through the medium of a *pun*, the proud design of eclipsing all former works of this kind now publishing in France, and the continent, and then,

Shall Britons, in the field
Unconquer'd still, the better laurel lose?
In finer arts and *public works* shall they
To Gallia yield?

THOMSON.

It must be confessed, that the English stand behind no other nation as far as respects genius, painting, engraving, type and letter-press, and it is to be lamented, that till of late, little or no exertions have been made to furnish encouragement to the arts and sciences, and these have proceeded more from the public at large, than either the smile of princes, or the liberality of the great. Even such exertions have only at last been crowned with success by means of *lotteries*, and we doubt, whether Doctor Thornton, with all his claims to public patronage, will ever bring back the large sums he must have expended on this magnificent undertaking.

CRIT. REV. Vol. 14. July, 1808.

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The work is dedicated by permission to her majesty. It is divided into three parts. The first comprehends a very clear account of all the parts of fructification, as the *calyx*, *corolla*, *nectary*, *pericarp*, and *seeds*, which are explained by analytical tables, and next synthetically, with a definition of the botanical terms usually applied to these parts. The reader having acquired so much knowledge of the first principles of the science, is then presented with a translation of a Prize Dissertation on the Sexes of Plants, written by Linnaeus, accompanied with copious and very learned notes. He is gradually led on to the main object of the work in a second part, the *Illustrations of the Sexual System of Linnaeus*, which is ingeniously explained by symbolical representations, and this complicated system, is rendered thereby so easy, that any one may acquire immediately a clear idea of the classes of plants. The orders are also very perspicuously explained. A synthetical table of the whole follows, and lastly appears the *Reformed Sexual System*. This amendment of the Sexual System has met with the approbation of several very eminent judges of the subject, and does much credit to Doctor Thornton. The twenty-four classes of Linnaeus are simplified to thirteen. Doctor Thornton expresses an hope, that the Reformed Sexual System, will supersede, that of the original system, and not moulder like the other reformed systems into the sand of which they were composed, but resemble the youthful phoenix arising from the ashes of its parents.

Doctor Thornton has preferred pulling the Sexual System to pieces, and erecting a new one by a fresh disposition of the original materials, to any partial amendments, and his Reformed System has this advantage, that it is easier and a more perfect system, than the original, of which, however, the names and ideas are retained: it is the arrangement that constitutes the principal distinction.

The botanist is next led into a flower garden, where the beauties of the vegetable race, collected from the four quarters of the world, bloom in all their native perfection. This part, is entitled the *Temple of Flora*, or *Garden of Nature*, being picturesque botanical coloured plates of the new Illustration of the Sexual System. Besides serving as a relief to the flowers, the back-grounds are of use to explain the country, of which each is a native: a plan entirely new in this branch of art, as is also the printing of flowers in colours, which gives a fine effect, and we do not recollect ever to have seen flowers so perfectly resembling nature. The first flower-plate in the work is the SNOW DROP and CROCUS,

with an expressive picturesque scenery of snow and a wintry sky. The *second* is the PERSIAN CYCLAMEN, in its various stages; and it is seen burying its own seeds in the ground. A Persian building denotes its country. The *third* is a choice collection of fine HYACINTHS: the back-ground a view in Holland, where these bulbs are chiefly cultivated. The *fourth*, a group of ROSES, among which nightingales are introduced in reference to the Persian story of the loves of the nightingale and the rose. The *fifth*, of CARNATIONS of great beauty and an immoderate size, with an Italian back-ground. The *sixth*, of AURICULAS, and Alpine scenery, where these plants are indigenous. The *seventh* plate is a collection of rare TULIPS, of great beauty, with a Dutch view for the back-ground. The *eighth* is the STRELITZIA REGINÆ, named in honor of our queen, with foreign scenery behind. The *ninth* is a branch of AMERICAN ALOE, and in the back-ground is introduced, at a distance the whole plant in miniature, with a man contemplating it to shew the comparative height. The *tenth* is the beautiful RENEALMIA. The *eleventh*, the NIGHT-BLOWING CERES: the scenery, night, the full moon, and a turret, with a clock denoting the hour twelve, when this plant is in full perfection. The *twelfth* is a representation of the OBLIQUE-LEAVED BEGONIA, a plant producing from the same stems male and female flowers. An American butterfly denotes the country. The *thirteenth* is the large FLOWERING SENSITIVE PLANT, with humming birds, characteristic of the region where this flower flourishes. The *fourteenth* is a beautiful plate of the BLUE PASSION-FLOWER, in all its various stages, clambering up a pillar. The *fifteenth* is the WINGED PASSION FLOWER, a very beautiful exotic. The *sixteenth* is the QUADRANGULAR PASSION-FLOWER; a very rare plant, we believe, in the first hothouses. The *seventeenth*, is the COMMON LILY. The *eighteenth* is the SUPERB LILY, presenting a pyramid of rich flowers, red and yellow, somewhat resembling the common Turk's cap. The *nineteenth* is the DRAGON ARUM, a most foetid and poisonous plant, with appropriate scenery. The *twentieth* is the MAGGOT-EATING STAPELIA, whose tainted smell like that of carrion, invites the fly to deposit her eggs on the flower which are soon converted into maggots: the green snake denotes Africa, and the wild scenery with which it is surrounded points out the poisonous nature of this plant. The *thirtieth* plate represents those curious bog-plants of America, the FOETID POTHOS, the PITCHER-PLANT, and VENUS'S FLY TRAP, all very curious and interesting

plants. The *thirty-first* is the PONTIC RHODODENDRON, possessing a curious nectary, and a bee collecting from thence its honey, which proves deleterious to man. The *thirty-second* is the AMERICAN COWSLIP. The *thirty-third*, the NARROW-LEAVED THALMA, an American plant, growing in a bog, surrounded by mountains covered with snow. The leaves of this plant are the food of the American elk, but honey collected from its flowers, is poisonous, which induced the congress to issue a caution on this subject. The *thirty-fourth* is the CHINA LIMODORUM, a very beautiful plant with a pagoda in the back-ground. The *thirty-fifth* is the INDIAN REED, a river in the back-ground, and an Indian building. The *thirty-sixth* is the SACRED EGYPTIAN BEAN, growing in the Nile. Three pyramids are seen in the distant scenery. Nothing can exceed the grandeur or beauty of this plant. The *thirty-sixth* is the BLUE EGYPTIAN WATER LILY, growing also in the Nile, with a distant view of Aboukir. The flowers are, upon the whole, a judicious selection for the purpose of illustrating the Sexual System of Linnæus. Their descriptions seem to us more copious than most that have hitherto appeared; but we are sorry to add that, by a great error in judgment, on each flower there is a copy of verses, sometimes from the author, but usually from his unpoetic friends, such as Dr. Shaw, Mr. Maurice, Mr. Pye, and Mr. Pratt. These of course detract from the value of the work, which we could have wished to consider in a botanical point of view that we might have bestowed upon it unqualified approbation.

ART. III — *Memoirs of Sir Thomas More, with a new Translation of his Utopia, his History of King Richard III. and his Latin Poems* By Arthur Cayley the Younger, Esq. 2 Vols. 4to. Cadell and Davies.

AS we have lately given an epitome of the life of Sir Thomas More in our review of Mr Macdiarmid's British Statesmen, and as the principal sources from which Mr. Cayley has derived his information are the same with those which Mr. Macdiarmid had previously consulted, we shall only mention some particulars of this extraordinary man which we have not already detailed, or some which Mr. Macdiarmid has omitted, or which Mr. Cayley has more copiously explained. Sir John More, the father of Sir Thomas was thrice married: this was rather a bold venture in a man who

compared the chances of a happy choice to 'one who dipped his hand in a bag which contained twenty snakes and one eel, it was twenty to one that he caught the eel.' While Sir Thomas More was studying the law in London, his father 'allowed him so little money that he could not dress with decency, and exacted from him a most particular account of his expences.' This conduct was applauded by More in his riper years as having preserved him from idleness, gaming, bad company and vice in general.' In the poetry of More, the defects were those of his age, but the beauties were his own.. It exhibits instances of polished diction, of just conceptions, and beautiful combinations. The following picture of Fortune is characteristic and appropriate.

'Fast by her side doth weary Labour stand,
Pale Fear also and Sorrow all bewept,
Disdain and Hatred on that other hand
Eke restless Watch, from sleep with travail kept,
His eyes drowsy, and looking as he slept.
Before her standeth Danger and Envy,
Flatt'ry, Deceit, Mischief, and Tyranny.'

More's first wife, did not survive their union more than six years ;

'and two or three years after her death he married Mrs. Alice Middleton, a widow with one daughter, by whom he had no children. More used to say of this lady, that she was *nec bella nec puella*, and the great grandson's account of her and of her marriage with More are (is) curious. This he did not of any contumescence, for he would often affirm that chastity is more hardly kept in wedlock than in a single life; but because she might have care of his children, which were very young, from whom of necessity he must be very often absent. She was of good years, of no good favour nor complexion, nor very rich; by disposition very near and worldly. I have heard it reported, he wooed her for a friend of his, not once thinking to have her for himself. But she wisely answering him, that *he might speed if he would speak in his own behalf*, telling his friend what she had said unto him, with his good liking he married her, and did that which otherwise he would perhaps never have thought to have done. And indeed her favour, as I think, would not have bewitched or scarce ever moved any man to love her.'

More appears early to have foreseen in the ferment of the human mind which was at that time but just beginning to appear, and in the concussion of new and old opinions which was then rather an object of gloomy apprehension than of actual experience, the ultimate triumph of the

principles of the reformation and the consequent subversion of the existing establishments. When Mr. Roper, who married his daughter and afterwards wrote an account of his life, was one day expatiating

‘On the happy estate of this realm, which had so catholic a prince that no heretic dared to shew his face, so virtuous and learned a clergy, so grave and sound a nobility, and so loving obedient subjects, all in one faith;—the knight replied, *truth it is indeed, son Roper*, and even exceeded him in commendation: and yet, *son Roper*, he continued, *I pray God that some of us, as high as we seem to sit upon the mountains, treading heretics under our feet like ants, live not the day that we would gladly be at league and composition with them to let them have their churches quietly to themselves, so that they would be contented to let us have ours quietly to ourselves.*’

In 1529, More, while attending the court at Woodstock, received intelligence that part of his dwelling house at Chelsea and all his barns, full of corn, had been consumed by fire, and that the barns of some of his near neighbours had been destroyed by the conflagration. The letter which he wrote to his wife on this occasion, displays in every part the serenity of a philosopher and the benevolence of a Christian.

The moral temperament of More was characterized by an undeviating probity. This he evinced in the most delicate and trying situations: Not all the terrors of Henry's capricious and unrelenting tyranny could make him swerve from the strait line of rectitude and of truth. In his judicial administration the most rigid Roman could not have been more inflexibly just. No private nor personal regards were ever suffered in the smallest degree to influence his decisions. The following anecdote, though it relates to a frivolous occurrence, is characteristic of the man:

‘While he was sitting in his hall one day, a beggar came to him to complain that Lady More detained a little dog which belonged to her. The chancellor sent for his lady and ordered her to bring the dog with her. He took it into his hands, and placing lady More at the upper end of the hall, desired the beggar to stand at the lower end. I sit here, he said, to do every one justice; and he desired each of them to call the dog. The little favourite immediately forsook his new mistress and ran to the beggar; upon which lady More was compelled to indulge her partiality by purchasing the animal.’

When More resigned his office of lord chancellor, which his determination not to assent to what he deemed the unwarrantable measures of the king, would no longer suffer him to hold, a great change was produced in his external circumstances, but none in the internal cheerfulness and serenity of his mind. His wife, however, whose affections were more fixed on the things of this world, could not endure this revolution in his circumstances with the same pious equanimity. The following anecdote marks the characteristic difference between the philosopher and his lady :

‘ During his chancellorship, one of More’s attendants had been in the habit, after the church service was over, of going to his lady’s pew to inform her when the chancellor was gone. The first holiday after the resignation of his office, Sir Thomas came to the pew himself, and, making a low bow, said, *madam, my lord is gone*. His lady at first imagined this to be one of his jests, and took little notice of it; but when he informed her seriously that he had resigned the seal, she was in a passion. The facetious knight called his daughters, and asked them, if they could espy no fault in their mother’s appearance? Being answered in the negative, he replied, *do ye not perceive that her nose standeth somewhat awry?* The good lady is reported to have exclaimed with her usual worldly feeling on this occasion. *Tili vally, what will you do Mr. More? will you sit and make guslings in the ashes? it is better to rule than to be ruled.*’

After his resignation of the chancellorship, More’s income amounted to little more than one hundred pounds a year; and as he had hitherto lived under the same roof with his children and grandchildren, in a style of unrestrained hospitality, a great reduction became necessary in his establishment, that he might be able to provide for himself and relatives, with whom he cheerfully shared his remaining means, the common necessities of life. The magnanimity and generosity of a truly noble mind are best seen when conflicting with indigence and misfortune.

More’s knowledge of Henry’s character made him anticipate his fate before it came; and one of his great endeavours appears to have been to prepare his family for the sad event. For this purpose he frequently descanted on the blessedness of those who endured every extremity of evil rather than violate their principles of rectitude.

‘ He would talk,’ says Mr. Roper, ‘ unto his wife and children of the joys of heaven and pains of hell, of the lives of holy martyrs, of their grievous martyrdoms, of their marvellous patience, and of

their passions and deaths; which they suffered rather than they would offend God. And what a happy and blessed thing it was, for the love of God to suffer the loss of goods, imprisonment, loss of lands, and life also. Wherewith and the like virtuous talk, he had so long before his trouble encouraged them, that when he afterward fell into trouble indeed, his trouble was to them a great deal less.'

The following letter was written by More to his favourite daughter, Margaret, on July 5th, 1535, the day before his execution.

Sir Thomas More to Mrs. Roper.

'Our Lord bless you, good daughter, and your good husband, and your little boy, and all yours; and all my children, and all my god-children and all our friends. Recommend me when you may to my good daughter Cicily, whom I beseech our Lord to comfort! and I will send her my blessing, and to all her children, and pray her to pray for me. I send her an handkerchief; and God comfort my good son her husband!

'My good daughter Daunce hath the picture in parchment which you delivered me from my lady Coniers; her name is on the back-side. Shew her that I heartily pray her, that you may send it in my name to her again, for a token from me to pray for me.

'I like special well Dorothy Coly, I pray you be good unto her! I would wit whether this be she whom you wrote me of? If not, yet I pray you be good to the other, as you may in her affliction, and to my god-daughter Joan Aleyn too. Give her, I pray you, some kind answer; for she sued hither to me this day, to pray you, be good to her.

'I cumber you, good Margaret, much; but I would be sorry if it should be any longer than to-morrow. For it is St. Thomas even, and the nias of St. Peter; and therefore to-morrow long I to go to God,—it were a day very meet and convenient for me. I never liked your manners toward me better than when you kissed me last; for I love when daughterly love and dear charity hath no leisure to look to worldly courtesy. Farewell my dear child and pray for me; and I shall for you and all your friends, that we may merrily meet in heaven. I thank you for your great cost. I send now to my god-daughter Clement her algorism stone; and I send her, and my god-son and all hers, God's blessing and mine. I pray you, at time convenient, recommend me to my good son, John More. I liked well his natural fashion. Our Lord bless him and his good wife my loving daughter! to whom I pray him be good as he hath great cause; and that if the land of mine come to his hand, he break not my will concerning his sister Daunce. And our Lord bless Thomas and Austin and all that they shall have.'

* At the appointed time More was conducted from his prison by the lieutenant of the tower to the place of execution; *his beard being long, says his great grandson, his face pale and lean, carrying in his hands a red cross casting his eyes often toward heaven.* Yet his facetiousness remained to the last, of which three instances are related to have passed, even upon the scaffold. On ascending this structure, he found it so weak that it was ready to fall; upon which he said to the lieutenant, *I pray see me up safe, and for my coming down let me shift for myself.* As Henry had so prudently imposed silence upon him at this time, More only desired of his spectators that they would pray for him, and bear witness that he there suffered death in and for the faith of the catholic church. This said, he knelt, and repeated a psalm with great devotion, perhaps the fifty-first, the fifty-sixth, or the fifty-seventh. He then rose cheerfully, and the executioner asking his forgiveness, More kissed him and said, *thou wilt do me this day a greater benefit, than ever any mortal man can be able to give me. Pluck up thy spirits man, and be not afraid to do thy office. My neck is very short; take heed therefore that thou strike not awry, for saving thy honesty.* When he laid his head upon the block, he desired the executioner to wait till he had removed his beard, *for that had never committed treason.* So with great alacrity and spiritual joy, adds his great grandson, 'he received the fatal blow of the axe; which had no sooner severed the head from the body, but his soul was carried by angels into everlasting glory, where a crown of martyrdom was put upon him which can never fade nor decay.'

More was naturally of a temperament highly irritable and sensitive to suffering. But by continual watchfulness over himself he had learned to controul the vehemence of his sensations, and he had certainly acquired a more than ordinary fortitude in enduring the pains, the privations and vicissitudes of life. With respect to the government of his temper,

'Mr. Roper informs us that in the sixteen years during which he was an inhabitant of his father-in-law's house, he did not once see More in a fume. Margaret Gigs, who was brought up with More's children, said that she sometimes committed a fault for the purpose of hearing Sir Thomas chide her, he did it in so grave, and at the same time, in so moderate, so loving, and so compassionate a manner. Erasmus likewise informs us of his intimate friend *'comitate totam familiam moderatur, in qua nulla tragedia, nulla rixa.'*

With respect to equanimity in the most trying scenes, the loss of fortune, of distinction, and of life, no man appears ever to have submitted to these with a more cheerful

acquiescence in the fitness of such calamitous visitations. He descended without one murmur of discontent from a state of honour, of fortune, and of power, to one of obscurity and indigence, and he sacrificed his life to the scruples of his conscience. Although his frame was gifted by nature with uncommon sensibility, which was associated with a proportionate dread of pain, yet such was the ardour of his integrity as to overpower the sense of his physical suffering. On the scaffold instead of any recreant fear, he displayed that visible, unaffected complacency which the sense of rectitude only can inspire; and if there be any thing great or dignified in consistency of character, that exultation of praise must be conceded to More, for he was the same in death as he had been in life,—the same in cheerfulness of deportment when he appeared as a malefactor on the scaffold as when in circumstances of more external splendor he had been invested with all the insignia of the highest judicial office in the state.

The second volume contains More's *Utopia*, his history of king Richard III. and his Latin poems and epigrams. Of the *Utopia* Mr. Cayley has exhibited a new and perspicuous translation. The *Utopia*, which is more often mentioned than read, but which is highly deserving of perusal, is a sort of philosophical or political romance, which presents a beautiful picture of what the writer deemed a perfect government. When we consider the period of ignorance and superstition, of spiritual domination and of secular tyranny in which this work was written, compared with the enlightened sentiments of civil and religious liberty which it breathes, and the agreeable delineation of an ameliorated state of society which it depicts, we cannot help regarding it as one of the noblest exertions of the human mind in the age in which it appeared. Some of the *practical* improvements which it suggests in our moral and political institutions have not even yet been realised, though they are the wish of all who are most eminent in wisdom and in virtue. Among the most distinguished, the most forcibly desired, and the most imperiously needed of these improvements is a form of public worship in which there are no sectarian peculiarities, but in which all denominations of religionists may join in supplications and thanksgivings to the Father of spirits, in spirit and in truth.

'Though,' says Sir Thomas More, 'there be many different forms of religion among them, all agree in the main point of worshipping the divine essence. Therefore there is nothing to be seen

or heard in their temples, in which the several persuasions among them may not agree. For every sect performs the rites peculiar to it in their private houses, and there is nothing in the public worship which contradicts these peculiarities. There are no images of God in their temples, therefore every one may represent him to his thoughts in his own way; nor do they use for him any other name than Mithras, their term in common for the divine essence, whatever otherwise they think of it; nor have they any forms of prayer, but such as every one of them may use without prejudice to his private opinion.

• Such was the opinion which Sir Thomas More had formed of what a public worship ought to be, even in the sixteenth century. But near three centuries have since elapsed and such a mode of adoration is still as great a desideratum in our times as it was in his. Sir Thomas More has not inspired his Utopians with any thing like a proselyting spirit, nor has he made them freight ships with cargoes of fanatical missionaries in order to disturb the peace of other quarters of the globe. He seems to have thought, and wisely thought, that God might be pleased with a *variety* of offerings, as long as they were the offerings of the heart. For it is the heart which sanctifies the oblation. It is what Christ called the *worship that is paid in spirit and in truth*, which is acceptable to God; and *this worship is not restricted to any peculiarities of diction or of form*. If only one religion be true and the rest false, the false must, by the simple force of truth, which has not only a progressive motion, but an accumulating force, be finally vanquished by the true.

The Utopians had few priests; but those few were eminently good. They were chosen by the people; and, when chosen, consecrated by the college of priests.

The Utopians 'detest war as brutal, and which to the reproach of human nature is more practised by man than by any beast. In opposition to the sentiment of almost every other country, they think nothing more inglorious than the glory gained by war.' But still the Utopians were accustomed to military exercises in order to defend their hearths and homes. The Utopians made no treaties, not only because they were seldom observed, but because they thought that 'the partnership of human nature was instead of a league; and that kindness and good-nature unite men more strongly than any compact whatever, since the engagements of the heart were stronger than the obligation of words.' They thought that if the common ties of humanity were insufficient to 'knit men together, the faith of promises

would have little effect.' The Utopians allowed divorce not only for actual adultery but for those causes which are *as essentially opposite to the end for which marriage was designed*. Hence we might be led to believe that the author of Utopia entertained the same opinion as the immortal Milton on this momentous question.

The Utopians define

'Virtue living *according to nature*, and think we are created for that end. They believe man to follow nature when he followeth reason; and say that the first dictate of reason is love and reverence for the Divine Majesty, to whom we owe all we have and all we can hope for. They esteem all our actions and even all our virtues to terminate in pleasure, as in our chief end and greatest happiness; and they call every motion or state, either of body or mind in which nature teacheth us to delight a pleasure. Thus they carefully limit pleasure to those appetites only to which nature leadeth; for she leadeth, they say, to those delights only to which sense as well as reason point, by which we neither injure another, lose not greater pleasures, nor superinduce inconveniencies.'

'Their religious tenets are these—The soul of man is immortal,—God of his goodness has designed it should be happy; he hath therefore appointed reward for virtue and punishment for vice after this life.'

This was the simple creed which induced them while they went in pursuit of pleasure, never to lose sight of virtue.

In the following passage, More evidently intended to convey an indirect censure on two causes which in his times greatly impeded the improvement of the mind and the advancement of knowledge.

'They have never yet fallen into those barbarous subtleties which youth are obliged to learn in our *trifling logical schools*. They nevertheless know astronomy and have many excellent instruments for ascertaining the course and position of the heavenly bodies. But as for *divining by the stars, their oppositions or conjunctions, this hath never entered their thoughts*.'

The author thus describes the reception which the Utopians gave to some foreign ambassadors who thought to impose on the senses of this simple people by the force of external representation.

'The three ambassadors made their entry with one hundred attendants, all clad in garments of different colours, and the greater part in silk. The ambassadors themselves, who were of the nobility of

their country, were in clothes of gold, adorned with massy chains and rings of gold. Their caps were covered with bracelets, thickly set with pearls and other gems. In a word, they were decorated in those very things, which, among the Utopians, are either badges of slavery, marks of infamy, or play-things for children.

It was pleasant to behold, on one side how big they looked in comparing their rich habits with the plain clothes of the Utopians, who came out in great numbers to see them make their entry; and on the other, how much they were mistaken in the impression which they expected this pomp would have made. The sight appeared so ridiculous to those who had not seen the customs of other countries, that, though they respected such as were meanly clad (as if they had been the ambassadors,) when they saw the ambassadors themselves, covered with gold and chains, they looked upon them as slaves, and shewed them no respect. You might have heard children, who had thrown away their jewels, cry to their mothers, *see that great fool, wearing pearls and gems as if he were yet a child;* and the mothers as innocently, *peace, this must be one of the ambassador's fools.*

The author of Utopia has anticipated the objections of the wise and good in modern times against capital punishments. Considering idleness as the great source of crimes, he took ample care to provide against it in the formation of his commonwealth. He rendered labour universal, but he did not condemn any to oppressive toil. In some parts of the work we find some sarcastic reflections on the laziness of the monks, and some very wise reflections against the folly of foreign conquests and the lust of extensive domination. The account which he gives of the moral and political institutions of the Utopians; and of the mode in which they pass their time, is an interesting part of this agreeable production. The greatest defect in the supposed system is the recommendation of a community of goods, which seems impracticable under every modification of political society; and which, even supposing it practicable, would not, we think, be so favourable to virtue and to happiness as the author seems to suppose. A disparity of conditions by the incitements which it furnishes to the exercise of the kind affections, renders the stock of human happiness greater than it could be in circumstances in which a perfect equality in the means of enjoyment should supersede the emulation of industry and the reciprocations of benevolence. This is a radical error in the constitution of Utopia; but there are so many truly wise and philosophic reflections and hints scattered through the whole work that we deem it a highly valuable performance; and one which considering the times in which it was written, indicates a

degree of sagacity and a depth of reflection which cannot be contemplated without more than usual admiration. If we were to deduce our opinion of Sir Thomas More solely from the perusal of his *Utopia*, we should suppose him to have been a man of the most enlarged philanthropy and the most comprehensive views. But we find that the abstractions which he formed in the closet were often at variance with his conduct in the busy detail of life. Here we often find him a prey to superstition; and submitting to a variety of corporeal mortifications of which his philosophic mind, when insulated by its own reflective powers from the errors and prejudices of his contemporaries, did not want sagacity to discern the insignificance and to condemn the absurdity. But the distinguishing feature in his moral character, and in which he may challenge a comparison with the brightest names in Grecian or in Roman story, was his incorruptible integrity. This was superior to temptation; and could never for a moment be shaken by any consideration of interest or of fear. By a slight deflection from his principles, which few would have had the courage to refuse, he might have preserved his fortune and his life; but he nobly disdained to yield even a feigned assent with his lips to what he abominated in his heart. He rather parted with all that the world holds dear, than with the secret but sweet congratulations of an approving conscience. Compare his conduct in this respect with one who afterwards sat on the same bench, and who was, perhaps, his superior in intellectual endowments, Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam. Bacon was greedy of political distinction, and scrupled not to practise any means by which it might be obtained; he was a fawning courtier, a supple parasite, and a perfidious friend; ostentatious, insolent, and domineering in prosperity, and mean, servile, and prostrate in misfortune. But More was the reverse of all this; he was plain-spoken, ingenuous, and sincere in the extreme. When he was most elevated in station, he was most lowly in heart; he was more fearful of wealth and power than others are of obscurity and indigence; but when we see him most persecuted by the malice of fortune, when stripped of all that could excite external consideration, we most admire the constancy of his temper and the sublimity of his resolution.

ART. IV.—*Scottish Historical and Romantic Ballads, chiefly ancient; with explanatory Notes and a Glossary, to which are prefixed some Remarks on the early State of romantic Composition in Scotland.* By John Finlay. 2 Vols. 14s. Millar. 1808.

IF we are not mistaken, Mr. Finlay has already appeared before the public as a poet and obtained some credit by his labours. He now comes forward only as an editor of the works of others, and generally speaking, of such as are very well known already. As records of the manners and language of past ages, it is both interesting, and in some degree important, to preserve the scattered reliques of popular poetry. Yet in the eye of sober criticism, however enthusiasm may spur the suggestion, the intrinsic merit of those pieces is generally small; and, curiosity once gratified by their perusal, there remains little that is worthy the attention or investigation of genius and science.

We have read all the original part of the present publication, that is to say, the preface and commentaries, with some attention, and are yet unable to discover what are the motives which induced the editor to usher it into the world. From his preface, which is clear and sensible, we should have been disposed to pronounce him free from that excessive nationality which distinguishes so many of his literary countrymen of the present day. He denies the proof, and even the probability, of any romance of a Scottish origin, and combats, very successfully as it appears to us, Mr. W. Scott's Theory respecting his favourite work of Thomas the Rhymer, to which he assigns an Anglo-Norman parent. The romances of 'Sir Egeis' and the 'Auntie of Gawain,' which Mr. Scott also would fain ascribe to his 'dear native land,' Mr. Finlay allows to betray their Norman origin at the outset. Two others, which at first sight one would be inclined to pronounce original Scottish, Mr. Finlay proves to be likewise subject to very considerable doubts at least; and with these end all the pretensions of his countrymen to invented romance.

The second class of poems which Mr. Finlay proposes to discuss is, the historical ballad, of which it cannot be doubted that the Scottish, in common with other nations, contained the sources in its own popular traditions. The earliest of these ballads now extant appears to be that of 'Sir Patrick Spens,' preserved in Dr. Percy's collection,

and reprinted here. Those relating to Wallace, Mr. Finlay seems to place next in chronological order.

'The history of our *romantic ballads*,' proceeds Mr. F. 'admits of more doubt and enquiry. They appear to have been derived from various sources. Some, it is probable, are to be referred to the minstrel romances; episodes, and interesting fragments of which would find their way to the people, and either degenerate into ballads in their progress through a race of unlearned reciters, or be at first translated from the 'quaint Inglis' of the minstrels, into a language intelligible to the ruder audience for which they were intended. Of this derivation, however, much less evidence remains than might have been expected.' p. xxi.

One ballad only, that of 'Burd Helen,' can, he thinks, be named, of which the origin may be ascribed, with any certainty to the minstrel romance.

The remainder of the preface is taken up in combating, or at least restraining the application of, Mr. Jamieson's assertion, 'that Scotland owes much of her romantic ballads to the Scalds who attended the camp of the Scandinavian invaders of Britain.'

After this introduction, a great part of which evinces considerable learning and ingenuity, we fully expected something new and interesting in the work; and when, on turning to the table of contents, we found that our expectation would be, probably, disappointed, we still hoped that the arrangement might at least be such as to throw some new light or produce some satisfactory conclusion. So far, however, from that being the case, the first and longest poem in the collection is that of 'Hardyknute,' which has no pretension whatever to antiquity, being the avowed production of a lady who died in the year 1727. for this reason, though, as an imitation of the old ballad, and even in regard to its intrinsic merits, it possesses claims to notice, we cannot imagine why it has been reprinted by Mr. Finlay unless to introduce his quotation from the Danish account published (by Mr. Johnstone) of the battle of Largs.

Besides 'Hardyknute,' 'Sir Patrick Pens,' 'Edom o' Gordon,' 'Sir Cauline,' and 'Glasgerion,' were all published by Dr. Percy, and most of the other poems in these volumes have appeared in Mr. Scott's 'Minstrelsy of the Borders,' or in some one or other of the numerous collections of ballads with which the world has been of late years deluged.

With regard to the few which are printed from MSS. or

oral tradition, we cannot imagine that many persons will conceive themselves much indebted to Mr. Finlay for their production. Let our readers judge from the following specimens.

'Open the gates,
And let him come in;
He is my brother Huntly,
He'll do him nae harm.

'The gates they were open
They let him come in,
But fause traitor Huntly
He did him great harm.

'He's ben and ben
And ben to his bed,
And with a sharp rapier
He stabbed him dead.' &c. &c. Vol. 2. p. 21.

Three original poems are added to the collection, which we conclude are to be ascribed to Mr. Finlay himself, although he assumes only the modest title of editor. They are professed imitations of the old historical ballad of his country; and, as far as a profusion of unintelligible words, and a lamentable dearth of poetical expression and imagery can entitle them to the praise of successful efforts, they appear to us as deserving of it as any of the numerous similar compositions which we have from time to time had the misfortune to witness. They are, however, introduced by a few lines which are rather above the common standard of merit.

'O, in this deep and lonely glen
So lovely in its solitude,
Can thoughts of woe the soul o'erflow,
Or ought on dreams of peace intrude?

'O, can the gentle stir of leaves,
'The sleepy notes— as of a dream—
That winds below the green-wood bough,
The murmur of the lovely stream;—

'Can they of grief and sorrow tell?
'They can—and deeds of blood recall;
For the tree waves o'er black Creichtoun's tower,
And the stream runs by its silent wall.' Vol. 2. p. 111.

In giving our opinion of this publication, we have spoken the language which sound justice appears to us to demand.
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But, notwithstanding our disapprobation, so long as the literary part of the Scottish nation continue to be blessed with the same undaunted perseverance in favour of every thing Scottish, and so long as their southern neighbours retain the same facility of receiving the impressions which they strive so zealously to communicate, Mr. Finlay's present labours will no doubt meet with sufficient encouragement; and we will add that they are more deserving of it than many other works of the same description of which the popularity is already established.

ART. V.—*The History of the ancient Borough of Pontefract, containing an interesting Account of its Castle, and the three different Sieges it sustained during the Civil War. With Notes and Pedigrees of some of the most distinguished Royalists and Parliamentarians, chiefly drawn from MSS. never before published. By B. Boothroyd. 8vo. pp. 520. 15s. Longman. 1807.*

'I LOVE Pomfret' said Swift;* 'Why? 'Tis in all our histories: they are full of Pomfret castle.' And it is true that that fortress appears to have been one of the strongest and most important in the kingdom, though it was bestowed by the conqueror on one of his followers, and long continued to be private property in the hands of powerful barons, who were enabled by the possession of it to make formidable head against the crown. The Lacies, the feudal lords of the burgh and its lands, were vigilant observers of all their sovereign's measures, and were bold in their opposition to all his encroachments or other misdeeds; and when Henry de Lacy, having no prospect of issue, rendered up his castle and barony of Pontefract to Edmund earl of Lancaster, the brother of Edward the first, and the heirs of his body, he raised up, in this branch of the royal family, one of the most patriotic leaders of a popular party, that England ever saw. It is said, indeed, that, in his last moments, he charged Thomas of Lancaster, who had married his daughter and was to succeed to his estates, (his father Edmund being dead), to watch the conduct of Edward the second and his favourites, and under all circumstances to defend with

* In one of his letters, if we are not mistaken. His remark is appropriately prefixed as the motto to this work.

firmness the liberties of his country ; and the principle sunk deep into the heart of his adopted son, who sealed his sincerity with his blood. During the whole of that unfortunate and disgraceful reign, which was blasted by the curse of favouritism and secret influence, he was joined with the leading nobles of the land, in repressing the enormities of the government, reforming its disorders, and healing the injuries inflicted on the people by the blind violence of an infatuated monarch. He was made prisoner at Boroughbridge by the king's forces, and after undergoing the form of a trial, was beheaded as a traitor, in his own town of Pontefract. It is added that some of the populace offered insults to him at the hour of death : the people at large, however, became sensible of his virtues, when they could no longer be useful to them, and acknowledged his merits with the warmest demonstrations of gratitude known in those times, by canonizing him as a martyred saint, and building a chantry on the spot where he was executed.

Edward held the castle and barony of Pontefract for some time in his own hands, and then bestowed them on his favourite, Spencer. But when the indignation of an oppressed and an insulted people expelled that weak prince, and placed Edward the third on the throne, Henry earl of Leicester, the brother of Thomas earl of Lancaster, succeeded to his estates. His son was created duke of Lancaster, after whose death without issue male, John of Gaunt married Blanch, one of his daughters and coheirresses, and Maud, the other, died unmarried, so that he became possessed of the whole Lancastrian property. It would be superfluous to mention by what steps his son arrived at the throne after the deposition of Richard the second, or that these vast possessions were, from that period, united to the English crown. The usurper naturally chose his hereditary castle as the prison of the dethroned king, who is known to have ended his days at Pontefract, though the manner of his death is still a secret.

During the civil wars of York and Lancaster, Pontefract is not much connected with political events, except inasmuch as the castle was sometimes used for the confinement of state criminals, and was very frequently the residence of the court. The body of Richard, duke of York, was buried at the priory of St. John in this town ; lord Hastings, earl Rivers, and the other gentlemen who suffered for adhering to the queen's party in the nominal reign of Edward V. were beheaded in Pontefract castle, of which

Sir Richard Radcliffe, one of the most notorious instruments of Richard the third, who perished with him at the battle of Bosworth, was governor during the whole of that reign.

We find a singular anecdote at p. 143, which illustrates the humour of the times to which it relates :

'At the dissolution of abbeyes, one William Tindall, Esq. of Brotherton, raised a tumult in this borough. When the persons who were appointed by government to appraise the goods in St. Giles's church had entered the church to discharge their office, W. Tindall, attended by a servant with a spade and mattock, went through the town and up to the market cross, and made the following ludicrous address, which at least indicates his spirit and attachment to the superstitions which had hitherto prevailed. 'If there be any person,' cried he, 'that Jesus Christ is indebted to, let him come and make his claim, for Jesus Christ is dead, and I have brought my man to make his grave and bury him.' The appraisers came out of the church and asked what was the matter? W. Tindall told them 'he was come to bury the body of Christ.' The appraisers were angry, and bade him take care what he said, but he replied, 'Surely Jesus Christ is dead. Was it ever heard that goods were appraised before the owner is dead? Ye are appraising his goods, therefore I thought he was dead, and what more likely?'

During the reign of Henry the eighth, the castle seems to have been principally devoted to Scottish captives. There is a letter from that monarch to the governor, bearing date 'at our town of Newcastle upon Tyne, the 22d day of September, at eleven of the clock before noon, of the 38th year of our reign' (1545), directing him 'with all possible diligence to send the lord Maxwell to our town of Newcastle upon Tyne,' to be there 'on Friday or Saturday next at the farthest.'—And to the intent ye may the more surely accomplish our pleasure herein according to our expectation, we do send you herein enclosing a comission for taking post horses by the way, as the need shall require. Not failing hereof, as ye tender our pleasure, and will answer the contrary at our utmost jeopardy and peril.' The direction is still more urgently pressing.—'To our trusty and well beloved counsellor, Sir Henry Savil, knt. steward, &c.; and, in his absence, to his deputies there; in haste, post-haste—for life—for life—for life, delivered to the post the day and year aforesaid.' We are very much surprised that the author has not taken the pains to ascertain the object of these vehement injunctions.

At the breaking out of the civil war between Charles the

first and the two houses of parliament, some of the neighbouring gentlemen, who devoted themselves to the service of the king, occupied and garrisoned the castle of Pontefract in the year 1642. And in this part of the work, *Ms. Boothroyd* has been assisted by a document, which we perfectly agree with him in thinking the most valuable communication he has received. His history of the three sieges sustained by this castle, which was one of the first to declare in favour of Charles I, and was the very last that surrendered to the parliamentary forces, is extracted from a *MS. journal* written at the time by Captain Drake, who was one of the garrison, and whose descendant, the worthy Rev. F. Drake, lecturer, of Pontefract, liberally furnished the editor with that interesting paper. It cannot be read with indifference by the most perfect stranger; but in the breasts of those, who find the names of their ancestors in the list of the brave men, who so long and so nobly resisted a very superior force, it can hardly fail to kindle emotions approaching to enthusiasm. Perhaps the extreme minuteness with which the operations are described, is sometimes a little tedious, and some allowance is naturally to be made for the bias on the writer's mind. The royalists are throughout the heroes of the tale, desperately brave, romantically courageous, endowed at once with the skill and rapidity of marauding Arabs, and the exalted sentiments of the most favoured sons of chivalry. It must, indeed, be acknowledged to be probable, from the nature of their education, their habits, their rank in life, and the cause in which they were engaged, that the captains of the royal party should have been superior to their adversaries in those valuable qualities; but we were happy to find that the disgraceful anecdote relating to lady Saville (told in the note, p. 294), has been discovered to be incorrect, and we trust this will authorise us to question many other reflections which are thrown on the humanity of the rude and fanatical champions of the cause of liberty.

Colonel Lowther was governor of the castle, during all the sieges; his brother and his son were with him, and he commanded a garrison which appears at first hardly to have amounted to the number of two hundred, though it occasionally received no inconsiderable reinforcements. In the month of August, 1644, after the battle of Marston Moor, and the surrender of York, colonel Sands was sent to besiege Pontefract, which, after enduring great sufferings and making a most vigorous resistance, was relieved by Sir Marmaduke Langdale, on the 1st of March following. The

respite was but trifling, for the troops of the parliament re-appeared towards the end of the same month; but it afforded the governor an opportunity of strengthening his power by an accession of numbers, and providing against want, by a large stock of provisions. Near three months were wasted in fruitless attacks on the castle, before it occurred to the committees that so long a delay, under circumstances that appeared peculiarly favourable to speedy and complete success, might be attributable to the commandant of the besiegers, Col. Sands. He was replaced by Gen. Poyntz, who expected the sufferings of the garrison to lead to immediate surrender, and opened negotiations with Col. Lowther, in full confidence that that event was close at hand. We insert an account of a very short conference, which produced little effect, but affords a curious portrait of manners:

'No occurrence deserving notice took place till the 8th, when Gen. Poyntz went down to the Barbican gate and asked to speak with the governor. The governor's son who happened to be present, informed him 'that his father was not there, or he would not have refused to see him.' Gen. Poyntz then demanded the surrender of the castle, and promised, 'that if they complied within three days, they would obtain the most honourable terms; but if they delayed eleven or fourteen days, they might expect nothing but to walk with a white rod in their hands, as soldiers did in the Low Countries when they marched away on compositions.' Capt. Lowther then answered him, 'that the castle was kept for the king, and that if they staid fourteen days, and fourteen days after that, there were as many gentlemen in the castle as would make many a bloody head before they parted with it.' The general then began to use harsh language, and told him the soldiers behaved in the most rude and unbecoming manner, and applied to him the most reproachful terms. Capt. Lowther replied 'that neither he nor his father could govern the tongues of the soldiers, but they would speak what they pleased.' On this the general departed.'

Still the terms proposed were not entirely to the satisfaction of the brave men in the castle, who were exasperated besides at some parts in Col. Overton's conduct, the nominal governor of Pontefract, on behalf of the parliament. Their resistance continued to be equally firm and spirited, till the twentieth of July, when their adversaries were glad to remit the ungracious part of the conditions. 'The siege had lasted five months, from the time the castle was relieved, and the enemy could not have lost fewer in killed and wounded, before this fortress, than a thousand men.'

Pontefract remained in possession of the parliament near three years, when it was again wrested from them by the skill and treachery of Col. Morice, a renegade officer of their army, in which his licentiousness and profligate manners prevented his promotion to any office of trust. He seems to have been endowed with most extraordinary talents, and to have employed them under the disguise of the most consummate hypocrisy. The long series of manoeuvres, by which he availed himself of the unsuspecting confidence of governor Cotterell, to introduce a royalist garrison into the castle, is creditable to his dexterity and dissimulation; but base ingratitude to his former benefactor, Cotterell, whom he threw into a dungeon, reflects little honour on his feelings or principles, and forms a strong presumption against the motive of his treason to the authority which employed him. In defending the fortress from June 1648, to the end of March 1649, he proved himself a brave man and an excellent officer, and was nobly seconded by the gentlemen of the county, who remained with him. It appears certain that nothing would have overcome their undaunted resistance, but the knowledge that the whole royal party was annihilated, and could not derive any benefit from their destruction. The terms of their capitulation were honourable upon the whole; but six persons were to be excepted from pardon, of whom Morice was one. Lambert, however, who then commanded the besieging army, had the generosity to allow time for the surrender, in which these persons might enjoy an opportunity of effecting their escape. Morice, and a cornet Blackburn, in the course of a desperate sally made by the garrison, penetrated the enemy's forces unobserved, and reached a place of safety. In another sally, Ensign Smith, another excepted man, lost his life. It was thought hopeless to preserve the other three; but a justifiable *ruse de guerre* was attempted and succeeded. 'The garrison pretended to rejoice, and sent the governor word that, as their six friends had all escaped, they would surrender the next day. At the hour appointed, they marched out.' The three excepted persons, who had concealed themselves among the ruins, with a month's provisions, finding Lambert negligent of the castle, threw down their inclosures on the very night after the surrender, and securely decamped.

We have been betrayed into such a length of observation and detail, by the interest that attaches to this portion of English history, that we must pass rapidly over the other

parts of Mr. Boothroyd's work, which abound with clear and useful information relating to the several objects of topographical enquiry. The state of the borough and the determination of the right of voting are also traced with great precision. It is on the whole a valuable and entertaining volume, quite equal to answer its professed purpose; but we wish the author had not thought of 'giving a grace and polish to his language,' which is very good where it makes no pretensions to ornament, but remarkably tasteless where it affects elegance. We also recommend the omission of the long scraps of blank verse, which are whimsically tacked to some of the early chapters, and disfigure them by a mock-heroic effect, which is truly ridiculous.

ART. VI.—*A Sketch of the State of Ireland, past and present.* London. Carpenter. 1808.

THIS is evidently the production of an author, who is well acquainted with the subject on which he writes; whose views are comprehensive, whose reflections are often profound, and whose language, though sometimes quaint and affected, is generally forcible.—He begins with stating that a writer whose object is not personal interest but public good, should speak of times present as if they were past, and of sects and factions, which now exist, as if they were objects only of historical recollection.—But this mode of writing, which is difficult any where, must be peculiarly so in Ireland, from the violent animosities which have so long agitated that country and which still prevail.—In Ireland, says the author of this sketch,

'Impartiality seldom thinks and never writes; party the only distinction, passion the only incitement; where the faction in and the faction out, orangemen and defenders, coercers and revolutionists, the English administration and the Irish directory, have divided between them the press and the nation.'

We attach the more importance to the observations of the author, because they appear to be written without any party-spirit, and to have for their object the good of Ireland and of the united empire, rather than the gratification of any sinister views of avarice or ambition. We therefore feel it our duty, as briefly as we can, to lay before the reader the substance of the present composition; and this will be no

easy matter, when it is known, that the author himself affects the brevity of Tacitus; and that this very brevity often renders it almost impossible to state his meaning in fewer words than he has done it himself.

Though the English effected an establishment in Ireland as early as 1169, yet till the last century conquest was not accompanied with any thing like the boon of civil government.—The only system, which was pursued, if system it may be called, was one of bloodshed and oppression.—It was a system which rendered the settlers as barbarous as the original inhabitants. The Irish partook not of the benefits of the reformation. That important event, which more or less enlightened other parts of Europe left the Irish in the same darkness as before.—The Irish remained papists, because no attempt was made by a wise system of rational improvement and increased civilization to teach them a more enlightened creed. After the revolution, when the sovereignty of James was destroyed by the battle of the Boyne, the catholic superstition, which might have been extinguished even by neglect, was perpetuated by proscription. Indeed those measures seem to have been adopted with a sort of obstinate infatuation which were most likely to generate religious antipathies and political disaffection. When 'the warfare of the nations ceased that of the parliaments began; the English to assume new or to assert ancient superiority, the Irish to deny the latter and to resist both.'—But England found means to establish by *influence* a supremacy more complete than she could either claim of right, or maintain by force. The word *influence* excites in the writer the glow of virtuous indignation.—He calls it,

'A courteous name for profligacy on one side and prostitution on the other. Hence a degraded population, a hireling aristocracy, a corrupt government; hence the low intrigues, misery, and baseness of three generations.'

From the reign of William the third to that of George the third, Ireland experienced a long pause in the annals of her turbulence, which was not interrupted except by the petty squabbles of a low-minded avarice and ambition. One intellect, however, of superior magnitude was resplendent in this interval, rather of sullen submission than of vivifying peace. That luminary was Swift, to whose genius and worth the author pays this high and well-merited praise.

'Ireland,' says he, 'worshipped it with Persian idolatry; her true patriot, her first, almost her last. Sagacious and intrepid, he

saw, he dared; above suspicion, he was trusted; above envy, he was beloved, above rivalry he was obeyed. His wisdom was practical and prophetic; remedial for the present, warning for the future: he first taught Ireland that she might become a nation, and England that she might cease to be a despot. His gown impeded his course and entangled his efforts: guiding a senate or heading an army, he had been more than Cromwell, and Ireland not less than England; as it was he saved her by his courage, improved her by his authority, adorned her by his talents and exalted her by his fame. His mission was of but ten years; and for ten years only did his personal power mitigate the government: but though no longer feared by the great, he was not forgotten by the wise; his influence like his writings has survived a century; and the foundations of whatever prosperity we have since erected, are laid in the disinterested and magnanimous patriotism of Swift.

In 1782 Ireland embraced the favourable opportunity, which the American war afforded, of extorting from the distress of England, a political boon which her generosity never would have bestowed.—But though Ireland had now become nominally independant of the English cabinet, yet the measure which seemed to secure the freedom of her senate, only diffused and subtilized the poison, of that *influence*, which paralysed all the moral and patriotic energies of the state. That part of this generous and high-minded people who remained uncontaminated by the infectious bane, could not brook the reality of dependance. Of these some were unfortunately led to cherish visionary schemes of impracticable liberty, the consequences were inevitable—Rebellion and Union.

In 1778, 1783, 1792, 1793, various important concessions were made to the catholics; but little remained to concede to render the boon full and unreserved; but this little which wisdom would instantly have bestowed, folly withheld, and what is still more surprising still withholds. For it was and it still is not considered by our superlatively conceited, but really ignorant politicians, who are neither read in the nature of man, nor in the page of history, that on these occasions the qualified, the half-generous and half-selfish liberality which may be pardoned in an individual is inexcusable in a state. For where there is real and rational ground for political discontent, more dissatisfaction is produced by the restrictions which are left, than is diminished by those which are taken away.

In 1798, the several species and forms of political and of religious discontent, which for many years had prevailed in different places and under different pretexts and different

denominations, seem to have been all melted down into one great mass of hostility to the church and to the state.

'The conflagration was general; war on every side; in Ulster of politics; elsewhere of bigotry. The dissenter fought, the papist massacred, the loyalist cut down both.'

The union followed;—a measure which whatever may be its *latent* benefits, was certainly brought about by means as wicked and unjust as any political event which is recorded in history. We pass over what our author says of the administration of Ireland under Lord Hardwicke and the duke of Bedford, in which he delivers some opinions on men and measures, several of which we not only do not think true, but know to be false. We shall now attend to the remedies which the author suggests for the evils which he has detailed, and which we cannot but seriously deplore. He remarks that no institution can be permanent that is not fitted to the national temperament. Hence preparatory to the suggestion of any remedy, he first describes with striking fidelity, the characteristic qualities, disposition and manners of the Irish. We shall extract what he says on the condition of the peasantry, from which we learn that it has undergone no improvement since the time of Bishop Berkley, and we are sorry that his salutary instructions should have been circulated with so little benefit.

'Their dwellings are of primitive and easy construction, the walls and floors of clay, the roof of sod or thatch: within are two unequal divisions; in the smaller, filthy and unfurnished, you would hardly suppose the whole family to sleep; in the larger, on a hearth, without a grate or a chimney, a scanty fire warms rather by its smoke than its blaze, and discolours whatever it warms. Glazed windows there are none, the open door amply sufficing for light and air, to those who are careless of either. Furniture they neither have, nor want; their food and its preparation are simple, potatoes or oaten cakes, sour milk, and sometimes salted fish. In drink they are not so temperate: of all spirituous liquors they are immoderately fond, but most of whiskey, the distilled extract of fermented corn. In many districts, by an ingenious and simple process, they prepare this liquor themselves, but clandestinely, and to the great injury of national morals and revenue. Were they allowed, by private distillation, to indulge their taste for inebriety, their own vice would more effectually subdue them than centuries of war.

'Their dress is mean and squalid, particularly of the females, whom you would not always distinguish from men by their attire. Of personal cleanliness they have no care. Both sexes wear, in winter

and summer, long woollen coats or cloaks, derived from, and similar to the sagum of their ancestors. The children are generally half, and sometimes altogether naked; living, without distinction of sexes, in dirt and mire, almost with the cattle. Yet from this nakedness and filth they grow up to that strength and stature for which they are admirable.

'The peasantry of Ireland are generally of the Roman Catholic religion, but utterly and disgracefully ignorant; few among them can read, fewer write. The Irish language, a barbarous jargon, is generally, and in some districts exclusively, spoken, and with it are retained customs and superstitions as barbarous. Popish legends and pagan tradition are confounded, and revered: for certain holy wells, and sacred places, they have extraordinary respect; thither crowd the sick for cure, and the sinful for expiation; and their priests, deluded or deluding, enjoin those pilgrimages as penance, or applaud them, when voluntary, as piety. The religion of such a people is not to be confounded with one of the same name professed by the enlightened nations of Europe. The university of Paris has some tenets in common, perhaps, with the Irish Papist, but does it believe that water restores the cripple, enlightens the blind, or purifies the guilty?

'In agricultural pursuits they are neither active nor expert: hereditary indolence would incline them to employ their lands in pasturage, and it is often more easy to induce them to take arms for their country, or against it, than to cultivate the earth, and wait upon the seasons. Even at this day, the sons of the old inheritors are suspected of being more ready to regain their possessions by their blood, than by their labour. Their very amusements are polemical: fighting is a pastime, which they seldom assemble without enjoying; not, indeed, with iron weapons, but with clubs, which they always carry, and frequently and skilfully use. When not driven by necessity to labour, they willingly consume whole days in sloth or as willingly employ them in riot; strange diversity of nature, to love indolence and hate quiet; to be reduced to slavery, but not yet to obedience!

The author is friendly to catholic emancipation; but he does not extol that measure as a *panacea* for all the political and moral ills under which Ireland groans.

'It will be,' says he, 'a part, perhaps great, probably, small of any enlightened system of Irish policy; but it is not itself a system.'

The author asks,

'But the Irish protestant has he no grievance?—labours he under no disability? Has he no cause or taint of disaffection? Your protestant tenants, few in numbers; your protestant artizans and manufacturers a great and pining population—ask them for a description of their

exclusive paradise. In all that regards happiness and power you will find them to be catholics reading the liturgy, as the catholics are protestants singing the mass. Emancipate *them*, emancipate *all*; vivify your country—not in details, but in generals; not in (the) extremities, but at the heart.’

This language breathes the spirit of unvitiated patriotism.

One of the greatest evils, under which Ireland labours, is the general ignorance of the people. This evil is indeed the source of evils even greater than itself. This is the chief parent of turbulence, of outrage, and of crimes.—Improvidence, intemperance, the misrule of the passions, a state of filth and nastiness worse than swinish, though not always prevented by knowledge, are yet the seldom-failing concomitants of ignorance.

‘In all our perils,’ says the author, ‘the real danger is in those who cannot read, the true security in those who can. Superior knowledge is one branch of the protestant ascendancy from which the catholics must emancipate themselves.’

These are the remarks of a reflective and enlightened mind.—We are friends to catholic emancipation, not on the narrow principle of any party views but on the broad basis of benevolence and toleration. But in proportion as we are advocates for such concessions to the catholics as would place them on a level of political privilege with the protestants, yet we are by no means friendly to the intellectual grossness and domestic filth whether of catholic or protestant.—And in order as much as possible to promote, what is so much wanting,—the rational illumination of the catholics, and to interest the higher ranks in their intellectual proficiency, we should with pleasure see adopted a regulation which the author proposes, of admitting only those whether catholic or protestant, to vote at elections who can write and read their own affidavits of registry.—This would perhaps tend to lessen the mass of Irish ignorance as rapidly and efficaciously as any other project which the state could adopt. It would besides *stimulate* the Irish gentry to promote the diffusion of knowledge among their half-barbarous countrymen, who are in some counties said to be driven like cattle to the huzzings in order to exercise a privilege which is one of the highest that a freeman can enjoy.

‘Is it not monstrous in theory as well as in practice, that the grossest ignorance should influence the choice of a legislator as much as the most cultivated understanding?’

In dispelling the intellectual darkness and the moral depravity of the Irish much might be done by the constant residence, the enlightened preaching, and the holy example of the clergy.

'Ireland is divided into 2,500 parishes, melted down into 1,200 benefices, on which there are but 1,000 churches: the 1,200 beneficed clergy of these 2,500 parishes, where are they? One third of them are not resident—absentees from their duties—mortmainers upon the land! The catholic priest, the dissenting minister, the methodist preacher, are they supine or absent? Are they without proselytes or converts, without interest or influence with the people? A friend to religion, I am an enemy to salaried idleness. To 2,500 parishes I would have 2,500 parsons; no curates at fifty, nor absentees at two thousand pounds a year; no starving zeal, no lazy influence. The establishment which laymen are invoked to defend, churchmen should support by their presence, dignify by their piety, and extend by their example.'

The internal state of Ireland cannot perhaps be more briefly nor more characteristically described than in the following:

'Landlords without friends or influence; a peasantry without interest, almost without livelihood in the country—nothing to defend—nothing to love—despairing and desperate, ripe and ready for change.'

The author thinks that tythes might be replaced by a more satisfactory imposition. As the tythes are ultimately paid by the landlord, who receives proportionally a smaller sum in rent, he proposes a '*poundage upon all rents*; not of a tenth, perhaps not a twentieth, probably of a thirtieth or fortieth. This suggestion seems preferable to any other mode of commutation which we have yet heard. We agree with this writer that tythes are the property of the state, and that a state may pay its ecclesiastical as well as its civil officers in any way which it deems best.

'In 1787, an intelligent prelate computed the average of each clergyman's annual income at 133l. 6s. I will suppose it now to be 205l. the benefices fewer than 1,200; the ecclesiastical establishment less therefore than 300,000l. But 6d. in the pound, one-fortieth, on the rent-roll of Ireland, would produce 500,000l. A sum adequate to the payment of all the clergy, protestant, catholic, and dissenting.,

One of the evils or rather plagues with which Ireland is

infested, and which requires as speedy removal as any other, is the dearness and the difficulty of obtaining legal redress. The law, which ought to be a refuge to the poor, is made a luxury to the rich. The peasant, who is defrauded of 10l. cannot purchase even a chance of redress under 60l. Ought such a deviation from the true end of all civil government to be continued? Ought it even for one moment to be tolerated? Is it not a monstrous display of tyranny and injustice? The author not only sees no danger in catholic emancipation, but thinks it highly expedient under conditions which would render the priesthood *independent of all foreign control*; and make some provision for, or furnish some powerful incentives, to the advancement of the people in knowledge and civilization. It is not often that we meet with so much good sense, deep reflection, useful information, and pertinent remark, condensed into so small a compass as in the present publication. The author has our best acknowledgments for the pleasure with which we have perused his able and dispassionate performance.

ART. VII.—*An Introduction to the Study of Moral Evidence; or of that Species of Reasoning which relates to Matters of Fact and Practice, with an Appendix on debating for Victory and not for Truth. By James Edward Gambier, M. A. Rector of Langley, Kent. and Chaplain to the Right Honorable Lord Barham. Rivington, 1806.*

THE preface of this little work introduces its design by observing that what has hitherto been written on the subject of moral evidence lies dispersed in different authors, and combined with other matter, and that no comprehensive system has hitherto been laid down to ascertain its nature and regulate its use. The writer, however, admits by implication one advantage of those works, where reflections on this subject are combined with rules for the more speculative employment of the intellect, when he says, 'it would be useful to acquire a knowledge of the principles of moral evidence, as well as of those of demonstration, and perhaps to pursue the study of these different kinds of evidence at the same time.'

It appears therefore to be his opinion that the character and importance of moral evidence will be most clearly perceived by exhibiting it as a separate system, and that such a

delineation of its principles, will have a beneficial effect upon our future contemplation of it in connection with the principles of demonstration. A general prejudice against any thing in the shape of rules for the estimation of probabilities, renders this the more desirable as those prejudices are rather strengthened than cured by viewing demonstrative and moral evidence at the same time. Indeed it appears from a familiar example given in another part of the preface that a difference much slighter than that which subsists between these two species of reasoning, is sufficient to excite an unfounded and very mischievous inference.

Some men declare war against rules of all kinds, and would entrust the conduct of every intellectual pursuit to the undisciplined exertion of natural faculties. They appear to think that the mental powers of individuals are confined within the same bounds that circumscribe their physical strength. As this attacks demonstration in a certain degree, it affects moral evidence more strongly; if the understanding may be left to its native energies in questions that must be pursued through a chain of reasoning, much less is the assistance of rules necessary, where it is only required to proceed a single step. But of such objections it may be said that they cannot possibly lie against the object of this work; they are founded exclusively upon the supposed impossibility of attaining it. They are usually of this nature; that the end proposed by the framers of the rules is unattainable, and that the endeavour to accomplish it, starves the supplies, and enfeebles the operations of the mind. The same difficulties have been urged against the rules of taste and criticism. 'I can judge of a resemblance to nature, or indulge the feelings of delight without the instruction of rules.' Of the last assertion it may be said that the intension of rules is not to convey perceptions but to regulate them: to confer on the man of taste the power of supplying himself with permanent gratification by leading him to those productions which possess not merely the charm of surprise, but which have captivated and rewarded the admiration of successive ages. The other remark is entirely fallacious: where an object is at all complex, the order and connection of the parts, their relation and proportions, are so necessary to be considered in order to decide on an imitation of nature, that an unpractised, and untaught observer is continually deceived. If the objector reply that he has gained his knowledge from observation, this is a testimony to the importance of rules. So far as his knowledge is elementary he has employed in

finding out what was already known, the time which he might have devoted to extending and improving the observations of others. The end proposed in generalizing our ideas is comparison, not copiousness; it is not designed to increase the number of individual notions, but to discover their relation to each other. Yet the ideas of relation cannot be long exerted without extending our range of objects. Hence a treatise of this kind has some advantages for every person. All may be enabled by it to improve the use of their present stock of ideas, and at the same time to facilitate its encrease.

This performance is executed in a very creditable manner, without any parade of learning or spirit of book-making. The analysis of such a work would be a mere copy of its contents. The heads of the chapters are these: I. On the Nature of Moral Evidence and wherein it differs from Demonstration. II. On the different Kinds of Moral Evidence with Observations on the weight of each. III. General Directions relating to Moral Reasoning. IV. Special Directions relating to each Kind of Moral Evidence. V. Of the Kind of Evidence which different Subjects admit.

However dry the subject, the author admits in the preface that it might have been enlivened by quotations, and rendered interesting by anecdotes; but he pleads his want of time and power to accomplish this. We think that in this respect he has hardly done justice to himself; and his diffidence has at least deprived the work of a considerable attraction which it might otherwise have possessed.

ART. V II.—*Poems*, by Matilda Betham. Hatchard.

THIS little volume of poems, is introduced to the reader by a short advertisement, in which the author informs her readers, 'that before the book was printed, she thoughtlessly concluded there must be a preface; but that on consideration she sees no particular purpose it would answer, and gladly declines a task she should have undertaken with much temerity and reluctance.'

Whether the lady acts, in this case, from some consciousness of genius, from contempt of the ordinary arts of authorship, or from female delicacy, it is not necessary to inquire; nor does she obtrude herself ungraciously, though without a preface, on the public, being taken by the hand by Lady

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Rouse Boughton, to whom this little volume is inscribed as a testimony of respect and gratitude for long continued friendship.

But, as we read these pages without considering whether they had or had not a preface, so can we speak of them without even the want of those documents, which it is the design of prefaces to give. They consist then of small poetical pictures, taken from nature and life, addresses to friends, moral reflections, and songs, with two or three elegies: and we do not require a preface to let us into the character of the writer: the work speaks for itself; and shews the clearest marks of being written by a person of elegant genius, and of a warm and generous heart.

The first poem, entitled the Old Fisherman, affords a picture of distress, in the person of a poor labouring man, deprived of every earthly comfort, yet bowing with resignation to Providence, that could not fail to interest every reader; but it is too long to copy.

The third piece is a very elegant tribute of esteem to a lady, whose amiable character endears her to all who have visited her in her retreat in Llangollen vale. We shall present this to our readers.

To a Llangollen Rose, the Day after it had been given by Miss Ponsonby.

‘Soft blushing flower! My bosom grieves
To view thy sadly drooping leaves:
For, while thy tender tints decay,
The rose of fancy fades away!
As pilgrims, who with zealous care
Some little treasur’d relic bear,
To reassure the grateful mind,
When pausing mem’ry looks behind,
I from a more enlighten’d shrine,
Had made this sweet memento mine:
But, lo! its fainting head reclines;
It folds the pallid leaf, and pines,
As mourning the unhappy doom,
Which tears it from so sweet a home.’

There are several other exquisite little poems, written in the same temper, and addressed to different persons, particularly to the Right Honourable Lady St. John, and to Mrs. T. Francourt; in which so much heart is discovered, that we overlook the compliment.

As a small specimen of our author's social affections, and moralizing vein, we copy the following

Reflections occasioned by the Death of Friends.

' My happiness was once a goodly tree,
Which promis'd ev'ry day to grow more fair,
And rear'd its lofty branches in the air,
In sooth, it was a pleasant sight to see !
Amidst fair honey-suckles crept along,
Twin'd round the bark, and hung from every bough,
While birds, which Fancy held by slender strings
Plum'd the dark azure of their shining wings,
Or dipp'd them in the silver stream below
With many a joyful note and many a song.

' When, lo ! a tempest hurtles in the sky !
Dark low'r the clouds ! The thunders burst around !
Fiercely the arrowy flakes of lightning fly !
While the scar'd songsters leave the quiv'ring bough,
The blasted honey-suckles droop below,
And many noble branches strew the ground !
Tho' soon the air is calm, the sky serene,
Tho' wide the broad and leafy arms are spread,
Yet still the scars of recent wounds are seen ;
Their shelter henceforth seems but insecure ;
The winged tribes disdain the frequent lure,
Where many a songster lies bestumb'd or dead ;
And when I would the flow'ry tendrils train,
I find my late delightful labour vain.

' Affection thus, once light of heart and gay,
Chasten'd by mem'ry and unner'd by fear,
Shall sadden each endearment with a tear,
Sorrowing the offices of love shall pay,
And scarcely dare to think that good her own
Which fate's imperious hand may snatch away,
In the warm sunshine of meridian day,
And when her hopes are full, and fairest blown.'

We, however, just submit here to our author's consideration, whether *in sooth* in the first verse, would not better read in *truth*, as we do not find that she, on other occasions, uses antiquated words. We do not, however, mean to say that *sooth* is not of a right good family, (Saxon), from which the greater part of our language is derived, and that it is not often used by Shakspeare : but we think it not of a piece with the style and practice of these poems.

There is one poem in this volume, which has not only a fine vein of poetry throughout, but some parts that are sublime. This, the lady tells us, with the exception of a few lines, has already appeared in the *Athenæum*, a very respectable periodical work, edited by Dr. Aikin. We shall therefore select another of a lighter kind, but of a very elegant structure.

Song, set to Music by Mr. Voight.

'What do I love? A polish'd mind,
A temper cheerful, meek, and kind,
A graceful air, unsway'd by art,
A voice that sinks into the heart—
A playful and benignant smile
Oh! yes! my heart responds the while
All this, my Emily, is true,
But I love more in loving you!

'I love these roses when they rise
From joy, from anger, or surprise;
I love the kind, attentive zeal,
So prompt to know what others feel,
The mildness, which can ne'er reprove,
But in the sweetest tones of love—
All this, my Emily, is true,
But I love more in loving you.

'The self-command which can sustain
In silence, weariness and pain;
The transport at a friend's success,
Which has not power or words to bless,
But by a sudden, starting tear,
Appears more precious, more sincere—
All this, my Emily, is true,
And this I love in loving you.'

We think that all the songs are good, that they are full of just sentiment, and have a true poetic zest. We cannot help copying one more:

Song.

'Thrice lovely babe! thus hush'd to rest
Upon thy warrior father's breast!
Avails it, that his eyes behold
Thy rosy cheeks, thy locks of gold!

Avails it that he bends his ear
 So fondly thy soft breath to hear !
 Or that his rising smiles confess
 A gracious gleam of tenderness,
 The sweetest spell will scarce have power
 To hold him for one absent hour.

'Some plant that censes thus to share
 A daily friend's auspicious care
 Relaxes in its feeble grasp,
 The flow'ry tendrils soon unclasp
 Loose in the idle ether play,
 And every idle breeze obey !
 Thus vainly had I sought to bind
 Thus watch'd that light inconstant mind,
 Till smiles and sunshine can restore
 My often blighted hopes no more.'

Our author having passed through various forms of rhymed poetry, now sinks with considerable ease into blank verse : but we do not propose to criticize any particular metre. The *Old Shepherd's Recollections*, as the blank verse poem is entitled, are founded on an event, which happened in Ireland, and is well known, but is here wrought into a most affecting narrative, in which appears a very fine talent for descriptive poetry. We have not room for farther extracts, but our readers will be pleased with the perusal of the piece.

ART. IX.—*Remarks on the Proposals made to Great Britain for opening Negotiations for Peace in the Year 1807. By William Roscoe, Esq. Second Edition. 3s. 6d. Cadell and Davies. 1808.*

PUBLIC opinion shews the CONSCIENCE OF A NATION. This conscience is the result of that sense of morality in those individual minds which, taken together, constitute the thinking aggregate of the community. Thus, what may be called the moral sense of nations is reflected from the sense of duty which is present in the breasts of individuals, and in proportion as the latter is more or less pure the former is more or less unclouded and serene. Every individual has a sense of duty more or less correct, by which he is conscious that he ought to regulate his conduct ; every nation in a corporate capacity has a similar sense, which, when it is violated in the conduct of the rulers, the public opinion seldom fails to express the national reprobation and regret.

But the conscience of a nation may be rendered torpid by means similar to those which produce a moral lebetude in the conscience of individuals. The duty of an individual is to nurture and invigorate this moral sense as a constant encouragement to what is good, and dissuasive from what is evil; and it certainly is the duty of those who are identified as it were with the corporate personality of a nation, to cherish the same moral sense from the highest political considerations.

As the conduct of individuals should be such as does not invade the rights or impair the happiness of other individuals, the conduct of nations should be governed by the same principles towards other states. The same moral rules, of which the sacredness is acknowledged by individuals in private life, constitute maxims of conduct which are obligatory on the conscience of states. For as nations are only aggregated individuals the same moral laws which individuals cannot violate without shame, states cannot transgress without disgrace. Where a state renounces those moral ties, which are the only secure bonds of amity between states, it hurls defiance against the moral government of God. And though that government may leave individuals to a state of future retribution, yet it exposes nations to present punishment. The more a state weakens or perverts the moral sense of its subjects, or the more it acts in opposition to it, the more it lessens its own security. For morals are the great cement of national union, and the great support of that spirit of disinterestedness and patriotism which is the strongest pledge of national security and independence. The feeling of patriotism may seem compatible either with a virtuous or with a vicious government, but the patriotism of vice is only a mockery of the thing, and though there may be an attachment to the soil where there is no respect for the government, yet the popular esteem of the government strengthens even the affection for the soil. But though vice may excite fear or provoke contempt, yet it is nothing but virtue which can impress respect or conciliate esteem. Where a government is only an incorporated mass of folly, of treachery, of cruelty, and injustice, can it be either respected or esteemed by the sincere, the upright, and the wise? Can patriotism, which is the collective trunk, the concentrated growth of all the virtues, flourish beneath its deadly shade?

All crimes produce abhorrence; but the crimes of a government merit triple and quadruple abomination. For the misery which is produced by the crimes of individuals, is

only as a grain of sand compared with that on the shore, or a drop of water with the ocean, when contrasted with the wide-spread misery, the scenes of ravage and of blood, which are the effects of a cruel, rapacious, and profligate government. But a good man, though he will abominate the government, will nevertheless cherish the welfare and promote the interests of his country. But as the measures of wicked governments always are and must be injurious to the country, every honest man, every disinterested patriot, must set himself in array against the measures of the government. It behoves him as a point of duty which he owes to God, to his country, and his conscience, to make the most vigorous resistance to those principles and those practices, which are opposite to the rules of moral obligation. But when a good man performs one of the most sacred duties in endeavouring to diminish the influence and counteract the schemes of a vicious government, that government will set every profligate hireling at work to represent him as an enemy to his country. 'The hue and cry' of the worthless will be raised against him; and calumny, which is always powerful, will be found almost irresistibly oppressive when instigated by the art and seconded by the force of an inhuman, corrupt, and immoral government.

These circumstances constitute the trials of patriotism, and furnish the best criterion of its purity or alloy. Such were the circumstances in which the patriotism of the Jewish prophets shone resplendently bright. These firm, intrepid, and inflexible men rebuked with equal severity the crimes of the peasant and the king. The sword of the law, of the tyrannical sovereign, and the idolatrous priest, was often drawn against them; but no threats of punishment, no infliction of pain, and no dread of death, could prevent them from speaking the words of truth even in the ears of kings. The present times, in which the wrath of the Almighty is visibly kindled against the tyranny, the iniquity, the idolatry, the political and the spiritual craft of the old governments of Europe are such as call on all the good and all the wise, like the stern and inflexible moralists among the Jews, to oppose those counsels of tyranny and wickedness which have brought us to the brink of perdition and have caused almost every vestige of political integrity to disappear. And the worse the times seem the more it behoves the still uncorrupted few to speak out and to prevent, if possible, that total extermination which threatens the civil and religious liberties of the country.

This is a period of the world, in which we should have thought that an increased civilization, the diffused delicacies

of moral sentiment, an enlarged acquaintance with the precepts of pure religion, and the general thirst for intellectual improvement would have rendered it safe to utter any truth, whether in policy, in religion, or in morals, which can add to the stock of knowledge, or in any way meliorate the social condition of man. But the force of tyranny and superstition which remains is strong enough to crush the generous efforts of rational freedom and of christian charity to multiply the civil enjoyments of moral and intellectual man. The power of political and of religious persecution is broken, but as we have seen in numerous instances the *volition* still remains. The fires of Smithfield are extinguished, but the *disposition* which kindled them is still alive. There is still intolerance enough left to tie the victim to the stake and to wreak its vengeance on opinions by burning the advocate in the flame. Public opinion, or the *conscience of the nation* at large is against the measure; but intolerance has no conscience, or one which can even lend its sanction to any act of fraud, of injustice, and of cruelty. Late events have made us acquainted with men, who profess obedience to the code of the benign Jesus, who affect to venerate his meekness, his humility, his forbearance, and long suffering, and who still seem to meditate both day and night the destruction of the **WORSHIPPERS OF TRUTH**.

In all ages, as Mr. R. has remarked, popular violence, instigated by political artifice, has been chiefly directed against the friends of freedom, of virtue, and of truth. The Jewish, the Athenian and the Roman histories will confirm the observation by numerous examples; and the catalogue may be swelled to almost any extent by the transactions of modern times. The Jewish hierarchy put even Christ to death; and if that divine teacher of goodness were again to appear on earth we question whether there be not too much selfishness and too little charity in all the existing hierarchies to suffer him to live.

The present times are not only pregnant with examples of persecuted worth, but they are times in which we have heard even ministers of state make an open avowal of their abandonment of those principles of duty which however much they may have been practically slighted, have never till lately been openly renounced.—It is said that the good old rules of moral action, which are as binding on states as on individuals, are not suited to the present times, that they are constantly violated by Bonaparte, and that therefore they ought not to be observed by us.—But as states are to each other only as individuals, the enormities of one state can no

more excuse those of another than the iniquities of one individual can extenuate the transgressions of another. We are not to become sharpeners because we happen to get into a company of pickpockets.—The more general the depravity around us the more distinguished the virtue of the individual, who resists the example and preserves his integrity unblemished. The farther the French government plunges into the abyss of moral depravity the more vigorously should the government of Great Britain assert the cause of justice, of humanity and truth. It is not in the infraction but in the rigid observance of moral rules that our security consists.—For whence has France been able to overturn so many governments, to desolate so many countries? Was it because her moral system was more vitiated than their's?—Because she was more false, more treacherous, more cruel and unjust? No; but because their iniquity exceeded her's; because their depravity, their perfidy, and tyranny were even more aggravated than her own.—Had *they* been more upright, more free, and more wise, they would not have fallen so easy a prey to a foe covered with so many crimes, but still altogether less criminal than the powers she has subdued. These striking examples ought to teach us that any departure from the great principles of justice, of freedom, and of humanity, must weaken not only our moral but our physical power of resistance to the force of France and accelerate our fall.—If we endeavour to outstrip France in the career of crimes we shall find that we *shall be losers, even if we win the race.*—

Mr. Roscoe very truly remarks that

‘It is only by strictly conforming to the eternal principles of right and justice, that we can consult either our own honour or our own interest; and to desert these principles when a particular occasion puts them to the test, is to exclude ourselves, by our own act from the pale of civilized society, and to render ourselves, as it were out-laws to the rest of the world.’—‘In claiming from the people a general assent to their measures, and a perfect unanimity of support they must take care that such measures are consistent with the acknowledged laws of universal justice, and are not subversive of those first principles of morals which are antecedent to every other law of society. As man to man, there are certain duties incumbent on us, the violation of which no pretext of political necessity, or national hostility, can justify. To inculcate upon the people ideas of a contrary tendency, and to weaken their faith in the existence of political virtue, is not less impolitic than it is erroneous. That governments, as well as individuals, are actuated only by selfish motives, and that the professions which they are continually making of veracity, fidelity, honor, and frankness, are merely a cloak for

their criminal views, are sentiments which it is thought a mark of penetration to have discovered and a proof of sincerity to avow. But whatever may be thought of the sagacity of such politicians, to act upon the conviction of such sentiments is dangerous. God has not abandoned his creation; nor are the common feelings of human nature wholly extinguished amongst mankind. If there be depravity, there is yet integrity: if there be oppression, there is yet sympathy: if there be baseness, there is yet honor: if there be treachery, violence and rapine, there are still the inextinguishable feelings of virtuous indignation and generous contempt; and they who direct their conduct either in public or private life with a total disregard to these truths, will, whatever may be their temporary success, incur, upon the whole, not only disappointment but disgrace.

The violation of moral rules cannot be justified by pretexts of self-defence, unless the case be clearly made out and established by proofs which are so evident as to preclude deliberation. Indeed in such circumstances no moral rule is violated, for there can be no dereliction of right in preventing a meditated wrong. But in all such cases, it is not sufficient to act on remote probabilities of aggression or even strong suspicions of injury. Suspicion, which is the fiend that tenants the bosom of tyranny, is always ready to instigate and to justify the cruelties of tyrants. If individuals in private life are to be permitted to act on the mere suspicion of injury; if they are to construe the *possibility* for the will, or the probability for the performance, what rapine and murder must ensue? But if states are to make only faint surmises, or even probable injury the ground for secret attack and perfidious hostility, for the acts of outrage and conflagration, the security of nations must be at an end. The sword can never be permitted to rest in the scabbard; and the people that take up arms, can never lay them down.

There is a general rule of right from which states can never deviate without ultimately producing a train of evils, greater than any temporary advantage which may accrue from the deviation can ever compensate. For all human governments are only subjects, with respect to the moral government of God; and according to a certain but slowly unfolding train of causes and consequences by which that government acts, temporary evil is always sooner or later connected with the infraction of its rules. But to found any theory of policy on the habitual breach of those rules, or to make political wisdom consist not in the observance of the immutable obligations of justice and humanity, but in the practice of temporary expedients, must be not only fallacious in the theory but perilous in the attempt, and destructive in the

consequences. Mr. Roscoe has said that 'the operation of moral causes on the character and situation of mankind is even yet but imperfectly known,' but we think that he has hardly elucidated his meaning with sufficient perspicuity. The subject itself is one of great importance, and in order to be properly elucidated would require a long train of reflections on the moral government of the Deity, in the discussion of which we had much rather have seen the faculties of the author employed than on the ephemeral topics of political contention. We have thrown out a few thoughts on the subject, but our limits would not permit us to follow its most important details. We are forcibly impressed with a conviction of the moral government of God; and it is this conviction which inclines us always to view political transactions not in their ephemeral effects but in their moral aspect; and never to assent to the wisdom of any proceedings, however specious they may seem, which are contrary to those moral rules, which have both the approbation of reason and the sanctions of revelation. The governments of England and of France, and particularly the latter, are at this moment waging a war against every moral tie. The good old rules of truth and justice are completely set aside in order to make way for the law of POLITICAL CONVENIENCE. The ministers of this country have informed us that they are determined to fight Bonaparte *with his own weapons*. We hardly need say that those weapons are fabricated on the anvil of Treachery, of Cruelty, and Injustice. But are these the weapons with which our *Christian* ministers can ever promote the interest of Britain or diminish the power of France? Was the seizure of the Danish marine and the conflagration of the capital of Denmark designed as a specimen of the new mode of warfare which they are henceforth to prosecute? But will this system prosper in the end? We answer decidedly; No. If there be a moral governor of the world, it will be, it must be, ruinous at last. With respect to Bonaparte himself we will say of him, as the Athenian orator did of Philip of Macedon, *ὅτι μὲν γὰρ ἡ ἀνδρὲς ἀθηναῖοι σφοδρὰ ἀν' αὐτοῦ κινεῖται καὶ αὐτὸς φοβερὸν εἶναι τοῖς Ῥωμαῖοι καὶ Γαλαταῖς ἐν ταῖς δικαίαις πράξεσιν αὐτοῦ πεποιημένον.*—If the power of Bonaparte were founded on the practice of truth rather than deceit, and of injustice rather than oppression, he would not only excite our fears but command our admiration. But while his greatness has been obtained by the most consummate fraud, cruelty, and iniquity, of which history will furnish an example, we are conscious that his reign will not be durable, and that the world will soon ask with emotions of awful astonishment *Where is he!!!*

The introduction to Mr. Roscoe's pamphlet has unexpectedly engaged so much of our attention that our limits will not permit us to give more than a brief *épitome* of the remainder of the work.—In the year 1807 three attempts were made by the French government to negotiate a peace with the present ministry. In the April of 1807 the first offers were made by the Austrian ambassador; but according to the statement of Mr. Roscoe, they seem to have been rather evaded than accepted by the British government. The mediation for the same purpose which was offered by the emperor of Russia after the peace of Tilsit, experienced no better fate. The offer was rather eluded than rejected; but it is clear that our ministers have discovered no symptoms of a *pacific disposition*; so far indeed was this from being the case, that, untaught by the experience of fifteen years of folly and disaster, the British cabinet seemed very ambitious of forming a new confederacy against France. The letters of Mr. Canning to Lord Gower evidently lead to this conclusion. The spirit of Pitt, attended by the ghastly spectre of never-ceasing war, had found a way into the present councils of this country, and could the Emperor of Russia have been induced to hazard the possession of his crown on the die of another coalition, there can be little doubt that the completion would not have been retarded by any deficiency in the supply of English gold. But the alliance between Russia and France however feeble or unstable it might have appeared at its commencement was consolidated, perhaps perpetuated, by the nefarious attack on the marine and the capital of Denmark. In the month of November last, new offers of pacific mediation were made by the Austrian ambassador. The British ministry at first expressed a willingness to negotiate; but when no room for subterfuge or procrastination was left by the declaration of the ambassador that *he was authorised by France to give passports to any ministers whom the cabinet of London might think it right to dispatch to Paris for the purpose of concluding a peace, objections, which had not been mentioned before, were raised against the authority of the ambassador; and in short recourse was had to these cavils, which are never wanting to hypocrisy when it wants to defeat the end, which it affects a sanctimonious desire to accomplish.*

Our ministers have successively omitted or despised the most favourable seasons for making peace till fortune seems to have exhausted her stock of opportunities. Within the last fifteen years numerous opportunities have occurred in which we might have made peace with France with as much prospect of advantage, as much shew of honour, and as much

chance of permanence, as in any period of her old government. But all those intervals in which the circumstances were most auspicious for pacification have been suffered to glide away. Our folly or our wickedness seems to have exposed us to the necessity of perpetual war.—When we consider that of the torrents of blood which have been shed in Europe during the last fifteen years, the guilt may be imputed not more to the ambition of France than the evil councils of this country, we tremble for the consequences. As sober and thoughtful observers of the ways of Providence we are convinced that the day of moral retribution must ere long arrive, and that we have contracted a debt of awful responsibility which we can hardly discharge by repentance and reformation. We have been more pleased with the present than with the former pamphlet of Mr. Roscoe: but we do not think that the elegant historian of Lorenzo de Medici appears to equal advantage in the character of a pamphleteer.—This article was written before the recent occurrences in Spain. Our conjecture respecting Bonaparte will, we trust, be realised!!!

ART. X.—*An Enquiry into the Extent and Stability of National Resources.* By the Rev. Thomas Chalmers. 8vo. 8s. Longman. 1808.

IF the title had not informed us that the author is a clergyman, and therefore, as we suppose, bred up in a state of civilization, we should have conjectured that he had been fed from his cradle on raw flesh, and conceived an early predilection for a state of barbarism. For the object of the book is from the beginning to the end to persuade us to give up almost every other trade but that of the sword; and to employ the whole 'disposable population' of the country in perpetuating the havoc of war.

The Reverend Mr. Chalmers who displays such great military propensities, calls the trade by which the country has been enriched, to which we are indebted for so many of the comforts of life, and for that high pitch of civilization at which we have arrived, '*the whistling of a name*,' "*a bugbear framed by mercantile policy*," p. 137, with other contemptuous appellations, which far exceed any of the anti-commercial invectives of Messrs. Cobbett and Spence. This Reverend Gentleman divides the population of the country into three parts. Under the first he classes all the persons employed in producing food; under the second those who are concerned in the coarser species of manufacture, or

handicraft trades, which either the climate, or physical necessity requires, and with which we cannot dispense without the loss of life; to the third division he ascribes that mass of persons who are engaged in administering to what the author calls our artificial wants, or those of which the gratification is not necessary to existence. Thus, according to the idea of Mr. Chalmers, if we have a sufficiency of food to prevent hunger, with a roof to shelter us from the cold, and common cloathing adapted to the climate, without any of the comforts, the elegances, the decorations, or the luxuries which are the usual concomitants of a flourishing trade, and an increasing civilization, we have all that *his patriotism* thinks it right that we should possess. The whole collective population of the country who are employed in the finer manufactures and the elegant arts are to be diverted from their peaceful and innocent occupations, and to be trained up to the horrid butchery of war. This is the main drift of his book, but though the system itself is so atrociously wicked, we think that Mr. Chalmers, like his predecessor Mandeville, has supported it with a degree of ingenuity which would have reflected the highest honour on his abilities if they had been exerted in a better cause.

We do not know whether the *Reverend* Mr. Chalmers is a menial of the present administration, but if not, we advise them immediately to take him into their pay: for we never met with a writer who seemed more willing to go greater lengths in promoting their oppressive and arbitrary views. The Reverend Gentleman, whose propensity for impost and war seems as strong as the appetite for meat or drink in other people, thinks that we are at present far from having arrived at the maximum of taxation; and that indeed the people pay in taxes only a mite of what they have yet to give. He is not an advocate for taxes on consumption, because he thinks that individuals may elude their operation by desisting from the use of the commodity which is the object of the impost.

'The revenue,' says the author, 'derived from a tax upon luxuries must come to its limit, long before all the disposable wealth of the country is engrossed for the service of government. Increase the taxes, and you encrease the number and the encouragement of smugglers. Increase the precautions, and you add to the expence of collecting, and of course diminish the net revenue of the country. You must also, if you wish to preserve both the form and the spirit of liberty, allow your subjects a thousand possibilities of evasion. What! would you have our houses open at all times to the inspection of excisemen, when the most sacred prin-

ciple of the constitution is that in Great Britain every man's house is his castle? But even though you were to trample on every principle of British liberty, and beset every avenue of expenditure with the inquisitors of excise, it is quite impossible, from the nature of the thing, that you can advance the public revenue to its limit by a tax upon consumption. A tax upon a commodity is at best but a fraction of the whole price, which I advance in purchasing it. Government may engross this fraction, but still there is a remainder which must go to the wages of those who labour in preparing the commodity, and to the profit of those whose capital is vested in the employment. Government may encrease the tax, but the whole effect of this encrease is to secure to itself a greater fraction of the whole price. Part of the price is expended as before on the maintenance of labourers, and the profit of capitalists. Government may engross to itself about three fourths of the price of tobacco, but one-fourth is still employed in the maintenance of those who work for the purchase and conveyance of this commodity. Now how can government secure to itself the whole price to be paid for tobacco? Not certainly by a tax upon the price of tobacco; for, in addition to the tax, work must be paid for, and profit must be given. They may screw it up to the utmost, but there is still a remainder, which is beyond every effort they can make to seize it, so long as they confine themselves to this system of taxation. A tax upon a commodity always presupposes that that commodity has either been manufactured or wrought for. It presupposes an original price which is paid by the consumer. It presupposes the existence of a disposable population employed in the production of the commodity. Deduct the tax from the whole price of a manufactured article, and there remains what I would call the natural price. This natural price goes to recompence the industry of the workmen employed in preparing the article, in the form of wages; and it also goes to recompence the capitalists in the form of profit. Now, government can never get at this natural price, nor command the services of that part of the disposable population employed in manufacturing the commodity, so long as it restricts its taxations to the commodity itself.

In order to prevent these inconveniences, and to enable government to carry the powers of taxation far beyond the line to which it has hitherto been thought possible to extend it, the *reverend* Mr. Chalmers recommends such a gigantic tax upon income, as would not leave any individual in the kingdom a sum more than sufficient to purchase the common necessities of life. Thus this gentleman, who is the most perfect *leveller of fortunes and conditions* that was ever known in the wildest sect in the most turbulent times, would at once reduce the whole kingdom to a state of indigence without remedy and without hope. For if such a deduction

is to be made by government as will leave every individual only a bare subsistence, it is clear that no parsimony can be practised and no capital accumulated, that industry and idleness are on the same footing, and that the whole kingdom must soon become the scene of ruin and despair.

But this gentleman tells us that, if the whole disposable population be employed in the military establishments of the country, and a tax be laid on merchants and land-owners, so as to leave them nothing but the common necessities of life, as much food will be produced as before; that the quantity of subsistence will suffer no diminution; and the only difference will be that the disposable population will be in the pay of government as soldiers, instead of that of manufacturers and capitalists as artizans. But what is it which induces the landowner to produce as much food as he possibly can beyond what is necessary for his own subsistence and that of his labourers? Is it not that with the surplus he may either be able to increase his stock of money or enjoyment? that he may either add to his capital, or to those productions of manufacture or of art, of native or of foreign growth, the desire of which increases with the increase of civilization, and to the operations of which we are ultimately indebted for an increased supply of food and for all the comfort and ornament of life? But if the land-owner be not permitted to make any increase to his capital or his enjoyments by his surplus produce, but if the whole is to be swept away by a rapacious government animated with such a military mania as the *reverend Mr. Chalmers in the true spirit of gospel charity* endeavours to inspire, we believe that neither the terrors of the law, nor of the sword, will be able to compel him to cultivate an acre more than is necessary for his own necessities; and indeed we are of opinion that a British farmer would rather die of hunger himself than sow where he is not to reap, but where the whole produce is to be carried off by a tyrannical court. If Mr. Chalmers be a friend to famine, he could not have suggested any method more likely to produce it.

Mr. Chalmers is an enemy to taxes on consumption, because he thinks that the wages of labour, which are expended in producing the article, with the profits of the capital employed, are still left in the pockets of the people as long as the tax is not so great as to operate as a prohibition on the use of the commodity. Such a tax would counteract itself. But if there must be taxes, we are friends to taxes on consumption, for the very same reasons for which Mr. Chalmers is an enemy to them; because they cannot be carried be-

beyond a certain extent, because they are generally proportioned to the wealth of the consumers, and because as far as they are levied on articles of superfluity, of luxury, and ornament, their payment is less a matter of necessity than of choice. They seem better adapted than any other mode of taxation to a free and particularly to a commercial country. A tax on consumption is preferable to a tax on income, because though it may be equally high, it is less perceptible in its operations; because it is usually so identified with objects of desire, that it increases the willingness and stimulates the industry to pay. When a man drinks a cup of tea or a glass of wine, the gratification almost effaces the recollection of the tax; and in proportion as we lay an impost on objects of desire, *provided it be not carried beyond a certain limit, THE TAX OPERATES ONLY AS A STIMULANT ON THE INDUSTRY OF THE INDIVIDUAL.* He finds tea, coffee, and wine, or mahogany furniture, silk, cotton, and fine clothes, conduce to his real or his imaginary gratification, and his volition is excited to the attainment notwithstanding the additional price which is occasioned by the tax. But it is far different with a direct tax on income, the payment of which is not accompanied with any pleasurable associations, which is blended with no ideas of tea, wine, pictures, or fine clothes, but which, on the other hand, sensibly diminishes the means of every gratification; the payment of which takes from the power of procuring objects of desire, and which therefore always will be made with sullenness and reluctance. In the payment of a tax on certain articles of consumption, the tax, in some measure, addresses itself to the appetites, the passions, and affections of man; but a tax not on consumption but on income can have no assistance from such powerful auxiliaries in the human breast. And if a tax of ten per cent. on income, which only *abridges* the innocent gratifications of life, is paid with so much difficulty and reluctance, what accumulated discontent must ensue from such a tax as the *Reverend Mr. Chalmers* proposes, which is to *take them all away?* which is to divert the disposable population from those present employments which add so much to the comfort and embellishment of human life, and to make the whole country bristle with the bayonet and the pike?

There is a fallacy which pervades not only this work of Mr. Chalmers, but the writings of Mr. Cobbett and Mr. Spence, that all the taxes which are laid on articles of native or foreign growth are ultimately paid by the consumer; this may be true in one sense, but it is false in another: and though the fact be true, the inference which they wish to

deduce from it is false. Their inference is, that as the tax is paid by the consumer, the consumer could afford to pay the same sum in a direct tax to government which he now pays in a tax on a particular article of manufacture or commerce, provided the article itself were no longer produced at home or imported from abroad. In this anti-manufacturing and anti-commercial hypothesis the fallacy consists in not considering that *the power of the consumer to pay taxes on articles of manufacture, &c. &c. has been principally owing to the creation of a source of income by the previous existence of commerce and manufactures*, and that, if commerce and manufactures are destroyed, no such sources of income can in future be produced by the industry and frugality of individuals. Thus, therefore, the power of paying taxes would soon be greatly diminished as the old sources of income were wasted or destroyed, and no new could be produced. In a commercial and manufacturing state, individuals are continually accumulating fresh sources of income, and consequently of taxation, but to abolish manufactures and commerce, according to the suggestion of Mr. Chalmers, is like destroying the goose that laid the golden eggs. When the goose was dead the simpleton who had opened her bowels found that he had fatally blasted the hope of adding to his stock of gold: and we have no doubt that when Mr. Chalmers has exterminated commerce and manufactures, and converted the whole disposable population into a mass of unproductive soldiers, he will perceive that he has destroyed one of the principal sources of national prosperity and happiness.

If we survey the suburbs of London for five or six miles round, we behold the most striking appearances of neatness, elegance, and comfort every where diffused. This pleasurable spectacle always strikes foreigners with rapturous astonishments. They see nothing like it on the continent; but to what are we indebted for this highly gratifying phenomenon? To what, but to the unequalled extent and unrivalled pitch of our commercial greatness and renown? That disposable population which is employed in commerce and manufactures, in laborious trades and in ornamental arts, has realized this picture of riches and of happiness. Yet Mr. Chalmers in his great solicitude for the welfare of his country would metamorphose this multitude of peaceful artificers, traders and merchants into myriads of cut-throats. If Mr. Chalmers's new scheme of national defence should be carried into effect, the vicinity of the metropolis, which is now filled with a profusion of gardens and villas, produced by the

vigorous employment of commercial capital, would soon present a scene of wretchedness and desolation, heightened by the most painful regrets and the most heart-rending recollections. But the destruction of the finest metropolis in the world which contains a million of inhabitants, the majority of whom are placed in circumstances of comparative affluence and comfort, would, it seems, be regarded by this *reverend* politician, with *patriotic* unconcern. His soul, which seems like an arsenal filled with all the combustibles of war, would not be moved by the sight of London in flames; or of thousands and thousands of women and children pining with indigence and misery in her streets. For Mr. C. informs us P. 348, with perfect *sang froid*, that a metropolis is only a *great collection of houses*; and consequently that the destruction would be a mere *bagatelle* in his *moral* calculation.

We cannot take our leave of Mr. Chalmers without requesting him to employ his ingenuity, of which he possesses a considerable share, in more *peaceful* and *beneficent* speculations.

ART. XI.—*Hoare's Giraldus Cambrensis, concluded from*
p. 429, Vol. XIII.

GIRALDUS opens his second volume with a short preface, lamenting the removal of the pall from St. David's; and promising to declare briefly by what means it became, and how it ceased to be, the metropolitan church of Wales. Caerleon was originally the archiepiscopal see of that principality, but on Dubricius, archbishop of Caerleon, resigning his honours to David, he through his interest with king Arthur, who was said to be his nephew, had the see removed to St. David's (olim Menevia). Here the dignity remained through the succession of twenty-four archbishops; but Sampson, the twenty-fifth, being prevailed upon to leave the kingdom on account of a disorder called the yellow plague, landed on the coast of Brittany, and was immediately elected to the vacant see of Dol. He transported his pall along with him, and the possession of this symbol of archiepiscopacy afforded a sufficient pretence to his successors for assuming the title of archbishops of Dol.

* But during the presidency of the archbishop of Tours, this adventitious dignity ceased; yet our countrymen, through indolence or poverty, or rather owing to the arrival of the English into the

island, and the frequent hostilities committed against them by the Saxons, lost their archiepiscopal honours; but until the entire subjugation of Wales by king Henry the First, the Welsh bishops were always consecrated by the bishop of St. David's, and he was consecrated by his suffragans, without any profession or submission being made to any other church.' Vol. ii. p. 3.

The eighth in succession from Sampson was Morgeneu, the first bishop of St. David's, who ate flesh, and was there killed by the pirates; he appeared to a certain bishop in Ireland on the night of his death, shewing his wounds, and saying, "Because I ate meat, I am made meat." p. 3.

In the above quotations, which we made without any idea of adverting to the language, there occur two instances of inaccuracy; '*arrival of the English into, &c.*' in the first extract; and from the second, we should be at a loss to understand whether any prior bishop of St. David's ate flesh, or whether of all the bishops who did so, Morgeneu was the only one who was killed by pirates: did not his apparition to the Irish bishop explain the mystery. We are also not a little puzzled to make out *at what island the English arrived*. Does this passage allude to the return of Egbert from France, and the subsequent conquest of the Saxon princes, and the union of the Heptarchy, under the name of England? We never heard Wales called an island, nor can we conceive how, from its situation, it can in any light be considered one.

We cannot leave this chapter, without quoting an instance of the art with which Giraldus often disguises his incredulity of the miracles he relates, and which he seems disposed to laugh at if he durst.

It appears very remarkable to me, that in our days, when David the Second presided over the sea, the river should have flowed wine; and that the spring called Pistyll-Dewi, or the pipe of David, from its flowing through a pipe into the eastern side of the church-yard, should have ran with milk.' P. 3.

The translator in his annotations on this chapter, gives a very clear and interesting account of the events connected with the cathedral of St. David's; and an elaborate description of the present state of that edifice and its appendages, illustrated with several views and plans. Having already made such ample extracts we will not rob the antiquarian reader of any portion of the pleasure which he will derive from the perusal of these notes.

Giraldus informs us, p. 49, that in his time there were beavers in the river Teivi. As the accurate and judicious Pennant* has considered this authority sufficient to establish the fact, that beavers have existed in Wales, no future natural historian need hesitate admitting the truth of it.

In the fourth chapter Giraldus mentions the abbey of Stratflur, where the archbishop and his party passed the night. This incident has given an opportunity to his translator of introducing a short notice of its remains, which are reduced to a single Saxon arch of a most singular and beautiful description. In the joint-like divisions of its circular mouldings (*pillars* we should call them, did they not sweep without interruption round the head of the arch) we observe a strong resemblance to the band, or fillet, which was introduced in the 13th century as an appendage to the tall, clustered columns of that age.

We must not omit doing Sir R. Hoare the justice of acknowledging that the drawing, and the *chiaro-scuro* of this print are excellent, we wish the tree on the right had been exchanged for an imaginary one, *not of the plum kind*; or that the artist had taken the liberty of squeezing its bole into a less inelegant curve. Of the engraving, we do not hesitate to affirm, that it is the clearest and the best in the volume, and one of a few exceptions, to the imputation of a general dryness and poverty of effect.

Of the church of Landewi Brevi, memorable on account of a miracle performed there in honour of St. David; the annotator gives the following melancholy account :

'This church is situated on a gentle eminence, backed by high mountains, and surrounded by the most miserable hovels I ever beheld. Though a large and spacious building, it corresponds with the village in misery and desolation. Four lofty gothic arches, supporting a square massive turret, bespeak its ancient grandeur; it can boast of no roof but its beams and rafters; and of no pavement but the native soil, &c.' p. 73.

We have never read descriptions of ruined or antient structures, which have appeared to us so clear and intelligible as those which we meet with in this publication; and we ought to have remarked of our extract from the account of the church of Eweny, in the first volume, that it falls with great ingenuity from a general into a particular de-

* Vid. Pennant's *Arctic Zoology*, vol. i. p. v.

scription, so as to give the reader a very satisfactory idea of the building which is the subject of it.

The archbishop of Canterbury, though on so serious a mission, was not averse from innocent mirth. On his way to Bangor, he dismounted with his party, in order to pass with greater security through a steep and rugged valley; on reaching

‘The opposite side after considerable fatigue, the archbishop, to rest himself and recover his breath, sat down on an oak which had been torn up by the violence of the winds and relaxing into a pleasantry highly laudable in a person of his approved gravity, thus addressed his attendants: who amongst you in this company, can now delight our wearied ears by whistling? which is not easily done by people out of breath,’ &c. P. 84.

A view of Bangor obtrudes itself on our sight, taken apparently from a considerable elevation; but so ill managed in every respect, that we wonder how it was admitted into this elegant and expensive work.

Having as we hope given the reader a tolerable insight into the plan and execution of this part of the work, we will only detain him to say, that it concludes with a very favourable character of the zealous prelate who presided over this party of errant divines.

The defects which occur in the style of the translator, are generally to be attributed to negligence. He discovers much reading on the subject of his undertaking, and quotes largely from the works of earlier historians and antiquaries; we do not mean to insinuate that he does this to too great an extent.

Whether Sir Richard Hoare despise the brilliant effect produced by a judicious management of light and shade, we will not take upon us to decide; but we think that a little more attention to that kind of beauty would have taken away the monotony and flatness which characterize a great number of his views. Carelessness of drawing is sometimes observable in his buildings, especially in the summits of his towers, of which the converging lines are described without any attention to the rules of perspective.

Though these inaccuracies detract something from the merit of the work before us, we are ready to acknowledge that the translator has conferred a great obligation on the lovers of antiquarian research, and we have no doubt that his book will find a place in the libraries of the opulent, and be read with great pleasure (when they can get it) by those who are not so.

The next in order are two poems translated from the Welsh of Owain Cyveilioc, the first the *Hirlas*, or drinking horn, by a friend of Sir Richard Hoare, whose mistaken good-nature has afforded Richard Fenton, Esq. an opportunity of convincing the world that he is not born to be immortalised as a poet. We cannot well tolerate such verses as these :

‘ Pour out the horn ; ’tis my delight
A social converse to excite,
Till by each inspired guest
The powerful influence be confest.’ P. 222.

To these poems succeeds a ‘ Description of Wales,’ translated from Giraldus by Sir R. Hoare, and elucidated by his annotations, which, as usual, shew great marks of industrious research, and a judicious application of the remarks of his predecessors. The task which we have imposed upon ourselves of paying great attention to the concluding part of this volume, precludes us from noticing the many interesting subjects which this ‘ description’ presents to us. The translator adds a useful supplement to it, and concludes this division in these words :

‘ That the rise and progress of our national architecture may be more distinctly marked and known, I shall endeavour by the means of examples that have occurred during my itinerary through South Wales, to follow its course, tracing its varieties, and demonstrating the gradual advancement it made towards perfection, and proving that *system*, not *chance*, directed the hands of our ancient workmen.’ P. 410.

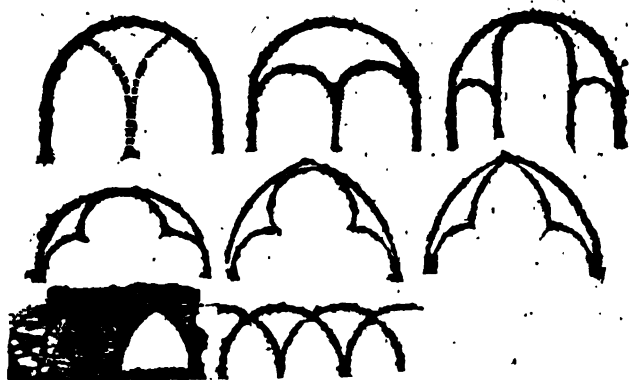
It seems strange to us that after this declaration, the writer of it should derive the pointed arch from the intersections of the Saxon arcade, the observation of which must have been merely accidental. He entitles this part of his work, ‘Progress of Architecture, from a period nearly coeval with the Conqueror, to the sixteenth century, illustrated by a series of designs taken from existing remains in South Wales, and arranged systematically.’

In this illustration, the author has been assisted by the experience and drawings of Mr. Carter ; the designs are indeed excellent, and beautifully engraved ; but we cannot help questioning the soundness of that judgment, which induced Sir R. Hoare to illustrate the changes which have taken place in our ecclesiastical and monastic architecture, by examples drawn from a comparatively small portion of the island. There are many chasms in this series ; this was to

be expected, but we particularly lament that he has given us no considerable documents of that style, in which the arch fluctuates between the round and pointed form, and which we think removes from our ancestors the disgrace of being indebted to foreign nations, or to accident, for the introduction of that distinguishing ornament of our national architecture, the pointed arch. A naturalist whose object was to illustrate the chain which almost imperceptibly unites animal and vegetable existence, would not confine his search of examples, to one particular spot on the surface of the globe. We should say, that it were better to have omitted the whole of this part of the work, than to have given it thus imperfect to the world: did we not with pleasure allow Mr. Carter any opportunity of adding his most beautiful drawings to the public stock.

When a man has the misfortune to be tied to an hypothesis, he is led away wherever it chuses to carry him. It interposes itself between him and every object he contemplates, and leaves its own form most strongly impressed on his memory. Whilst he declares that he is in search of truth and conviction, he is determined not to see any thing but what favours his preconceived opinion. One antiquary can see nothing in British architecture which indicates our invention of the pointed arch: 'Sir, I have searched every corner of the Continent for it: and I am enabled to say that it is certainly of Saracenic origin.' Another tells you the idea is taken from a grove, but is uncertain what part of Europe had the honour of its first introduction. Some declare it has existed thousands of years on the banks of the Ganges, and many, of which number is the author of this 'Progress,' derive it from the accidental observation of an arcade, which is found in some Saxon edifices, in which each arch taking its rise from the centre of the preceding one, produces a succession of pointed arches of the most regular and beautiful kind (vide fig. 8.)* We are unwilling to admit the justness of any of these theories, for we see no reason why our forefathers should not out of the numberless modifications to which matter is subject, have produced varieties much more extraordinary than the transition from the circular to the pointed arch; and we think that we have observed an interrupted series connecting the two forms in question.

* From inadvertency the figures have not been numbered in the cuts, but we refer to their successive situations from left to right.



These small and repeated deviations from the circular forms, have originated from that search after variety, which with so many fine examples before them, influenced Jones and Wren in the designs of their *Gothic* structures; or which still misguides our modern pretenders to excellence, in this species of architecture.

Fig. 1, (we do not at present advert to the dotted lines in this figure) is a plain semicircular arch, common alike to the Romans, Saxons and Normans; 2 and 3 are only multiplications of the same simple form; these are found in the Norman part of our cathedrals, and generally in the galleries. If an architect wished to apply Fig. 3 to a door-way, the pillars supporting the central division would be inconvenient; in order to appropriate it to this purpose its form must undergo an alteration, the pillars must be removed and the sweep of the lower arches curtailed and brought into contact with the springing of the central one: this will produce an arch nearly resembling No. 4, the interior arch of a church porch; and the church to which it is attached, is remarkable for its plain semicircular arches, supported by circular columns with capitals composed of very large and projecting scrolls. As the door cases are frequently the most ancient part of the edifice, and as this building may be dated at latest very soon after the conquest, we may conclude this arch to be of that antiquity. Its two lower segments are each one fourth of a circle, and the upper one a semicircle, the diameters of all of which are equal to half the diameter of the circumscribing semicircle, by which they are exactly included. If the upper division of this trefoil be enlarged to more than a semicircle, its altitude will be so much increased that the outer semicircle will

not contain it; some other means must therefore be adopted of furnishing it with an interior moulding which may be in contact with, or equidistant from, its base and summit: the only way of effecting this is by describing two lines from different centres which necessarily form the pointed arch as in Fig. 5. In proportion as the altitude of the trefoil exceeds half its horizontal diameter, the including pointed arch will become more acute. We have seen an arch of this description so little removed from a semicircle, that we left it after a long observation, without perceiving that it was pointed: But if we were to omit the step gained by fig. 5, it would not appear an extraordinary event that an architect with his compasses in his hand pondering over fig. 4, should ask himself what effect would be produced by adding to this arch a greater degree of complexity. The abrupt termination of the two lower branches of the trefoil, would suggest to him a continuation of this angular character to the rest of the figure; and nothing can be more easily imagined than his placing the fixed, and tracing, points of his instrument, alternately on these corresponding angles, and producing the upper part of the internal arch of fig. 6,* and as the angle of this pointed arch would rise above the including semicircle of fig. 4, it would occur to the architect to unite each lower extremity of the inferior segments, to the apex of the arch, by two equal curve lines described from different centres; and thus he would complete the 6th figure. We must, however, acknowledge that one objection applies to this last method of producing the pointed arch: the arch thus formed would be of the perfect kind, i. e. it would include an equilateral triangle, which we are of opinion is not the most ancient form; for a very obtuse pointed arch was the immediate successor of the semicircular one. The system of intersecting arches, on which Sir R. Hoare founds his hypothesis, is liable to the same objection.

But if we must have recourse to *accident* for the origin of this peculiar style, an imputation degrading to the character of the architects of the 12th century, we could propose circumstances which may have given rise to it, as feasible, if not more so, than the boasted intersections of fig. 8; which besides the objection above stated, that the pointed figure it describes is not of the oldest form, is liable to another; that being imperforate, (the figure never being described

* This arch is very frequent in our architecture of the 12th and 13th centuries.

otherwise than in relieve,) it was not so likely to attract notice as a similar figure through which any remote object was visible. For instance, to a spectator standing at a moderate distance, and looking obliquely through a Roman arch, the open part would assume a pointed form as in No. 7, and give a tolerably accurate idea of the effect which would be produced by an arch of that shape.

Or supposing the crown of a semicircular arch to have given way, the most simple and the most obvious expedient for supplying this defect without producing deformity or obstructing a view through it would be a support resembling the dotted line of fig. 1.

Having condemned the violent attachment to an hypothesis in others, we must disclaim entertaining any opinion that our own is incontrovertible: we confess that in some instances our system has a nearer connection with accident than we could wish; and any one who will overturn it by proving that the change from the round to the pointed arch, owes still less to chance, will have our sincere good wishes.

The praises lavished on our national architecture, have in general evinced more zeal than judgment. Some of its most fervent admirers have affected to look with contempt on the productions of Greece and Rome, when put in competition with it; not considering that the characters and objects of the two styles are so opposite as not to admit of comparison: the one addressed itself to the imagination only, the others both to the imagination and the judgment. Although we do not admit the fact that the proportions of Greece were taken from the human figure, we cannot lay aside the idea that the two styles in question are capable of some illustration by referring them respectively to the forms of an old, and of a vigorous man. In the Grecian sweeping outline and the swelling fullness of its arch and column, the unassisted strength of its walls, its exact proportions, its bold projections, and rectangular masses, convey the idea of the strength, beauty, and well defined figure of vigorous manhood. In the British style the irregular surface of the clustered pillars, its apparent weakness, its interrupted and frittered outline, its ambiguous form, remind us of the emaciated limbs, the tottering frame, and the shrivelled skin of age. Its buttresses are crutches, necessary for the support of its feeble carcase; and when we apply the term *venerable*, to a fabric of this description, we are perhaps led to do so by an unacknowledged recollection of the respect due to infirmity and length of days, in our own species.

Lord Orford says "The papal see amassed its wealth by Gothic cathedrals; and displays it in Grecian temples." The intricacy of the first-mentioned structures may be considered as the counterpart of the Romish religion, which extended its influence over the human mind in proportion as its doctrines became more abstruse and incomprehensible: and it would be a cause of wonder how the reformation could take place during the existence of our cathedrals; had we not daily evidence that bigotry and superstition do not disdain the pert trimness of a modern conventicle; and we are sorry to add, not always the mahogany pulpit of a popular chapel.

Though we differ in many respects from the opinions of Sir R. Hoare in his "Progress of Architecture" especially as to the manner in which the pointed arch was introduced, and the form which it first assumed, we acknowledge ourselves much indebted to him for the entertainment he has afforded us: but we must observe, that this part of his work is more calculated for the scrutiny of the proficient in antiquarian knowledge, than for the instruction of the learner. Whether it be the consequence of our having become more familiarized with the style of the author, or, whether the punctuation be really less frequent than in the former volume, we have not remarked that redundancy of commas, which, though perhaps placed with critical accuracy, were very offensive both to the eye and to the ear.

The volume concludes with a list of books relating to Wales; and a beautiful map of the country describing the military stations of the Romans, and the Itinerary of Baldwin.

ART. XII.—*The Bess: a Poem, in four Books. With Notes, Moral, Political, and Philosophical. By John Evans, M. D. &c. Book II. 4to. 7s. Longman. 1808.*

WE have already noticed the appearance of the first book of this pleasing poem; and refer our readers to Vol. IX. p. 321 of the present series of our Review for an opinion of its general merits. The portion now presented to us is not at all inferior to what went before; but it is our duty to point out the principal faults which we have observed, and which, with the talents of Dr. Evans, it can be no difficult task for him to avoid in the further progress of his work.

These faults are nearly all resolvable into a too close imitation of Dr. Darwin's style; a style most unfit for imitation, but of which we fear that Dr. Evans is an admirer. He scatters his epithets with unparalleled profusion; and those which he employs are almost as often married as single. In the space of one hundred lines we notice laughter-loving, downy-vested, pale-crested, long-famed, saffron-tinted, life-preserving, blue-eyed, full-armed, virgin-vested, new-fallen, milk-white, ready-bearing, full-clustered, party-coloured, gory-spotted, crimson-tinctured, laurel-seeming, sun-bright, lemon-scented, rose-lipp'd, firmly-clasping, strong-smelling, that is, one compound epithet in every five lines.

The fault will be made more conspicuous by a quotation. We select the opening of the book.

' Daughters of fashion, who obsequious wait
Her *changeful* call, and swell her *thinsell'd* state,
Who bask and flutter in her *noontide* ray,
The *light* papilios of a summer's day,
Still cling enrapt, where pride and folly haunt,
Nor press with foot *profane* e'en nature's haunt.
Far from your *giddy* round the goddess flies,
Veil'd in *blue* mists, where *heath-clad* Ferwyns* rise,
Down the *deep* glen in *white-foam'd* currents led,
Where brawls *rude* Ceriog o'er her *pebbly* bed,
Or where she purls, responsive to the gale,
Breathing *soft* whispers through Brynkynallt's vale.'

To the abuse of epithets may be added the coining of new, or adoption of fanciful words—' *soothful* sound,' 'glittering *moonlets*' [of Saturn and Jupiter,] ' *shapely* cots,' ' *foodful* meal,' &c. &c.

From a general description of Lady Dungannon's garden, he takes the liberty of introducing us to every particular flower that grows there; and in this enumeration it is evident that his *Darwinic* propensity must shine forth to admiration. They are all of them 'bashful maids,' 'fair vestals,' &c. &c. and all feel amorous pains and virgin-raptures.

' 'With her' (Miss Violet) 'pied Pansy, once a vestal fair
In Ceres' train, low droops with amorous air,
Stain'd by the bolt of love her purple breast,
And freak'd with jet* her party-colour'd vest.—
—'A second' (Lily) 'waves in meretricious glare,
Radiant with orange glow her scentless hair.'

* The chain of Berwyn mountains in North Wales.

'The dazzling gem
That beams in Fritillaria's diadem.'—

'—Gay Mesmeron's crimson-tinctur'd bush
Again revives coy Daphne's maiden blush.' &c. &c. &c.

The versification is, in general, easy and flowing to an extreme; yet there are a few limping lines, and several inharmonious words which might be changed without any injury to the sense. A didactic poem must needs be a very dull performance without the occasional relief of episodes. Yet these should not be too thickly sprinkled, and they should, above all things, possess some strong and peculiar interest in themselves, as well as arise naturally from the opportunity which introduces them. The present portion of Dr. Evans's poem contains much more of episode than of the main subject; and the episodes he has chosen, though tolerably well connected, are in our opinion very defective in interest.

'Swarming, resting, and hiving of bees' lead us to the Massacre of Saint Bartholomew and an 'Apostrophe to English Generosity and French Ingratitude.' 'Fresh Tenants occupy deserted Combs'—'Fable of Aristæus.' 'Grief of Swarms at the loss of a Leader and Joy at her Re-appearance'—'Seizure and Escape of the King of Poland.' 'Double Swarms unite under one Leader, her Rival being sacrificed by general Consent, or slain in Battle'—'Battle of Bosworth.' 'After Swarms ineffective'—'Voyage of Prince Madoc.' 'The Mother-hive, weakened by successive Swarming, falls a Prey to more powerful Neighbours; unless moved to a distant Situation, or strengthened by union with another Stock'—'Departure of the Braganza family from Lisbon to Brazil, under the protecting guidance of an English fleet.'

The last-mentioned episode is the most interesting of the selection: and if we did not read it with all the enthusiasm the subject appears to demand, it is not Dr. Evans's fault, but the fault of ministers for permitting the print-sellers of the metropolis to display the portrait of the prince regent; a portrait, which instantly dissolves the whole charm of imagination, and transforms the fancied hero into the very type of 'little Isaac' in the Duenna. Perhaps all the readers of our review have not seen this unfortunate likeness. To those who are still able to unite the ideas of the Prince of Brazils and the ancient hero of Salamis,* the following

* Tæcer, Salamina, Patruquet
Cdm fugeret, &c.

quotation may not be unacceptable. It is as fair a specimen as can be produced of Dr. Evans's poetry :

'So Lusitania, once proud Europe's boast,
When Viriatus led thy victor host,
Or thy bold Vasco to the rising day
Forc'd round the cape of storms his venturous way;
Low grovelling now, thy race degenerate craves
The gold-bought respite from insatiate slaves.
Ah ! fruitless all the hoards of each fair shrine,
And all the glittering treasures of the mine !
Like floods of oil, which feed the growing fire,
New proffer'd gifts but kindle new desire.
'Mid foes infuriate, and fast sinking friends,
O'er Cintra's rock thy drooping genius bends,
Rolls wistful round the wave his tear-swoln eye,
And fain would hope the kind assistance nigh.
Yes ! thou shalt hope ! for see on ocean's verge
What van' crown'd forests peer above the surge,
Till all emergent now the broad hulls sweep—
And trace a foam-bright track along the deep.
Loud calls the herald as he speeds to land,
Still waving, as he calls, the peaceful wand.
'Haste Lusians, haste ! enated Lisbon falls,
Ere lust and rapine riot in her walls ;
Already o'er yon hills Gaul's eagles play,
In act to swoop and seize their promis'd prey ;
Ere smoke your cities, and your fields lie waste,
To join our guardian flag, ye Lusians haste :
'Tis Albion calls, whose sons, humane as brave,
Beyond e'en conquest still delight to save.
Swift hails Brasilia's prince th' auspicious sign,
And woos in fervent prayer faith's holy shrine.
Then, while their bark the royal group ascend,
With patriot shouts what moans of anguish blend !
For hard the task, tho' glory fires the heart,
When friends, when kindred, or when lovers part,
To fling each warm affection to the wind,
Nor cast one longing ling'ring look behind.
Still faithful to her charge, Idalia's queen
Reins her white swans, and hovers o'er the scene,
Love's nimble train unfurl the swelling sail,
And lightly from the land they point the gale ;
O'er the dread bar propitious Nereids' guide,
While Halcyons soothe to rest the rushing tide,
Preceding Tritons sound their plausive shell,
And rings from ship to shore the fond farewell.
What lightnings flash ! what thunders rock the wave !
Yet deem not these the death-sounds of the brave :

No bolts of fate dart thro' the bursting fires,
 But each fresh peal fresh tides of joy inspires,
 Responsive to the roar, while echoing cries
 Of Brunswick and Braganza rend the skies,
 Press'd with far different thoughts, yon spoiler crew
 Shrink from the shock, and sicken at the view,
 Prophetic see in balmy zones revive,
 Sav'd from their hornet fang, the human hive,
 And mark enrag'd the glorious course begun,
 As scowl'd fell Satan on the new-born sun.
 Yes! that bright orb but veils his setting ray,
 To spread through distant climes alternate day;
 While the red ball, by force explosive driven,
 Shoots with fierce glare across the vaults of heaven,
 Frights the sad nations with ill-omen'd light,
 Then melts in air the meteor of a night.

p. 71—74.

ART. XIII.—*The Theory of Dreams : in which an Inquiry is made into the Powers and Faculties of the Human Mind, as they are illustrated in the most remarkable Dreams recorded in sacred and profane History. 2 Vols. 12mo. Rivington. 1808.*

A VERY favourite mode of arguing in behalf of opinions, which cannot stand the scrutiny of sober reasoning, is to appeal to their universal prevalence; and still more effectually to silence opposition, their advocates triumphantly appeal to the authority of certain magical names, from whom it may be thought unseemly and presumptuous to dissent. Fenelon acknowledged the infallibility of the Pope, Addison was a trinitarian, Locke believed in the miracles, Newton in the prophecies, and Milton in the infallibility of scripture. As if the individual perception of truth could be at all affected by the belief of other people, though they were imbued with more than human wisdom, or had been received, like St. Paul, into the third heaven. In truth, to every human being, his own single reason must be paramount to all other authority whatever; it is the light implanted by the Creator to direct his understanding and regulate his conduct. Upon many points a man may be conscious of his inability to form an opinion; but when he professes to *believe*, such belief must be an act of private judgment, which no human authority has the power or the right to controul. We may as well pretend to see with

the eyes, or hear with the ears, as to believe with the understanding of another.

Bigots, either in religion, in morals, or in politics, have the hardihood to deny to the bulk of mankind this the most sacred and imprescriptible of their rights. But their arguments are as weak, as their claim is presumptuous. How little force there is in the appeal to the weight of great names or in the universal assent of mankind may be learned from the authentic records of forgotten or exploded superstitions. Now-a-days hardly any even of the vulgar do not laugh at omens and prodigies, dreams and divinations. But so rooted was the faith of the antients in these ridiculous follies, that Cicero has thought it not beneath him to collect in an express treatise, whatever might be said either in their behalf or in contradiction to them. The conduct of armies and debates of senates, whatever was most interesting either to the public or in domestic life were made to depend on the most insignificant events. So general was the delusion that the followers of Epicurus were the only sect of the ancient philosophers, who had the courage to stem the torrent, and to profess their belief in the constancy and regularity of the laws of nature, and their consequent disbelief in the reality of all preternatural interpositions of the Deity in human affairs.

It may not then be without advantage to the present race to expose the errors, follies, and superstitions of those that are past. The view of absurdities that have passed away may make men less fierce and less dogmatic in behalf of those that are in vogue. The confidence in dreams formed but a small part of the fooleries of weakness and credulity. But this confidence is, we believe, utterly extinct in the minds of all who have had a common share of plain elementary education.

In the collection before us, we think the writer has shewn more reading and industry than genius and discrimination. To go about solemnly to refute a number of idle and senseless tales, fit only to amaze or terrify a set of children and gossips round a winter's fireside, is a task, to which we think a mind of ordinary strength would not willingly submit. What should we think of one who gravely reasoned against the probability of the thousand and one tales? But this writer seems to have been travelling from one wonder to another so long, that he is half afraid to exercise his reason; and though each single story almost carries with it its own refutation, the whole mass of them appears to have

made a deep impression. Hear the caution with which he speaks:

'The general theory to which the author is inclined is, that no dreams, excepting those involved with the history of revelation, have any necessary connection with, or can afford any assistance towards discovering the scenes of futurity. At the same time, he cannot but confess that there are many accounts supported on great authorities, which militate against this opinion, and that sometimes almost shake his convictions.'

Hear again with what dull and solemn gravity he states the *pros* and the *cons* of the argument.

'There is a principal consideration which should incline us to the belief, that ordinary dreams do not deserve to be respected as communications of preternatural instruction to mankind, which is, that we are not furnished with any sure principles of confidence, or any standing authority of interpretation: many dreams are indisputably fallacious as to conjectures of future events, and we have no mode of discriminating what is to be regarded as false or true; it cannot be supposed that God should require us to be influenced by that which has no stamp of his sanction, and it must be useless to be furnished with the prediction of events which have no relation to any adequate object, no title to be believed, and of which no prudence can avoid the accomplishment.'

In another passage (v. ii. p. 24.) he seriously informs us 'that he does not mean to deny the agency and superintendency of angels appointed over every man,' and supports his opinion by some words of Christ, (Matthew xviii. 1.) which, to our plain comprehension, afford not the smallest countenance to any such childish notion. If angels indeed influence the thoughts and actions of men, what is more probable than that dreams should be one of the instruments of their agency?

Our readers will hardly be contented without a specimen of some of the tales of wonder here presented. We will select one of the most authentic, which was taken from the mouth of the dreamer. As he was a man of sense, he draws no absurd inferences from the circumstance; a fact which disposes us to give the more credit to the tale.

'The bishop of Lombes, who was the intimate friend of Petrarch, pressed him in the most earnest manner to visit him at Lombes; Petrarch had promised to go the beginning of the year following, and had even formed the project of settling entirely near his amiable friend, when he received the melancholy news that the bishop was

dangerously ill at Lombes. The information alarmed him exceedingly; he fluctuated between fear and hope. 'One night in my sleep,' says Petrarch, 'I thought I saw the bishop walking alone, and crossing the stream that watered my garden. I ran to him, and asked him a thousand questions at once. From whence came you? Where are you going so fast? Why are you alone? The bishop replied with a smile, Do you recollect the summer you passed with me on the other side of the Garonne? The climate and the manners of Gascony displeased you, and you found the mountains of the Pyrenees insupportable. I now think as you did. I am weary of it myself. I have bid adieu to this barbarous country, and am returning to Rome.' He had continued to walk on while he spake these words, and was got to the end of the garden; I attempted to join him, and begged that I might at least be permitted the honour of accompanying him; the bishop gently put me back with his hand, and changing his countenance and the tone of his voice, 'No,' said he, 'you must not come with me at the present.' After having said this, he looked stedfastly at me, and then it was that I saw on his face all the signs of death. The sudden shock of this sight caused me to cry aloud, and awaked me from my sleep; I marked the day, and related the circumstances to the friends I had at Padua, and wrote an account of it to my other friends in many different places. Five and twenty days after this I received the mournful news that the bishop of Lombes was dead, and found that he died on the very day that I had seen him in vision in my garden. This singular accident,' says he, to John Andre, 'gives me no more faith in dreams than Cicero had, who, as well as myself had a dream confirmed by the event.'

The first of these little volumes, and the beginning of the second is almost wholly made up of narration. In the arrangement of his matter, he has followed chronological order, producing first the accounts delivered in ancient history; and then the most singular records since the establishment of christianity. The dreams related in the books of the Old and the New Testament, he considers of indisputable authority; and when we consider the pains and penalties, the fines, stripes, and imprisonments attached to a dissent from orthodox doctrines, we do not feel inclined to dispute his opinion. Sir William Scott, Dr. Lawrence, and the Rt. Rev. the Bishop of London are such weighty disputants, that we shrink with horror from the controversy.

Having gone through the historical part of his labours, the author engages in the still more difficult task of explaining the nature of these perplexing phenomena. But though we meet with several good incidental observations, we cannot say that we have discovered any thing which deserves the name of a theory. The writer does not seem

to possess the fundamental knowledge necessary to consider them as a physiologist ; nor the freedom of spirit and depth of research essential to a metaphysician. However, if we have not been greatly instructed, it would be uncandid to deny that we have received amusement. His observations are interspersed with many pretty quotations from both ancient and modern poets. These are like parterres of flowers, which abstract the attention from the meagreness and sterility of the soil in which they are planted.

The subject of dreams very naturally introduces that of sleep ; on which the author has a chapter too ; which we must characterise as we would the rest of the work ; viz. that we find little to blame, and still less to commend. But what connexion there is between dreams and the Scottish supposed faculty of second sight is not so obvious. We find however, a chapter on this head extracted from Dr. Johnson's Journey to the Western Islands. If this celebrated moralist, on such a subject, never could advance his curiosity to conviction, but came away at last '*only willing to believe,*' it shews clearly that the discovery of truth was not one of the Doctor's pleasures ; since the confirmation of a popular prejudice would to him have been a source of satisfaction. For our own parts, we conceive there is little difficulty in reconciling the direct evidence in favour of this supposed power to the dictates of common sense. We would grant the facts, but deny the inference. In some ages, if a poor creature was troubled with convulsions, he was supposed to be possessed by the devil. In the Hebrides, when a man's brain is disordered, he is thought to have the second sight. In the accounts which have been given there may be something of imposture ; but we dare say there has been still more of self-deception. He must be credulous as an infant, who can suppose that there is any real mystery in the business ; or that the inhabitants of these remote and retired spots possess any power, which are denied to the rest of the human species.

ART. XV.—*A Letter from Mr. Whitbread to Lord Holland, on the present Situation of Spain.* Ridgway. 1808.

WE agree with Mr. Whitbread that the present struggle of the Spaniards against tyranny and oppression, is as glorious in all its circumstances as any that has ever been

exhibited upon the face of the earth.' The emperor of the French has met with the most formidable opposit on to his tyranny where he least expected it; and where we thought it was never likely to take place. The supposed apathy and ignorance of the Spanish people seemed to render it in the highest degree improbable that they would be the first among the nations of the Continent who would make any general and effectual stand against the domination of Bonaparte. But recent events have proved that they were neither unconscious of his designs, indifferent to the fate of their country, nor unwilling to engage in an arduous conflict to rescue it from the humiliation of a weak government, and from subjection to a foreign power.

The means which Bonaparte took to secure the possession of the country, have fortunately been such as to defeat the end which he had in view. He has at once shocked the moral feeling as well as the political and religious prejudices of the country. His treachery has irreparably offended that sense of honour which is indigenous in the people of Spain. He sends an army into the country under the most friendly pretexts, and immediately employs it to subvert the government. He invites the royal family to Bayonne under the pledge of hospitality and protection; and, as soon as they are in his power, he sends them all prisoners into France. Bonaparte has, at the same time, shocked the religious prejudices of the Spaniards by depriving the pope of his dominions; and those who know the force of religious prejudice in such a superstitious and priestridden country, will readily conceive that Bonaparte has, in this instance, armed against himself one of the most formidable foes which he ever had to encounter. But the Corsican seems to have reached such a pinnacle of power as to have become all at once intoxicated on the giddy height. Thus his usual caution has forsaken him; and he seems rashly to have determined on the subjection of Spain without previously providing the means or calculating the probable difficulties of the execution. He probably despised the people, and thought that fraud combined with a very small degree of force, would be sufficient to enable him to juggle the nation out of their rights and independence. But though Bonaparte may have the strength and the ferocity of Antæus, we believe that he has raised up a Hercules in the Spanish patriots that will crush him to atoms.

The contest may be long and bloody, but we feel a firm conviction that the patriotism of the Spaniard will finally triumph over the perfidy of the Gaul. We think the pre-

sent removal of the royal family highly auspicious to the cause of the patriots, not only from the proof which it has afforded of the treachery and injustice of the French, and from the consequent indignation which it has diffused throughout Spain, but because the current of the popular sentiment in favour of liberty and independence, meeting with no obstructions from the jealous fears or the despotic propensities of the court, will accumulate into a mass of force that will bear down all opposition.

On this subject we are, perhaps, more sanguine than Mr. Whitbread; but our opinion is, that no despot upon earth, let his force be what it may, can finally subjugate a nation of such considerable magnitude as that of Spain, which, to a man, is resolved to resist his nefarious attempt, and to prefer death itself to the loss of liberty and independence. Such is the spirit which seems to pervade every part of the country, and which promises a result favourable not only to the independence of Spain, but to the deliverance of the world from the most tremendous despotism that ever threatened it with chains.

‘The whole undivided heart of Great Britain and Ireland, nay, of France itself, and of the world, must be with Spain. Would to God the whole undivided strength of the world could be combined at this moment against the armies of her oppressor, in Spain! Ministers had declared that no mixed interests should interfere; that all the exertion should be for Spain, and Spain alone; and I am happy to acknowledge that the part of the king’s speech, which relates to Spain, bears out the professions which had been before made. It has my unqualified approbation. The policy is sound, and the expressions could not have been better chosen.

‘Arms, ammunition, money, let them be poured in with a hand as liberal as can be conceived. All they ask for! and nothing they do not ask for. If an army shall hereafter be required, let no consideration of rank or favour interfere in the selection of the officer to command it. The stake is too precious to be risked in inadequate hands. The country has a high opinion of the military talents, the gallantry, and the other qualifications of the officer now in Ireland, ready to embark with a limited force. May the appointment of a general for any larger force be equally judicious, and equally acceptable to the public. Thus shall we render ourselves worthy of being the supporters of Spanish valour, and Spanish virtue. Thus shall we best add to their chance of success. Thus shall we render the most effectual service to this empire and the world. This cause is indeed the cause of justice and humanity. If it prospers,—stupendously glorious will be the victory. If it fails, their conqueror will have obtained any thing rather than honour.

but the Spaniards of this day will be recorded to the latest posterity as a people deserving of a better fate, and they will have afforded a noble example for the imitation of the inhabitants of these islands, when their battle, the last battle of the European world, shall be fought."

Mr. Whitbread has been basely calumniated as having 'advised the purchase of peace by the abandonment of the heroic Spaniards to their fate.'

'But God forbid!' says the honest patriot, 'A notion so detestable never entered my imagination. Perish the man who could entertain it! Perish this country, rather than its safety should be owing to a compromise so horribly iniquitous! My feelings, at the time I spoke, ran in a direction totally opposite to any thing so disgusting and abominable.'

In the present critical situation of the world, it may be difficult to determine what measure it is most wise to pursue, in order to check the wide-spreading tyranny of Bonaparte, and to rescue the enthralled nations of Europe from his ambitious grasp. With equally good intentions, with sensations of philanthropy equally ardent, and a love of liberty equally pure, different individuals will view the subject in different lights, and will propose very opposite measures as likely to produce the same result. We agree respecting the end; we differ only about the means. The end is to set limits to the increasing domination of France and to save the remaining liberty of Europe. But what are the means by which this end is to be attained? Till the recent appearances in Spain, we thought that peace with Bonaparte would be preferable to war; or in other words that peace would contribute more to the security of Britain and less to the aggrandizement of France. We saw nothing but folly and imbecility, humiliation and despondency in those courts of Europe, by whose co-operation we were wont to procure at least a diversion against the arms of our inveterate foe. From one end of Europe to another, with the solitary exception of the king of Sweden, we saw in the cabinets both of the greater and the smaller states, nothing but the menials, the tributaries, or the confederates of Bonaparte. The war appeared to us without an object, without hope of advantage, or even the most remote probability of accomplishing one desirable purpose which might justify the continuance. Under the impression that the protraction of the war was an evil, which was not counterbalanced even by a single good, that peace even if not attended with all

the usual benefits, would at least cause a cessation in the shedding of blood, and that, considered in the least favourable view, it was an experiment, which humanity as well as policy impelled us to make, we strongly urged the attempt to negotiate a peace. And as pacific overtures had, on many other occasions been made to this country by France, we thought that Great Britain should, in this instance, be the first to hold out the olive branch to France. We thought that Bonaparte himself, after so many toils, was not insensible to the desire of repose; and that even his ambition might be gratified by giving the blessing of peace to the world. But the perfidy of his late conduct to Spain, while it has excited the accumulated indignation of every man who possesses a regard for truth, for justice, for the rights of individuals and of nations, has kindled in that country a spirit of enthusiastic resistance to the domination of France, which is likely to become epidemic in the other countries of Europe, which are at present languishing under her galling yoke. We hardly, therefore, agree with Mr. Whitbread in thinking that this is a favourable moment for commencing a negotiation with France. We fear that any pacific overtures which should at this critical juncture be made to Bonaparte by this country, would tend to infuse a distrust of our sincerity into the breasts of the Spanish patriots, to chill the ardour of their hopes, and to relax the vigour of their exertions, or to weaken them by those intestine jealousies and dissensions which must be fatal to their cause. Were we at this interesting period to make any pacific overtures to France, the wily Corsican would probably employ the interval of negotiation in cajoling us and reducing his Spanish foe. We think, therefore, that in the present moment, instead of seeking peace, both policy and humanity conspire to induce us with all our heart and with all our strength to assist the Spaniards in asserting their liberty and independence. If the ambitious career of Bonaparte be checked by the glorious efforts of the Spaniards, if his veterans and his conscripts be driven beyond the Pyrenees, a favourable reaction of sentiment may be expected in France. The hatred of all Europe towards the tyrant, which is, at present, concealed only by fear, may shew itself in a determined opposition to his will. Even those countries, whose servitude his gigantic tyranny seems irrevocably to have established, may resound with the animated cry of LIBERTY OR DEATH. We do not think that it would be for the interest of Europe that the present dynasty of France should be extirpated, but only that its means of offensive hostility to, and its domineering

insolence over the independence of other countries, should be reduced : and that the French people themselves should have a larger portion of civil liberty than they enjoy under the tyranny of Bonaparte. The success of the Spanish patriots will tend to produce these salutary effects. We shall quote Mr. Whitbread's reasons for thinking the present a favourable period for pacific propositions.

'I am not,' says the frank and eloquent senator, 'afraid to say, that the present is a moment in which I think negotiation might be proposed to the emperor of the French by Great Britain with the certainty of this great advantage, that if the negotiation should be refused, we should be at least sure of being *right* in the eyes of God and man. An advantage which, in my opinion, we have never yet possessed, from the commencement of the contest to the present hour ; and the value of which is far beyond all calculation.

'If the emancipation of Spain, the enthronement of Ferdinand VII, and the amelioration of the government of that country, through the means of the legitimate organ of their Cortes, or any other of their own choosing, could be effected without bloodshed, is there a man existing who would not prefer the accomplishment of these objects by the means of negotiation, rather than by the sword ? If Mr. Fox were happily alive, and had power commensurate with his ability, I see a bare possibility that his genius might turn this crisis to such great account. Nothing should be done but in concert with the Spaniards ; and the complete evacuation of Spain by the French armies, the abstinence from all interference in her internal arrangements, the freedom of the royal family, might be the conditions of the negotiation. There is no humiliation in such a proposal. 'What a grateful opportunity would at the same time present itself of making a voluntary proffer of restitutions, which, when demanded, it might, perhaps, be difficult to accede to ! What a moment to attempt the salvation of Sweden, and the re-establishment of the tranquillity of the North !

'All this I had in contemplation at the time I said I should not think it improper now to offer a negotiation for peace. I should be desirous of conveying these terms to the court at Bayonne, and of proclaiming them to the world. If they should be accepted, is there a statesman who could doubt of their propriety, of their justice, of their honour ? If rejected, is there a free spirit in the universe that would not join in applauding the justice and moderation of Great Britain, in condemning the violence, the injustice, and ambition of the Emperor of the French.

'These are my views, and I am desirous they should be known. I may be deemed romantic for entertaining them. But I trust that those who may treat me as chimerical or absurd, will not be betrayed into an opposite and more dangerous extreme : That in contemplating the success of Spain, they will not be carried back to old

visionary schemes, which have been so often tried, and have so often failed; and a renewal of which, under any circumstances, would prove abortive, and could only cement more strongly the power of France, and again deluge the continent with blood.

Mr. Whitbread thinks that we should first attempt by negotiation the end which we propose by the prosecution of hostilities; the emancipation of Spain, and eventually of Europe from the power of France. If, indeed, we were to attempt to treat with France before we sent succours to the Spaniards, the conditions which Mr. W. suggests, would be such as are most consistent with the honour and the probability of the country; but considering the perfidy and the temper of the emperor of the French, we think that *any present attempt* to negotiate would be injurious to the interests both of Britain and of Spain. When the Spanish patriots have driven the French troops beyond the Pyrenees, and Bonaparte is alarmed by the menacing aspect of the east and of the north,—a most favourable juncture will arrive for negotiating a peace, which may humble the pride of France, and preserve the independence of Europe.

ART. XVI.—*An Inquiry into the Changes induced on Atmospheric Air by the Germination of Seeds, the Vegetation of Plants, and the Respiration of Animals.* By Daniel Ellis. 8vo. Murray, 1807.

THE quantity of original experiment contained in this Inquiry is not considerable; but the collection of facts is extensive; and proves the author to have been industrious in his researches, whilst his reasonings bespeak no common share of talents for philosophical investigations. The result of these inquiries lead to the establishment of the uniformity of the operations of nature in the processes which seem of the most immediate necessity in the conservation of the vital principle in all organised and living beings. The rudest observations must have taught mankind the necessity of the perpetual application of air to the animal organs for the support of life. More attentive and curious remark has shown that the vegetable world is equally indebted to the atmosphere for the qualities which distinguish it from lifeless and unorganised matter. Though vegetables preserve their external form and physical properties longer under the deprivation of atmospheric air than the greater number of ani-

imals, still they inevitably perish, if the deprivation be continued long enough. Nor is there a single moment of its existence (if we exclude the very first period at which the seed begins to germinate,) in which the presence of atmospheric air is not equally and essentially necessary.

The more accurately these phenomena have been observed the more uniform do they appear in all the orders of living beings; wherefore, a connected view of these processes in the different orders, beginning with those whose structure is most simple, (or what appears so to us) and rising to the most complicated cannot but be interesting to the physiological inquirer. To present this view is the object of Mr. Ellis's work; and at the same time he has laboured much to improve the theory, which is still imperfect, owing probably to the want of sufficient data, notwithstanding so many inquirers have engaged in this field of investigation.

The first chapter of this Inquiry treats of the *Germination of Seeds*; and it would seem from the simplicity of experiments requisite to elucidate the subject, that it would be no difficult matter to arrive at precise and accurate results. Still there are points which are by no means perfectly ascertained. What is certain may be comprised in a few words, for the beginning of germination water and a proper temperature are only necessary. For its continuance the presence of oxygen is essential, and accordingly the oxygenous portion of the atmosphere is at length entirely destroyed by the process of germination; in its place carbonic acid is found, and the nitrogenous portion of the air seems quite unaffected. Such are nearly all the facts which have been thoroughly established, whilst there are many others, on which the opinions of philosophers have been greatly divided. Is the oxygen absorbed by the seed? Is the whole of it employed in the formation of carbonic acid? By what process (if the carbonic acid is formed exterior to the seed,) is carbon acidified in so low a temperature? Mr. Ellis both on the subject of the germination of seeds, and also in the vegetation of plants, and respiration, adopts the hypothesis that there is no absorption of oxygen either by the seed, by the plant, or by the animal; but that universally carbon is emitted as a species of excretion, and that the oxygen combines with it exterior to seed, plant, or animal. If this be true, the whole of the oxygen is of course expended in the formation of carbonic acid.

He observes that

'To suppose this oxygen gas to be taken up by the seed, by the

operation of chemical affinity, necessarily implies its previous separation from the nitrogen gas with which it was united ; but how could this be done unless the seed presented something to the air, which had a stronger affinity to its oxygen than the nitrogenous portion has? And what could it offer but moisture and carbon? Moisture however does not decompose air ; and if carbon be the agent must not carbonic acid be at once formed? And if this acid be thus formed, exterior to the seed, and out of the oxygen gas in contact with it, how can we hold that gas to be first singly taken in by the seed, and expelled afterwards in the form of carbonic acid? To say that the air is attracted in its undecomposed state, necessarily requires proof of the existence of certain cavities in the seed where it can be retained : for as the nitrogen gas neither suffers nor produces change, it must be completely expelled after the oxygen is abstracted from it. Lastly M. de Saussure has endeavoured to show that the carbonic acid formed in germination contains in it precisely the quantity of oxygen gas that has disappeared : and although, from the difference of opinion which prevails concerning the actual proportions of the elements which constitute this substance this cannot be positively assumed, yet the near proportions which, in our own experiments, as well as in those of Saussure and Cruickshank, the two gases bear to each other at the beginning and end of the process, renders it extremely probable. If this opinion be well founded, no part of the oxygen can be retained by the seed, and we may conclude, therefore, with M. de Saussure, that none of it is either attracted or absorbed.

It is obvious that much of this reasoning is founded more upon the *argumentum ad ignorantiam* than any direct proof of the system Mr. E. wishes to establish : this too is the sort of argument which may be retorted by an adversary with equal force. It may in return be very properly asked, how can carbon unite with oxygen in the common temperature of the atmosphere? Experiment seems to be in direct contradiction to the possibility of such an union. If nothing is necessary but the excretion of carbon ; if the oxygen is neither absorbed, nor even in its proper form comes in contact with the secreting membrane, what is the office that it performs? To convert, it will be said, the carbon into an acid. But this being done out of the body, why should death immediately ensue from its suspension, though but for two or three minutes? If therefore this hypothesis is really correct, and it shall be proved that the carbonic acid is really formed exterior to the organized substance, from which it seems to be emitted, we think it most probably the effect of some double decomposition, the elements of which have not hitherto been thoroughly ascertained. Besides, it is allowed that carbonic acid is emitted from the seed when there is not

a particle of oxygen present, but when the seed is confined entirely in nitrogen or in hydrogen gas. We think it not a sufficient answer to say, that in this case germination is wholly at a stand, and the carbonic acid arises from a decomposition of the substance of the seed. We know that a similar and partial decomposition is not perpetually going on during the progress of germination; and doubt not that in all animal bodies, likewise, a part of their substance is undergoing an analogous decomposition, which it may be improper to term putrefaction, but which probably in many points resembles the first stage of it. We have noticed this point more particularly now, that we may be spared the necessity of recurring to it in our review of the remaining parts of the work, since Mr. Ellis has transferred the same chain of argument which he uses on the subject of germination to vegetation and respiration. We must confess that he has supported his hypothesis with considerable ingenuity; but we are not satisfied that he has determined the question, and wish that he had been more anxious to increase our stock of facts than to accommodate those we already possess to a preconceived and doubtful hypothesis.

The second chapter of the work treats of *the changes induced on the air by the vegetation of plants*. After distinctly recounting the agency of moisture, heat, and light, he is naturally led to advert to a theory of Dr. Priestly, which has been very generally adopted, though even at its first proposal the evidence in favour of it was very defective. But the supposed beauty of the final cause which it seemed to disclose, has induced both chemists and physiologists to examine very superficially the facts upon which this opinion has been maintained. The theory we allude to is that which attributes a melioration of the atmosphere to the growth of vegetables; so that it was concluded that the process of vegetation was in its consequences directly the reverse of respiration and combustion. This opinion, it must be remembered, in behalf of a man of deserved eminence, and who we believe, though often mistaken, never wilfully supported a falsehood on any subject whatever, was adopted before its author had discovered any correct means of analyzing the air; and subsequent facts, though they did not seem strong enough to require him formally to retract his opinion, yet obviously shook his confidence in his former conclusions, and his mind seems finally to have remained in a state of uncertainty on the point. The experiments of the accurate and sagacious Scheele were uniformly in contradiction to Dr. Priestly's inferences; and finally, Mr.

Ellis has in this chapter of his work, so fully disproved them, that we doubt not that the question may be considered as finally put to rest. Dr. Ingenhouz and Mr. Gough have shewn that vegetables, like animals, do not grow in pure nitrogen gas; but if either atmospheric air or oxygen gas have access to the leaves, they vegetate freely; oxygen gas is therefore necessary to vegetation. Dr. Woodhouse shewed that carbonic acid is produced in the process of vegetation. Mr. Ellis has confirmed those experiments; he has found the oxygen of the air to disappear, carbonic acid to be formed; and by contriving to make the vegetables grow without the aid of mould (as mustard seed will upon moistened flannel) he has proved that the acid is formed by the vegetable itself in contact with oxygen gas. If the plants be kept confined in a portion of common air long enough, every particle of oxygen disappears, after which the plants decay, and when withdrawn yield a putrid smell. In vegetation, as in germination, the nitrogen gas of the air seems to be wholly inert.

Another idea, which seems equally unfounded, is that carbonic acid is taken up by the vegetable, which has been supposed to retain its carbon, and to emit its oxygen. The experiments of Mr. Ellis completely refute this notion, which involves the strange incongruity of supposing the same substance to be at once both a species of food and excrement. Saussure, indeed, has been said to have destroyed the vegetation of plants by inclosing a quantity of lime in the vessels in which they were confined. But granting the correctness of the experiment, it by no means follows that the effect is produced by the absence of carbonic acid. Lime absorbs water with much greediness: and Mr. Ellis supposes with much probability that to the abstraction of moisture is owing the destructive effect upon the plant, and he has confirmed this explication by some direct experiments properly adapted to that end. It must undoubtedly be allowed that a solution of carbonic acid in water is decomposed by solar light acting on the leaves of vegetables; but the experiments of Count Rumford have proved that the organized structure of the leaf is not essential to the separation of oxygen in this experiment: dried leaves, fibres of raw silk, and even glass serves as well. But were it even otherwise, Mr. Ellis well observes, that the circumstances are so different from those of natural vegetation, that they cannot be received as proofs of the same actions.

The changes produced in air by animal respiration are treated of in two chapters; one appropriated to the respi-

ration of insects, worms, fishes, and amphibious animals; the second to the respiration of birds, of quadrupeds, and of man. We have so recently noticed the experiments of Spallanzani on the subject of the respiration of insects, &c. whom indeed Mr. Ellis principally follows, that we need say no more than that in most of the main facts he agrees with the Italian philosopher. We ourselves ventured to suggest that some errors had found their way in the experiments from which Spallanzani concluded that snails consume a small portion of the nitrogenous portion of the air. Mr. Ellis has more minutely criticized these experiments; and has shown that the results of different trials are so discordant that little dependence can be placed upon them. If to this we oppose the contradictory and apparently decisive experiments of Vauquelin, there will be little hazard in believing that nature is uniform, and that insects in general like other animals leave the nitrogen of the air they breathe unaltered.

Many have been the attempts to estimate the quantity of air taken into the lungs by a single natural inspiration; and the various and inconsistent conclusions of different experimentalists shows the extreme difficulty of arriving at certainty, though the natural obstacles seem to be far from insurmountable. The lowest estimate makes the quantity about 12 cubic inches; the highest raises it to 40. The weight of numbers favours the latter computation. The mode of conducting the experiment adopted by Dr. Menzies is deemed by Mr. Ellis to be the most unexceptionable; who likewise makes it amount nearly to forty inches. Mr. Ellis has taken much pains to collect and compose the statements of different writers on the principal facts regarding human respiration. He concludes on the whole that the greatest diminution of the capacity of the chest will bear to its greatest expansion the proportion of 41 to 241 nearly. If the same quantity of air be repeatedly-respired it loses more, and more of its bulk; and it would seem that the diminution proceeds in higher ratio, the longer it has been respired. Mr. Davy attributes this to a 'rapid absorption of the elastic fluid through the moist coats of the pulmonary veins.'

'It happens rather unfortunately for this opinion,' observes Mr. Ellis, 'that in the natural respiration of atmospheric air, a very small difference exists between the inspired and expired volumes, though the powers of absorption, if such there be, must then be acting in their greatest vigour; whilst under an almost total exhaustion of muscular and vital power, this absorption is considered to take place in an extraordinary degree.'

But this is far from satisfactory: for undoubtedly if such an absorption takes place it must be reckoned a consequence of a pure chemical process, as much as the union of oxygen with carbon, according to Mr. Ellis's own hypothesis; and when the vital powers are in themselves perfect, there may be, and probably are, convulsive motions performed with more than natural force, the efforts of nature to make every possible advantage of the unnatural situation in which the animal is placed. For our own parts we can see neither difficulty nor incongruity in supposing aerial substances to be absorbed by the animal fluids; and if further experiments should prove this not to be the case with regard to the oxygen inspired into the lungs, we should believe this to be more a mechanical effect than to proceed from a complete inaptitude to chemical union. Perhaps a thin layer of carbonic acid perpetually secreted from, or formed upon the surface of the lungs may prevent the oxygen from coming within the sphere of chemical action.

It must be conceded to Mr. Ellis that he has rendered it very probable that in the act of respiration the quantity of oxygen which disappears and that of carbonic acid which is produced are proportionate to each other. This however is far from proving the direct conversion of the one into the other. If a quantity of acid were poured upon marble, the proportion between the acid which disappears and the carbonic acid produced would be also constant. And though oxygen enters so largely into the composition of the carbonic acid, yet the union with carbon may so totally alter its properties, as indeed is the truth in common chemical experiments, that these substances may be deemed separate elements, acting upon any third substance with different degrees of affinity. Whether the whole of the oxygen which disappears is exactly equal to that which enters into the composition of the acid, is a point of the first consequence to determine, and which indeed would go very far towards settling the question. But on this head Mr. Ellis candidly acknowledges, that it has not hitherto been determined how much is the diminution of the bulk of the air by the act of respiration.

'Amid such contradictory results,' he observes, 'it is not to be expected that a conclusion can be drawn which shall truly express the amount of the diminution in question: and indeed, from a consideration of the powers which govern respiration, and the various circumstances which sensibly affect that process, we cannot but consider the actual loss of bulk which the air suffers by a single

respiration, as in its nature extremely difficult, if not impossible to determine.

This is too strong perhaps; but till this is determined, all contention on the subject is but a fruitless war of words.

The fifth chapter treats of *the source of the carbon* which enters into the composition of the acid discovered after germination, &c. That it is furnished by the vegetable or animal body perhaps hardly required the formality of a proof. But Mr. Ellis has enriched this chapter by introducing the valuable experiment of M. Huber. This philosopher has observed that both nitrogen and hydrogen gas attract a carbonated matter, (carbon, says Mr. Ellis, but this is difficult of proof) from germinating seeds; which is converted into carbonic acid by oxygen, even in the temperature of the atmosphere. This valuable fact may perhaps afford a clue to unravel the mystery, in which these processes of nature are at present involved. But till common charcoal in its acknowledged form can be rendered soluble either in the natural gases or in water, to assume these compounds to be mere solutions of carbon is, we think, perfectly gratuitous.

In the course of the inquiry into the source of the carbon emitted from organised bodies, Mr. E. takes occasion to examine the different authorities for and against the excretion of air from the surface of the human body. Many eminent physiologists have thought, that carbonic acid exhaled from this surface, and that the purity of the air contiguous to it was diminished. He concludes on the whole that there is no aeriform perspiration; and that the facts which have been adduced in support of this hypothesis are fallacious. This is a conclusion which we do not feel inclined to controvert.

Mr. Ellis attributes to the exhalent vessels of the lungs the power of omitting the carbon, which is changed into carbonic acid. This is a very useless speculation, since according to his own concessions, no organised structure is necessary to the formation of the acid. A clot of blood, scum, or even the shell of the egg is found quite adequate to produce this effect, when in contact with atmospheric air,

Mr. Ellis concludes his Inquiry with considerations on *the phenomena which arise from the changes induced on the air by the living functions of vegetables and animals*. The heat which is produced, and which in various degrees is common to all organized and living beings, is the most important of these. Heat is evolved by germination, by vegetation,

and by the respiration of animals. Mr. Ellis attributes the evolution of heat to the great specific heat of oxygen gas, and the consequent extrication of it, by its change into carbonic acid. He adopts then without modification the ingenious theory of Dr. Crauford. But we meet with no facts with which those who have paid attention to the obscure and intricate subject are not already familiar. Perhaps we ought from this to except the experiments of M. Huber concerning the heat given out by the *spadices* of the *arum corifolium* during the process of fecundation. This plant grows in Madagascar and the Isle of France. By tying five of these spadices round the bulb of a thermometer the mercury was raised near 60° (if there be no error in the numbers) above that in another, which was used as a standard of comparison. When twelve flowers were used, the heat was still by several degrees greater. This power of producing heat is much greater in the male part of the spadices than in the female. It appears that this singular property is confined to the exterior surfaces of the spadices, for the pith, when the exterior surface has been removed does not raise the thermometer; and the exterior surfaces, under this treatment, still retain their power. It is absolutely necessary to this production of heat, that the atmosphere should be in contact with the surface; and the air is greatly deteriorated by the process. There certainly appears then to be a strong analogy to animal respiration in a process carried on by vegetable organs. We wish Mr. Ellis had taken the trouble to reduce his thermometrical degrees to Fahrenheit's scale. We find different scales used in two successive pages; without the smallest advertisement to the reader on the subject.

We think Mr. Ellis has occasionally indulged too much in jejune and hypothetical reasonings; insomuch that we have found it sometimes irksome to follow him. But the philosophical inquirer will feel obliged to him for having brought together such a mass of valuable information on a most important subject of research; and if he has destroyed the delusion of some false but pleasing theories he has replaced it by demonstrating the universal harmony which exists among all organized and animated beings, and the admirable simplicity of nature in producing the most complicated and stupendous results.

MONTHLY CATALOGUE.

RELIGION.

ART. 17.—*A Sermon preached in the Parish Church of St. Paul, Bedford, before the Rev. Dr. Shepherd, Archdeacon, at the annual Visitation of the Clergy, held on Thursday, the 12th of May, 1808. By the Rev. Joshua Morton, Vicar of Risely, in the County of Bedford, and Chaplain to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. 4to. Rivington. 1808.*

THE very uncharitable, very injudicious, and, as we think, illegal sentence which has lately been passed on Mr. Stone, by a prelate, who, at a public visitation some years ago, recommended his clergy to study the writings of a male and a female methodist, *videlicet*, Mr. William Wilberforce, and Miss or Mrs. Hannah More, seems to have operated on many timid or interested members in the establishment, a more than usual propensity to forsake the light of reason, of learning, and of criticism; and to run open-mouthed after favour and preferment in the labyrinth of mystery. *Original sin, Trinity, and Atonement*, are the favourite terms, the *hocus pocus* of methodism, which he who can *bray* out from the pulpit with the least meaning and the most sound, is sure to be heard with most attention, and to be cried up to the skies as an *orthodox divine*; that is, a divine without three clear ideas in his head; but with a countless stock of intolerance in his heart. What is commonly called orthodoxy, is nothing but a compound of words, without sense, but which are strung together with metaphoric ribbands, till the gew-gaw pleases the eye of ignorance, and the deluded multitude, who mistake appearance for reality, show for substance, and sound for sense, turn up their eyes and 'wonder with a stupid look of praise.' This kind of orthodoxy, though it may make fools stare, and hypocrites whine, will excite the indignation of the wise, and the sorrow of the good. For true religion is a plain thing, which a plain man may understand. It has no mysteries, no obscurity, no perplexing doctrines, no indefinite phraseology. It is the gift of the Father of lights; and it is indeed in the truths which it teaches, and the precepts which it inculcates as clear to the mind and conscience of man, as the lustre of the sun is to his corporeal sight. But, says Mr. Morton—'Can the fact that God was manifested in the *flesh* to redeem mankind, be objected to because it is mysterious? The mystery is with God, the blessing is ours. Shall not he who *caters* for the sparrow, be allowed to pursue his own methods when he *stoops* to save a world?' Without

staying to remark on the confused reasoning, unmeaning rant, and vitiated taste which are evident in this and other parts of Mr. Morton's sermon, we beg leave to tell him that there is something totally irreconcilable in the ideas of a *revelation* and a *mystery*. The word mystery, which comes from the Greek *μυστος*, *claudo*, means something secret or concealed. But how can we call that a *revelation*, which is in fact *unrevealed*? That is a mystery which is unrevealed, but that, which is revealed, is no longer a mystery. The doctrine of the spiritual kingdom of the Messiah was a *mystery* to the apostles till he *revealed* or made it known to them. The doctrine of the admission of the Gentiles, and the rejection of the Jews were mysteries, or secrets only till they were revealed; the resurrection of the dead itself could no longer be considered as a mystery after it had been demonstrated by a palpable exemplification of the truth. Mysteries are the characteristic of a false religion, but they are never incorporated in the substance of a true. Thus the Greeks and the Egyptians had their mysteries which were not communicated to vulgar eyes. But christianity, which is a simple doctrine, and intended as a rule of life for the ignorant rather than a matter of speculation for the curious, rejects the arts of imposture and the aid of mystery. The tricks of jugglers have not been interwoven with the communications of the Deity. The substance of christianity may be condensed into a few simple propositions, the practical influence of which will be found to extend through all the diversified relations of human life: There is one God, the maker of heaven and earth, the friend and the father of mankind. Jesus Christ is the beloved son of God, his messenger of truth, of love, of solace, and of hope to man. The goodness of God which was exemplified in the life of Christ, was designed as the pattern of human imitation. To do to others as we would that others should do to us, is the substance of Christian morals; the evidence of faith and the essence of charity. The being of man is not terminated by death; but is to be continued in a state of perfect retribution, in which every individual will receive according to the good or the evil which he has done in this probationary life. This is an abstract of the Christian doctrine, in which there is nothing mysterious nor concealed, no cause of bitterness nor matter of dispute. These few plain points are *all the articles* which can be requisite for any national church; and a church founded on these few articles, would be established on a rock. Every rational man, every lover of virtue would hasten into her sanctuary, and offer to the Father of Spirits that incense of piety, of supplication and of praise which streams from a penitential, from a humble, from a benevolent, and a grateful heart.—Our bosoms expand with delight when we contemplate the blessed fruits of peace and righteousness which would be the certain effect of a system of worship founded on this broad basis of reason, of scripture, and of charity.—When will our statesmen perceive what are the true and real uses of an established church? And when will our divines, our

bishops, priests, and deacons, learn that to inculcate what is mysterious is to deform the beauty, to spoil the usefulness, and to outrage the spirit of christianity!!!

ART. 18.—*A Confutation of Atheism, from the Laws and Constitution of the Heavenly Bodies: in four Discourses, preached before the University of Cambridge, with an Introduction, Notes, and an Appendix. By the Rev. S. Vince, A.M. F.R.S. Plumian Professor of Astronomy and experimental Philosophy. 8vo. Cambridge; Deighton. London, Lunn. 1807.*

GOD himself has written the confutation of atheism, not only in the whole but in every part of his works. Not only the heavens, the sun, the moon, and the stars declare the being of a God, but that being is evident from the smallest particle of organized matter that occupies the air, the earth, or the ocean. We believe, as we have often said, that the number of atheists is very small; and that a *real* not an affected disbeliever in the existence of a God is one of the rarest phenomena in the world. We are convinced not only that the recurrence is prevented by the cogency of proof in the infinite display of wisdom and power, which surrounds us on every side, but that the belief in a God is one of the sensations which marks the dawn of intellectual man. The necessity of a first cause almost irresistibly forces itself on the minds of children; they enquire who made this, or that? they proceed from one link of causation to another; till the mind almost instinctively fixes on some *uncaused* and prime mover of the whole scheme of things. Hence they acquire among the first rudiments of reason a sort of palpable intuition of the Deity. Among those convictions which we can trace back to the earliest period of our lives, where recollection seems to begin, is that of a first cause, or an uncaused creator of all that we behold. These discourses of Mr. Vince are the production of a mind which exhibits strong reasoning powers. We have perused them with no common satisfaction, and there is no part but what has our unfeigned approbation. A belief in the existence of a Deity is sometimes accompanied with a disbelief in some of his most amiable attributes. The philosopher, therefore, who endeavours to establish the conviction of his wisdom and power will take care to incorporate this proof with that of his benevolence. This has not been entirely neglected by the author of the present performance. We heartily subscribe to the probability of the following supposition. 'The disappearance of some stars may be the destruction of those systems at the times appointed by the Deity, when the corruptible must put on incorruption, and the mortal must put on immortality; and the appearance of new stars may be the formation of new systems, for new races of beings, then called into existence, to adore the works of their creator. Thus may we conceive the Deity to have been employed from all eternity, and thus continue to be employed

for endless ages, forming new systems of beings to adore him, and transplanting the upright into the regions of bliss, where they may have better opportunities of meditating on his works; and rising in their enjoyments, go on to contemplate system after system through the boundless universe.

POLITICS.

ART. 19.—*The Economists refuted; or, an Inquiry into the Nature and Extent of the Advantages derived from Trade; with Observations on the Expediency of making Peace with Franco, and an Appendix, discussing the Policy of prohibiting Corn in the Distilleries.* By R. Torrens, Esq. 8vo. Oddy. 1808.

THIS is the production of a candid, penetrating, and reflecting mind. The reasoning is close, perspicuous, and acute. It furnishes in conjunction with the excellent pamphlet of Mr. Mill which we reviewed in a former number, a very able and satisfactory refutation of the theory which has lately been maintained by Messrs. Spence, Cobbett, and other persons who have advocated the maxims of the economists. Messrs. Spence and Cobbett say that trade is merely an exchange of commodities, and consequently makes no addition to the wealth of a country; but do not the facilities of exchange which trade supplies constitute the motive to the multiplication of articles of utility, convenience and enjoyment? Do they not consequently contribute to the increase of wealth? Without home trade, no individual would produce more of any article than was requisite for his own immediate necessities. Without foreign trade no individual would produce more of any commodity than was requisite for the home supply. Both the home and the foreign trade, therefore, unite in supplying motives to production, in stimulating the vigorous activity of industry, and consequently in increasing the stock of national wealth: but the home trade does this in a much greater degree than the foreign; because in the former the advantages are all confined to the same country, and in the foreign they are shared with another country.

The productive powers of labour are increased by the division of labour; but the division of labour, as we may see in almost every street in the metropolis, will always keep pace with the increase of trade or the additional facility of exchange. In the ruder states of society the whole of any manufacture must be conducted by one individual, but as trade increases and the facilities of exchange multiply, the labour which was confined to one is divided among many. The quality of the manufacture is thus greatly improved by the superior skill which is displayed in the particular parts; and the power of producing it, and consequently the quantity of the product, are considerably increased. Thus a proportionate addi-

tion is made to the stock of public wealth, as far as by that wealth we mean the whole collective mass of disposable articles of use, convenience or enjoyment. The increased facilities of exchange will always increase the division of labour; for according to the common operative principles of human nature every man is anxious to make the most of his industry, or to make his labour contribute most to his advantage. But he will always labour to most advantage whose active powers are confined to one species of productive exertion, in which habit will add, in an almost incalculable degree, to his capacity and skill.—If all the parts of a watch or even a pin were made by the same individual no small portion of life would be spent in the production; but when owing to the division of labour, the different parts are constructed by different individuals, each requires so much facility in his particular department that the actual labour is abridged by the division, and the fabrication of watches is accelerated in a degree which it would be otherwise impossible to attain. The same thing may be said of every species of labour whether it relate to manufactures or agriculture. The division of labour, the farther it can be carried, the more it tends to increase the capacity, the skill, and the produce of the labourer, and to add to the stock of individual and national wealth. But the celebrated truism in political economy that *the demand regulates the supply*, is not more philosophically correct nor more demonstrably certain than this, that *the division of labour is proportioned to the facilities of exchange*, or, in other words to the degree of trade whether foreign or domestic. It appears to our minds, therefore, as clear as the proposition that two added to three make five, that trade does make not only a seeming but an *actual addition* to the *stock of national wealth*. We are at the same time convinced that agriculture itself which the economists deem the only basis of wealth, never can flourish in near so great degree, when commerce is despised, as where it is, as it fortunately is in Great Britain, cherished with affection and prosecuted even with enthusiasm. To those among our readers who have been deluded by the sophistry of Messrs. Spence and Cebbett we heartily recommend the powerful corrective which they will find in the present admirable production of Mr. Torrens.

ART. 20.—*A Letter to W. A. Miles, Esq., containing some Observations on a Letter addressed by him to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. By Philopolites. 8vo. 1s. 6d. Rivington.*

MR. Miles's letter to the prince of Wales has not yet come under our inspection, so that we are not prepared to say whether the animadversions of the present writer on that publication be accurate and impartial, or, the contrary. In some opinions we agree, in others we differ from Philopolites; but we feel no wish and see no reason to call in question his manly declaration, that he is 'attached to no party; patronized by no person in place or in power,

in expectation of neither commendation nor reward,' and 'that his pen has ever conveyed to the public eye the real and unbiassed sentiments and opinions of his heart.'

POETRY.

ART. 21.—*Richmond Hill, a descriptive and historical Poem, illustrative of the principal Objects, viewed from that beautiful Eminence. Decorated with Engravings. By the Author of Indian Antiquities.* Millar. 1807,

MR. Maurice has ploughed in the newly cultivated field of oriental literature with considerable diligence and success, and earned a reputation with which he had better have remained content. But no: Optat ephippia bos. This is not the first time he has displayed a passion for the turf of Helicon, and he has here entered his Pegasus for a sweepstakes against the steeds of Deuham, Pope, Thomson, Collins and Gray. We apprehend no danger of his running out of the course; he certainly will not come in neck and neck, nay it will be lucky for him if the Parnassian jockey-club decide that he has saved his distance. His gait is shewy, and his pace tolerably even; but we find few symptoms of the true bred poetical racer. The concluding lines will give a just idea of Mr. Maurice's style:

' Rise dove-eyed Peace, and on thy halcyon wings
Waft the rich odours of a thousand springs;
While every gale that round the compass blows
The treasures of a grateful world bestows.
Or if, for glorious ends, to all unknown,
Save Him, who sits on Heav'n's eternal throne,
Whose herald angels o'er the storm preside,
And on the whirlwind's light'ning pinions ride,
War still *must* rage, and o'er this darken'd sphere
Gaul's ruthless tyrant urge his dire career,
May the bright cherubim in flames array'd
Descend in glory with that two-edged blade,
Which darting every way its dazzling beam
Illumin'd Eden with its fiery stream,
And hovering round Britannia's guarded shore,
The bright effulgence of its glory pour,
Her valiant offspring cherish'd by the rays,
Her foes consum'd by the devouring blaze.'

ART. 22.—*Northernhay, a Poem: addressed to Solitude; with an introductory Sonnet. By James Kemp.* 4to. 1s. 6d. Taylor.

THIS poem, if such it may be called, consists of one hundred and four verses which are printed on paper of a very excellent fabric.

We heartily wish that we could say as much for the manufacture of the verse ; but we should be doing an injustice to Mr. Kemp as well as to ourselves if we were to bestow praise where no praise is due.

ART. 23.—*The Turtle-dove, a Tale. By a Gentleman ; with five Engravings, from the elegant Designs of Casp. Delap. 1s. 6d. Baldwin. 1808.*

THIS turtle appears to have been an experimentalist in matrimony. He first marries a skylark, who mounts to the skies while he in vain attempts to emulate her flight. This lady gets caught in a snare ; after which he chuses for his conjugal associate a waddling quail, but he finds her to be a modish lady who regards not the unity of love. He next affiances himself to a jay, who turns out a grievous scold, and rails and torments him till he is reduced to skin and bone. As soon as an opportunity occurs he flies from this miserable *help-mate*, and resolves to live in solitude till he meets with a female dove of the same genus, species, and disposition, with whom of course he enjoys a full measure of felicity.

ART. 24.—*English Translations in Poetry and Prose, from the Greek Poets and Prose Authors ; consisting of a chronological Series of the most valuable, scarce, and faithful Translations extant, and several never before published, on Morals, History, Chronology, Geography, Drama, Biography, Natural History, Poetry, Tactics, Pleadings, Dialogues, Epistles, Oratory, Composition, and the liberal Arts and Sciences in general ; with selected and new Notes, entirely English, Corrections, Prefaces, Lives, Maps and Heads, from ancient Statues, Busts, Gems, Medals and Paintings, chronological, and mythological Tables, &c. By Francis Lee, A. M. Member of the Asiatic Society, &c. Volume I. Part 1st. 8vo. Miller. 1808.*

MR. Lee informs us that it is his intention to publish a complete series of English translations of the Greek writers, including poets, orators, historians, critics, &c. which he proposes to comprise in 27 volumes, large 8vo. printed in double columns with a selection of such notes only as are necessary for the elucidation of the text. 'In this publication,' says Mr. Lee, 'general knowledge is sought to be communicated through the medium of our own tongue, freed from the dead languages and united with conciseness.' 'The English style,' says Mr. Lee, in another place, 'is corrected in various places ; obsolete terms, spellings, idioms, and inequalities of verses are adjusted, but with as sparing a hand as possible. Lives and prefaces that were wanting, are given by the editor.' On the whole we approve Mr. Lee's plan, and think that it will be very acceptable to the lovers of literature in general ; but we must suggest to him the propriety of affixing some characteristic mark to his own corrections, improvements, or addi-

tions whether in the text or in the notes. Mr. Lee says that the introduction of such marks would 'disfigure the pages'; but this is a trivial consideration, compared with the importance of that literary honesty which gives to every man his own. Let praise or censure be awarded to Mr. Lee according to his desert; but let him not seek to obtain praise where it is not his due, nor to avoid censure where it is. We are decided enemies to every thing that wears the appearance of literary imposition. In the notes Mr. L. should mark the initials of the persons from whom they are taken; and where he himself makes any alterations or corrections in the original translation, it behoves him as an act of common justice to the author and to the public not to do it without acknowledgment. There are many passages in Pope's translation of Homer which *might* be corrected and improved, but we do not feel willing that this adventurous task should be attempted by Mr. Lee at all; but if he do make the bold attempt, the altered passages should be carefully distinguished by inverted commas or other marks. The present part contains the works of Hesiod, but Mr. Lee has not even informed the reader by whom the translation was made, except in a small note under the life of the poet, in which we are told that the translation by Thomas Cook is *adopted*, with corrections throughout every page. But none of these *corrections* are noticed in the text.

ART. 25.—*Emancipation; or Peter, Martin, and the 'Squire, a Tale in Rhyme. To which is added a short Account of the present State of the Irish Catholics.* 8vo. Oddy.

THE prose in this work is better than the poetry. The verse is Hudibrastic, but it wants the dry humour and happy combinations of Hudibras. The patriotic spirit and excellent intentions of the author will however atone for many defects in the execution of the piece.

NOVELS.

ART. 26.—*The Man of Sorrow. A Novel. In three Volumes. By Alfred Allendale, Esq.* 12mo. Tipper. 1808.

WE are not so rigid as to require a *moral* to every fable which is written with a view only to amusement; but are perfectly satisfied if there is nothing *immoral* in its tendency. It is not possible, however, to say quite so much with respect to the volumes before us. To represent a man, without any fault of his own, as pursued from his cradle to his grave with every species of calamity by a blind overruling fate, and not only suffering himself, but involving the innocent, the beautiful, and the virtuous, in short all who have connexions with him or interest in his welfare, in the same vortex of misfortune and misery, is not only to defeat the first and most worthy object

of inventive narration, but to inculcate false and improper impressions of the general course of human affairs, and of the designs of Providence.

We object to the plan of this novel on another ground also. The art of framing a long chain of causes and effects so as to produce a continued interest, curiosity, and suspense, in his hearers, is the quality most essential for a writer of romance to possess. But here, scarcely a single event that is recorded, depends upon any preceding or following event. Every thing is mere accident: the neglect to fill up a policy of insurance, the loss of a lottery-ticket, the mistake of a great-coat, the unintentional touching of a hair-triggered pistol. We are, moreover, fully prepared for all that is to happen, for being repeatedly warned that poor Musgrave is *fated* for a Man of Sorrow, we know that every apparent good will turn out to be an evil, and every projected scheme of happiness be blasted by the overturning of a coach, a flash of lightning, or some other occurrence equally sudden, natural, and not to be prevented.

Mr. Alfred Allendale is a very young man (we imagine,) and in this book, which he dedicates 'To the prettiest girl in England,' makes rather too free a display of his amorous propensities. He has written with a rapidity which is sometimes at variance with good grammar, and very often with good sense. His style is very lively, but not free from puerile conceit and affectation, he fancies himself excessively witty, and (like Mr. Edward Bearskin in the *Mirror*) laughs very heartily at his own jokes. Now and then, (we will not deny the fact) he jests pretty well; but he is immoderately addicted to the execrable vice of punning; and his puns (for the formation of which he appears to have taken Mr. Beresford as a model) are, commonly most execrable specimens of the vice into which he has fallen.

He is not, however, naturally deficient in the requisites for humorous description and entertaining narrative; and we shall have no sort of objection to meet him again when he has replenished his budget of fancy and more carefully separated the chaff from the sterling grain. We advise him, moreover, to reflect that the motto which he prefixes to his romance may possibly come under the inspection of the Society for the suppression of Vice. Not being members of that righteous fraternity, we have sufficient charity left to believe that Mr. Allendale may have adopted it with innocent intentions; but it is right to warn him that the application of it is not altogether decent.

ART. 27.—*Ronaldsha; a Romance, in two Volumes.* By Mrs. Doherty, Wife of Hugh Doherty, Esq. Author of the *Discovery*, or *Mysterious Separation*. H. D. Symonds. 1808.

COLD-blooded critics as we are, our nature's very self could not but forget its cunning, when called to sit in judgment on a performance so announced, as this is; neither issuing from the needy and

hurried pen of professional authorship, nor forcing on us the claims of any practised amateur; but the spontaneous effusion (and a first withal) of one whom report has whispered to be young and beautiful.

We have read this little fragment with interest, and (making due and candid allowances) with critical approbation. It discovers marks of an active mind, and though we should have pruned away a little of the sentimental luxuriance, we know that, with many readers, it will only heighten the charm of the performance. By diligent cultivation of her talents Mrs. D. may attain to a respectable rank among the writers of romance.

LAW.

ART. 28.—*A Treatise on the Law relative to Contracts and Agreements, not under Seal, with Cases and Decisions thereon, in the Action of Assumpsit. In four Parts. By Samuel Comyn, Esq. of the Middle Temple, Barrister at Law. 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d. Butterworth. 1807.*

THIS is a judicious and well-arranged treatise on a subject of considerable importance. The several heads into which the subject is divided, are treated with accuracy, and the references to each respectively are copious and correct. The whole work will form a useful and valuable addition to the professional library.

ART. 29.—*A correct Report of the Trial between Mr. Daniel Daly late Midshipman of his Majesty's Ship Lion, Plaintiff; and Robert Rolles, Esq. late Captain of the said Ship, Defendant. With some Observations on a Pamphlet published since the Trial. Bickersstaff. 1808.*

THIS trial seems published with sufficient correctness. Mr. Daly, it appears, having been sent ashore on the island of Lintop, for alleged misconduct, against the charge of which he was not allowed the means or opportunity to defend himself, appealed to a jury of his country against this most illegal and unjust exercise of authority, and that jury testified their severe disapprobation of it by awarding a verdict in his favour, with damages four hundred and fifty pounds, and costs of suit. And the judge certifies to give the plaintiff the costs of the special jury.

MEDICINE.

ART. 30.—*Cases and Observations in Lithotomy, including Hints for the more ready and safe Performance of the Operation, (with an Engraving.) To which are added Observations on*

the Chimney Sweepers' Cancer, and other Miscellaneous Remarks. By W. Simmons, Surgeon. 8vo. Vernor. 1808.

THE object which Mr. Simmons wishes to impress on the minds of operators in lithotomy, is that the opening into the urethra should be made precisely in the bulb of the urethra. The propriety of this rule is pretty generally agreed among surgeons; but we cannot say that we perceive that Mr. Simmons has been able to effect this more correctly than formerly; and undoubtedly his cases are quite unconnected with this professed object.

The observations on the chimney sweepers' cancer contain a single case, in which the patient experienced an anodyne effect from the external use of Fowler's arsenical solution when opium had failed to relieve. Except the relief from pain, no other benefit was derived from it. The same good effect has been observed in ordinary cases of cancer; but, from the irritability of the stomach the solution is often rejected. The remaining remarks, are upon the whole, of little importance; but they bear the signs of having been drawn from experience, and published from motives of benevolence.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ART. 31. — *An Examination of the Charges maintained by Messrs. Malone, Chalmers and others of Ben Jonson's Enmity, &c. towards Shakespeare, by Octavius Gilchrist.* Taylor and Hessey. 1808.

WE are happy to find so able an advocate as Mr. Gilchrist defending the memory of Ben Jonson from the charges of envy and detraction, with which he has been assailed by the commentators of Shakespeare. Those commentators have not been able to advance a single proof in support of their accusation. But they have all endeavoured to supply the place of proof by bold assumptions, faint allusions, forced constructions, and improbable conjectures. Were a charge of libel brought against any individual, and were that charge established by nothing more like evidence than that which the revilers of Jonson and the panegyrists of Shakespeare have produced, we are convinced that the accused would, without a moment's hesitation, be declared innocent in any court in Christendom. We are as warm admirers of our great dramatist as any of his editors or commentators; but we do not think that we exalt the literary excellence of Shakespeare by depreciating the moral worth of Jonson. Though Shakespeare and Jonson were contemporaries yet they were not rivals; they had both merit, and though that of Shakespeare was transcendent, yet it differed not only in degree but in kind from that of Jonson. Shakespeare was too great to be envied: and Jonson appears to have had none of that malicious venom in his composition. We seldom cordially praise, when dead, the individual towards whom

we have been clandestinely hostile, and secretly bitter when alive. But the praises which Jonson showered on the urn of Shakespeare, were evidently not the effect of constraint but choice; they do not betray the marks of affected regard and concealed dislike; they are not the cant of hypocritical encomium but the genuine unvitiated tribute of the heart. The lines which Jonson inserted under the portrait of Shakespeare, and those which he dedicated to his memory, bear evident marks of his veneration for the poet, and of his personal esteem for the man. Mr. Farmer justly says that Ben's verses on him *who wrote for all time* are 'the warmest panegyrick that ever was written;' We shall quote the inscription under the picture, and afterwards some of the verses addressed to his memory.

' This figure that thou here seest put
It was for *gentle* Shakespeare cut;
Wherein the graver had a strife
With nature, to outdo the life.
O, could he but have drawn his wit
As well in brass, as he hath hit
His face, the print would then surpass
All that was ever writ in brass;
But since he cannot, reader look,
Not on his picture, but his book.'

—— ' Soul of the age,
The applause, delight, the wonder of our stage,
My Shakespeare rise! I will not lodge thee by
Chancer or Spenser; or bid Beaumont lie
A little further, to make thee a room:
Thou art a monument without a tomb;
And art alive still, while thy book doth live,
And we have wits to read and praise to give.'

Though he notices his defect of classical erudition, yet this is not said to diminish but to exalt his fame; for he places the productions of his genius above 'all that insolent Greece or haughty Rome sent forth.'

He passes on his genius this deserved sublimity of eulogy, that

' He was not of an age; BUT FOR ALL TIME.'

He addresses him in terms which envy may *hypocritically* employ towards the living, but which when hypocrisy is no longer necessary, it seldom uses to the dead

' My gentle Shakespeare,
' Sweet swan of Avon.'

In short in the praise which Jonson bestows on Shakespeare we see rather the full and unrestrained homage of unfeigned affection

than the niggardly payment of latent envy and concealed detraction. The commendation is not destroyed by any qualifying clause nor any artifice of invidious extenuation. 'Many years after Shakespeare's death Ben with warmth exclaimed, 'I loved the man and do honour his memory on this side idolatry as much as any. He was indeed honest and of an open and free nature, had an excellent phantasy, brave notions, and gentle expressions, wherein he flowed with that facility that sometimes it was necessary he should be stopped; *sufflaminandus erat*, as Augustus said of Haterius.' We have distinct and incontrovertible proof that Ben Jonson did profess to esteem the worth and to venerate the genius of Shakespeare, and not a particle of *proof* has been adduced to shew that he professed what he did not feel; and that like some of his commentators, he secretly calumniated whom he affected to praise. Mr. Gilchrist has undertaken a good cause and he has performed it with ability and zeal.

ART. 32.—*Hints to the Bearers of Walking Sticks and Umbrellas, Illustrated by Six Engravings.* 2s. 6d. Murray, Fleet-street. 1808.

THIS little work is divided into two parts. Chapter first is on the origin, antiquity, and use of walking-sticks and umbrellas. Chapter 2d. on the various modes of misarrying walking-sticks and umbrellas, to the general annoyance of all passengers in the streets. The author styles these misarryers of walking-sticks encroachers on the public right of way, and classes them under the following heads. 1. The Fencer; 2. the Twirler; 3. the Arguer; 4. the Trailer; 5. the Parthian; 6. the Unicorn; 7. the Turnstile. The Umbrella-bearers he distinguishes by the characteristic names of Shield-bearers, Sky-strikers, Mud-scoopers and Invertors. By observing the directions here given many a disastrous and ludicrous circumstance may be avoided; for example;

Many fix the head of their cane or umbrella close under the arm, preserving it firm in a horizontal position, or somewhat inclining upwards: hence an inadvertent or dim-sighted follower receives the dirty end in his mouth, or stubs his eye against the pointed scule, which, like a reverted spear, wounds those who follow, instead of those who meet its bearer. (This annoyner is called the Parthian, who as every body knows, while his horse galloped shot his arrows behind him.) The Unicorn is the converse of the Parthian. His formidable horn projects, and forces a passage through the croud for the resolute charger. The stick grasped by the head, with the end advanced in the manner of a spear or bayonet, characterises the bullying buck, and many varieties of vulgar swaggerers. There is moreover, a species of Unicorn, destitute of ferocity in appearance, but not less incommoding to passengers; he may be called the Unicorn *au corne baissé*, as he drives the point of his cane like a plough before him on the pavement. This is an awkwardness of men who are

subject to abstraction or absence of mind, or who wish to assume an air of reverie. The Turnstile, instead of fixing his cane or umbrella, like the Parthian, so that it may extend its whole length behind, or advancing it wholly before like the Unicorn, places it under his arm in such manner that it may extend equally both behind and before. Now though it does not extend nearly so far in either direction as in each of the former instances, it produces the united inconveniences of both. In fact, a man so circumstanced engrosses the rightful portion of three men at least on the pavement; and when he turns round his stick describes a circle of space which might be fairly occupied by five. An absent man of the Turnstile species was walking through a street, when two men with coal sacks on their shoulders endeavoured to pass on either side; the elbows of the coal-heavers struck against the extremities of his umbrella: the force of their advance rolled him into the gutter; the shock overthrew the coal sacks from the heads of the bearers; the unfortunate Turnstile wallowed in the mud, was sorely bruised, and nearly buried and stifled under six bushels of small coal. The Shield-bearer drives his umbrella before him, covering completely his head and body. He can see no one in front, and he occupies the whole pavement: he either runs against every one before him, or compels them to step into the gutter, &c.

The instructions given for carrying walking sticks and umbrellas with elegance and ease are various and judicious. But the author proposes, as the best remedy to avoid the grievances mentioned, to open an academy at the Lyceum in the Strand, for the purpose of drilling ladies and gentlemen in the most approved method of handling walking-sticks and umbrellas with a view to individual grace and general convenience. We would most earnestly recommend our young gentlemen-loungers and loiterers to take a few lessons, by which means they would be able to present their persons with more elegant effect to the fair sex whom they are ambitious to strike with admiration of themselves, by the variety of easy attitudes with which they carry their *cane*s, their *thorns*, their *bambos*, *supple-jacks*, *clubs*, &c. instead of soiling the elegant folds of the mantle, or disconcerting the graceful ringlets of our lovely country-women who adorn the streets of this metropolis.

List of Articles, which with many others, will appear in the next Number of the Critical Review.

Fox's History of James the Second.
 Rose's translation of. Parthenopex
 de Blois.
 Brooke's History of St. Helena.
 Hunt's Critical Essays on the Per-
 formers of the London Theatres.
 Hints on Evangelical Preaching, by

a Barrister; part II.
 Strutt's Queen Hoo Hall.
 Memoirs of Captain Carleton.
 Sydney's Treatise of Powers.
 Wyvill on Liberty of Conscience;
 Gladwin's Gulistan of Sady.

THE CRITICAL REVIEW.

SERIES THE THIRD.

VOL. XIV. AUGUST, 1808. No. IV.

ART. I.—*A History of the early Part of the Reign of James the Second ; with an introductory Chapter. By the Right Hon. Charles James Fox. To which is added an Appendix.* 4to. 1l. 16s. Miller.

WHERE expectation has been raised very high, disappointment is apt to ensue. Even in the common occurrences of life, the usual effect of anticipation is to blunt the edge of enjoyment ; and, in proportion as the sensation of expectancy is carried to a higher pitch, the greater are, commonly, the mortification and disgust. We are wont to mistake the possibilities of gratification ; and in imagination to carry them beyond what is compatible with the state of human imperfection. There are some characters of whom our admiration is so strong, and our conceptions of their ability and genius so elevated, that we expect in their productions a degree of intellectual excellence either greater than their capacity, or beyond what, in the circumstances in which they are placed, it would be impossible for them to attain.

Expectation has seldom been more vividly excited than by the present history of Mr. Fox. The greatness of his character, the splendour of his eloquence, the independence of his principles, his large and comprehensive acquaintance with human affairs, his philosophic turn of thought, his wisdom, his sagacity, his discrimination, his unvitiated love of liberty, and his unalterable attachment to truth, all conspired, from the time the in which publication was announced, to awaken the most lively curiosity.—Some persons indeed have complained that the work has disappointed their expectations.

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But instead of ascribing this to the defects of the execution, we ought perhaps to impute it to unreasonable expectancy, or to vitiated taste. But, whatever maybe the case with others, for ourselves we can at least declare that we hardly anticipated any intellectual pleasure or instruction which has not been amply supplied by the perusal of the work. Making those abatements, which candour will always make for a posthumous publication, and more particularly a performance which is only a detached fragment of a larger design, which had not received the last revision and corrections of the author, we do most sincerely declare, that we have never read any portion of history, whether ancient or modern, with more unmingled satisfaction. A vein of philosophy incorporated with the most genuine love of liberty, and with the most unfeigned dislike of tyranny and oppression, pervades the whole. The reflections are not only golden but of the purest gold. In them there is no alloy. They shew that the author united the elevated mind of the sage with the benign and gentle disposition of the christian. Throughout the whole there is a love of truth which takes nothing on trust which it can ascertain by scrupulous research; which examines with a critical eye not only the larger features, but the minutest lines, not only the massy parts but the circumstantial niceties of every transaction. This is that essential qualification of an historian, without which he is the author only of poetry or romance. The laws of historical composition never authorise even a single deviation from truth, however trivial and insignificant it may seem.

The narrative of history has no concern except with matters of fact; and the historian, who is impressed with a proper sense of his duty, will not for the sake of heightening the colouring, or multiplying the embellishments, or invigorating the impression, admit any accessaries which did not actually coexist with, or make a part of, the fact which he describes. When Hume intimates that, previous to his execution, Charles the first was confined in such a situation that he could hear the noise of the workmen fixing up his scaffold; he asserted an infamous falsehood in order to produce a temporary effect. His object was to excite the indignation of the reader towards the brutality of the republicans, and to increase his sympathy for the sufferings of the king. The invention of such an incident was a scandalous violation of *the morality of history*. But Mr. Hume, with all his pretensions to philosophy, had not *veracity* sufficient for an historian. His object was to serve a particular purpose and to support a particular hypothesis; and this renders him almost

totally regardless of truth, particularly in those minute and incidental circumstances, on which the sensational effect of any occurrence so much depends. But the dignity of history, which is constituted of justice and of truth, will not admit into its narrative any adventitious circumstance which it knows to be fictitious, whatever political purpose it may serve, or whatever rhetorical flourish it may make.

Whatever other qualifications an historian may possess, *a defective regard for truth is that which is not susceptible of compensation.* In this transcendent quality Mr. Fox is beyond all comparison superior to Hume, and, indeed, we should find it difficult to name many writers either in ancient or in modern times, who in scrupulous observance of veracity can compare with Mr. Fox.

With a strict regard for truth in the relation of facts, the genius of history requires an unbiassed impartiality in the delineation of characters. Here the historian is particularly liable to err, as his hate or his affection may impel. And though those, who are dead, can hardly be said to be objects of friendship or of enmity, yet both friendship and enmity, particularly when connected with political or religious considerations, which have not a fugitive existence, often become matters of inheritance. But Mr. Fox is as free as any writer can be, from the contagious influence of factious or sectarian sympathy or aversion. When he depicts a character, he does not dip his pen in any narrow-minded partialities or dislikes. In his estimate of political or individual worth, however obnoxious the person may seem, he never omits any circumstances of extenuation which can mitigate his enormities, or furnish an excuse for his errors. He is neither indiscriminate in his censure nor his praise. Kings and priests seem the object of his dislike; but then they are only such kings as are characterised by tyranny and oppression, and such priests as are the agents of intolerance and superstition. Mr. Fox considered the kingly power as a species of magistracy instituted for the good of the people; and he certainly respected the sacerdotal office no farther than as it was rendered subservient to the great ends of charity and of peace. In these respects he both thought and reasoned like a christian, a patriot, and a sage.

In an excellent preface to the work, which does honour to the elegance and the virtue of the editor, Lord Holland has thrown some light on the manner in which it was composed, and furnished some few traits which place the character of his uncle in a very amiable and agreeable point of view. Though the larger

part of the life of Mr. Fox was passed in the vortex of political contention; yet that sweet retirement, in which his mind might be devoted to literary pursuits, and his bosom occupied by the sensibilities of social and domestic interest, was always the object for which he most anxiously panted in the turbulent scenes of public life. As he advanced in years, this desire increased in strength; and in the year 1797, harrassed and oppressed by a long course of fruitless opposition to a prodigal and ruinous administration, he seriously entertained the idea of retiring for ever from the public stage, and consecrating the remainder of his days to domestic enjoyments and literary occupations. But the importunities of his friends, which the kindness of his heart would hardly suffer him to resist, prevented the accomplishment of his design. And though, after the period which we have mentioned, he only occasionally attended the house of Commons till the period of Mr. Addington's administration, yet subsequent events caused him again to appear rather with new than with diminished vigour, constancy, and zeal, in the great council of the nation. From this time, therefore, to the death of Mr. Pitt, his historical labours must have experienced numerous interruptions by his parliamentary attendance; and from the time of his own promotion to office in February 1806, to his death in the September following, the prosecution of his history must have been totally suspended.

The greatest interval of leisure, which Mr. Fox enjoyed for the execution of any literary undertaking, must have been in the interval between the middle of 1797 and of 1801; but in this period he could have composed little more than his introductory chapter, for he did not get possession of the documents which are printed in the appendix till 1802; and he could not have made use of them till his return from Paris at the end of that year. The two chapters, therefore, of the reign of James II. though many of the materials might have been previously collected, must have been reduced into their present form some time between the beginning of 1803 and 1806. In the first period, therefore, of more than four years, from 1797 to 1801, Mr. Fox seems to have composed no more than about sixty-six pages of a loosely printed quarto, which would amount to little more than a quarter of a page in a week; and in a page of twenty-eight lines, to a line or about nine words in a day. In the second period, from the commencement of 1803 to that of 1806, the sum of Mr. Fox's historical labours

may be computed at two hundred pages of twenty-eight lines in a page and about nine words in a line. To some of our modern authors, whose brains breed like rabbits, and who can produce a canto of rhyme almost as soon as Mr. Fox could exhibit a page of prose, this may seem a very slow rate of intellectual parturition. But we are to consider, that even in those times in which Mr. Fox might seem to enjoy most leisure, he was exposed to numerous avocations. His correspondence must have been extensive ; much of his time must have been applied to the visits of his friends, and to his own domestic arrangements, to desultory reading, of which he appears to have been always fond, to polite literature, and above all, to the poets of ancient and modern times, the perusal of whose works constituted his highest gratification.

After these large deductions from the time which he could call his own, or which was not engrossed by his parliamentary duty, the small part which remained must have been employed rather in research than in composition, and not so much in the exercise of the pen as in consulting books, collecting information, comparing evidence, balancing probabilities, tracing reports to their source, following characters through the maze of contradictory appearances, through their different degrees or combinations, of innocence or guilt, of virtue or depravity. The fragment of history which Mr. Fox has left, though comparatively small, must yet have been the fruit of no ordinary toil. Many persons would undoubtedly have finished the whole history in the time which it took Mr. Fox to write the two first books ; but would they have examined not only the mass of important facts, but all the minor particulars, with the whole appendage of relative and subordinate circumstances with *the same minuteness of research, the same indefatigable diligence, the same moral candour, and the same critical sagacity?* Mr. Fox entered on the office of an historian, with a serious conviction of the sacred obligations which it imposed. He felt that his first duty was to state nothing that was false, and wilfully to suppress or to disguise nothing that was true. But this he knew that he might even inadvertently do, *if he took any thing upon trust, which he could verify by evidence.* This necessarily occasioned such a depth and prolixity of research as retarded every step ; but though it made his pace slow, it rendered his footing sure. We believe that no historian can be more safely trusted even in the smallest minutiae of detail.

Mr. Fox's amiable nephew has commemorated his scrupulous exactness 'with respect to all the circumstances of any fact which he was obliged either to relate or advert to,' which rendered his progress slow by the multiplicity and minuteness of the enquiries which it occasioned.

'History,' says Mr. Fox in one of his letters, 'goes on, but it goes on very slowly. The fact is, I am a very slow writer, but I promise I will persevere. I believe I am too scrupulous both about language and facts; though with respect to the latter it is hardly possible. It is astonishing how many facts one finds related for which there is no authority whatever. Tradition, you will say, does in some cases, but it will not apply to others.'

Mr. Fox, as we learn from his own confession and from the information of Lord Holland,

'Was as slow in composition, as he was rapid in public speaking. He had employed many days in writing his letter to the electors of Westminster in 1793; and even the publication of his speech on the late Duke of Bedford (the only instance in which he ever revised what he had delivered in public) occupied a greater portion of his time than could be easily imagined by those who were unacquainted with his scrupulous attention to all the niceties of language.'

The tardy pace of his pen compared with the eloquent rapidity of his tongue offers rather a curious phenomenon in the history of mind. It shows that the faculties of the understanding will not, any more than those of the body, readily accommodate themselves to a new direction. What has been previously untried or little tried is awkwardly or difficultly performed. The laws of mechanism and of habit seem applicable to the operations of the intellect. The mind of Mr. Fox, which had been little employed in written composition, had been most vigorously and habitually exercised in conjunction with the organs of speech; and hence, from the force of association, the mere physical act of speaking rather assisted than impeded the activity of his understanding. But, when instead of *speaking* his thoughts with a precipitate and voluble utterance, he resorted to the more tardy and less accustomed method of setting them down on paper in orderly succession, it is probable that the mental faculty itself, *when first exercised in a new method*, was less energetic and alert. When Mr. Fox

spoke, it seems to have been his practice to take the first words which offered; and those, which offered, though not always the best which might have been chosen, were seldom such as did not accord with the emotions of the speaker, and with the subject which occupied his mind. The fluency of oratory is incompatible with any hesitation in the choice of words. From the effect of habit those which are best will generally come first to hand; and, if those, which come first, are not taken, there is seldom time to wait for the arrival of those which stay behind. But when Mr. Fox employed his pen instead of his tongue for the vehicle of his ideas, the mode, which he had previously so little practised, was rendered difficult from the want of that habit which alone produces facility; and in proportion as Mr. Fox had more leisure to chuse his expressions, he became more fastidious in the choice. He seems to have been at considerable pains in turning every sentence which he wrote. The nicest shades of meaning did not elude his observance, and he applied no small portion of critical acumen to every word which he employed. Had Mr. Fox lived to write more, he would have written with more facility; and some parts of the present work evince a greater appearance of ease than can be discerned in others; but his example may convince us that he who practices oratory ought, at the same time, to cultivate the art of composition, that he may excel in both.

In his introductory chapter, Mr. Fox casts a short but luminous, a rapid but discriminating glance over the principal features of English history, from the reign of Henry VIII. to the death of Charles the second. Mr. Fox says that there are particular periods of history, which contain the powerful but latent causes of great future changes, at which the mind is naturally invited to pause, and endeavour by the force of its own reasoning power, to trace them into their remote effects. The picture, which the mind thus delineates of what will be from what is, will not perhaps correspond with the reality; but by comparing it with the actual event, it will tend to strengthen the powers of reflection, to elucidate the true connection between moral causes and effects, and to increase the sagacity of the individual. If, for instance, we place ourselves at the commencement of the civil wars in 1640, and divesting ourselves as much as possible of previous recollections endeavour to contemplate the issue from the causes which we behold in action, from the relative situation of the great contending parties, from the religious as well as political ferment which pervades all

ranks, from the shock of ancient prejudices and the spirit of recent innovation, the conclusions, which we should form, would probably differ from the result, but by comparing our theory of what would be with what actually happened, we should learn to correct the errors of our own speculations, to guard against those false estimates which a superficial view of human affairs is continually inciting us to make, and to render the history of past ages in the highest degree subservient to our instruction.

'He,' says Mr. Fox, 'will read history with most profit, who the most canvasses questions of this nature ; especially if he can divest his mind for the time of the recollection of the event as it in fact succeeded.'

It appears probable that it was from this mode of studying history, that Mr. Fox was enabled to add so much to his own stock of intellectual prescience, and to excel all his contemporaries in the sagacity with which he could trace the disastrous issue of the councils which he disapproved.

Mr. Fox seems to incline to the opinion that it would have been better to have adjusted the differences with the king by treaty than to have tried the hazardous experiment of civil war ; and, though he deems the insincerity of the king unquestionable yet he asks whether that insincerity ought not, rather to have been 'guarded against by treaty than alleged as a pretence for breaking off the negotiation?' Perhaps this advice is rather suggested by the consciousness of what happened from adopting a contrary conduct, than such as Mr. Fox himself would have given if he had been living at the time. The flagrant perfidy of the king, and that religious casuistry, by which he readily dispelled all scruples of conscience with respect to the violation of the most solemn engagements which he might have contracted with the people, seemed to render it hardly possible for the parliament to treat with a man whom no promises could bind, and who even carried in his royal bosom a sovereign *salvo* for the sanctity of an oath. When the parliament could no longer controul the army, it became very apparent that they had better have treated with the king at an earlier period ; and rather have risked the peril of royal treachery than of military usurpation.

The reflections which Mr. Fox makes on the execution of Charles evince his love of liberty guided by the most enlightened views of polity and tempered by a profound feeling of humanity. Charles evidently merited his fate,

but it was both impolitic and inhuman to urge the execution, though Mr. Fox assigns very weighty reasons which extenuate the blame. If the government had suffered the king to escape, Mr. Fox remarks that

‘It would have been an act of justice and generosity wholly unexampled; and to have granted him his life, would have been one among the more rare acts of virtue.’

With respect to the example that was proposed to be set by the act, Mr. Fox properly observes that it was ‘wholly needless, and therefore unjustifiable to set one for kings at a time when it was intended (that) the office of king should be abolished.’ The execution of Charles considered in another view certainly tended to promote even the interest of the sufferer. By rendering him an object of sympathy it operated powerfully in favour of his family; and prepared the way for their restoration. And it certainly cannot be ever reckoned politic to turn the affections of mankind into that channel which is most favourable to your enemy. In this respect, therefore, the wisdom of the measure must be condemned. But, says Mr. Fox,

‘Notwithstanding what the more reasonable part of mankind may think upon this question it is much to be doubted whether this singular proceeding has not, as much as any other circumstance, served to raise the character of the English nation in the opinion of Europe in general. He who has read, and still more he who has heard in conversations discussions upon this subject by foreigners must have perceived, that even in the minds of those who condemn the act, the impression made by it has been far more that of respect and admiration than that of disgust and horror.’

On the character of Cromwell, Mr. Fox remarks that

‘It must ever stand high in the list of those who raised themselves to supreme power by the force of their genius; and among such, even in respect of moral virtue, it would be found to be one of the least exceptionable, if it had not been tainted with that most odious and detestable of all human vices, hypocrisy.’

No vice could be so abhorrent from the frank and ingenuous nature of Mr. Fox, as that which he has here so forcibly stigmatised; and when we consider the censure which has been passed on it by a HIGHER AUTHORITY, we are far from thinking that it occupied an unfit station in his scale of turpitude; but are inclined to believe that the hypocrisy of the

puritans in the days of Cromwell, like that of the methodists in the present day, deserves to be classed among those criminal habits which are most opposite to virtue, and most mischievous in their effects on the peace and happiness of society. The historian severely and pointedly reprobates the character of Monk. He was the basest of the base; the very dregs of society could not furnish any thing more contemptible and vile. 'Personal courage,' says Mr. Fox, 'appears to have been Monk's only virtue; reserve and dissimulation made up the whole stock of his wisdom.' Not one generous feeling harboured in his breast; and, as if his object was to be pre-eminent in infamy, he laid the whole liberties of the nation prostrate at the feet of a monarch without a single provision in favour of the cause, which he had professed to love and sworn to maintain. Mr. Fox well characterises the reign of Charles the second as the era of bad government and good laws.

The abolition of the court of wards, the repeal of the writ *de heretico comburendo*, the triennial parliament bill, the establishment of the rights of the House of Commons in regard to impeachment, the expiration of the license act, and above all, the glorious statute of *habeas corpus* have induced a modern writer of great eminence to fix the year 1679 as the period, at which our constitution had arrived at its greatest theoretical perfection; but he owns in a short note upon the passage alluded to that the times immediately following were times of great practical oppression. What a field for meditation does this short observation from such a man furnish! What reflections does it not suggest to a thinking mind upon the inefficacy of human laws, and the imperfection of human constitutions. We are called from the contemplation of the progress of our constitution, and our attention fixed with the most minute accuracy to a particular point when it is said to have risen to its utmost perfection. Here we are then at the best moment of the best constitution that ever human wisdom framed. What follows? A time of oppression and misery not arising from external or accidental causes, such as war, pestilence, or famine, nor even from any such alteration of the laws as might be supposed to impair this boasted perfection, but from a corrupt and wicked administration, which all the so much admired checks of the constitution were not able to prevent. How vain then, how idle, how presumptuous is the opinion that laws can do every thing, and how weak and pernicious the maxim founded upon it that measures, not men, are to be attended to!

The government of Charles the second, particularly after the fall of Clarendon, was a continued series of folly, of extravagance, cruelty, and injustice. By becoming a

pensioner on the French court he became a traitor to the nation who had restored him to the crown and entrusted him with the reins of government; and the punishment which is inflicted on traitors to the sovereign, might with tenfold justice have been inflicted on the sovereign, who in contempt of the most solemn ties and of every divine and human obligation, was a traitor to his people. History hardly furnishes the parallel of such an unprincipled miscreant. Jacob sold his birth-right for a mess of pottage; but Charles pawned the right of a whole nation, the civil and religious liberties of ten millions of people for a paltry stipend from the court of France. Both himself and his bigoted brother were the menial hirelings of the French government; and we think that Louis XIV. was truly generous in not insisting that, as they received his wages, *they should wear his livery*. The ecclesiastical tyranny which Charles exercised in Scotland was characterised by cruelties which were not surpassed in the persecutions of Dioclesian.

In mentioning the second Dutch war which broke out in 1672, Mr. Fox pays a high compliment to the pensionary De Witt, who fell a sacrifice to the fury of the populace. Mr. Fox describes him as

‘The wisest, best, and most truly patriotic minister that ever appeared upon the public stage.’

He speaks of his death as

‘An act of the most crying injustice and ingratitude;’

and as

‘The most completely discouraging example, that history affords to the lovers of liberty.’

De Witt seems to have resembled Mr. Fox in his abhorrence of war and his love of peace; in his zealous endeavours to prevent the one and to preserve the other.

‘War,’ said De Witt, ‘is much worse than an uncertain peace. And among all pernicious things, except the intolerable slavery of being governed by the will of a single person, nothing is more mischievous than war.’

Mr. Fox expresses his decided unbelief in the popish plot of 1678; and very properly censures the conduct of the whigs on that occasion.

* De Witt's true Interest of Holland. 8vo. 242.

'Yet,' remarks Mr. Fox with his usual discrimination, 'I am afraid it may be justly suspected, that it was precisely to that part of their conduct which related to the plot, and which is most reprehensible, that they were indebted for their power to make the noble, and, in some instances, successful struggles for liberty, which do so much honour to their memory.'

'To these times of heat and passion, and to one of those parliaments, which so disgraced *themselves* and the nation by the countenance given to Oates and Bedloe, and by the persecution of so many innocent victims, we are indebted for the habeas corpus act, the most important barrier against tyranny, and best framed protection for the liberty of individuals, that ever existed in any ancient or modern common-wealth.'

In commenting on the bill for excluding the Duke of York from the succession, which was proposed in 1679, Mr. Fox contrasts the measure of exclusion, with the restrictions which the tories proposed to lay on a popish successor; and he criticises the merits of the two plans with his usual strength of judgment and force of discrimination.

'In consenting to curtail the powers of the crown, rather than to alter the succession, they (the tories) were adopting the greater to avoid the lesser evil. The question of what are to be the powers of the crown, is surely of superior importance to that of, who shall wear it? Those, at least, who consider the royal prerogative as vested in the king, not for his sake, but for that of his subjects, must consider the one of these questions as much above the other in dignity, as the rights of the public are more valuable than those of an individual. In this view the prerogatives of the crown are in substance and effect the rights of the people; and these rights of the people were not to be sacrificed to the purpose of preserving the succession to the most favoured prince, much less to one who, on account of his religious persuasion, was justly feared and suspected. In truth, the question between the exclusion and restrictions seems peculiarly calculated to ascertain the different views in which the different parties in this country have seen, and perhaps ever will see, the prerogatives of the crown. The whigs, who consider them as a trust for the people, a doctrine which the tories themselves, when pushed in argument, will sometimes admit, naturally think it their duty rather to change the manager of the trust, than to impair the subject of it; while others, who consider them as the right or property of the king, will as naturally act as they would do in the case of any other property, and consent to the loss or annihilation of any part of it, for the purpose of preserving the remainder to him, whom they style the rightful owner. If the people be the

sovereigns, and the king the delegate, it is better to change the bailiff than to injure the farm ; but if the king be the proprietor, it is better the farm should be impaired, nay, part of it destroyed, than that the whole should pass over to an usurper. The royal prerogative ought, according to the whigs (not in the case of a popish successor only, but in all cases,) to be reduced to such powers as are in their exercise beneficial to the people ; and of the benefit of these they will not rashly suffer the people to be deprived, whether the executive power be in the hands of an hereditary, or of an elected king ; of a regent, or of any other denomination of magistrate ; while on the other hand, they who consider prerogative with reference only to royalty, will, with equal readiness, consent either to the extension or the suspension of its exercise, as the occasional interests of the prince may seem to require. The senseless plea of a divine and indefeasible right in James, which even the legislature was incompetent to set aside, though as inconsistent with the declarations of parliament in the statute book, and with the whole practice of the English constitution, as it is repugnant to nature and common sense, was yet warmly insisted upon by the high church party. Such an argument, as might naturally be expected, operated rather to provoke the whigs to perseverance, than to dissuade them from their measure : it was, in their eyes, an additional merit belonging to the exclusion bill, that it strengthened, by one instance more, the authority of former statutes, in reprobating a doctrine which seems to imply, that man can have a property in his fellow creatures. By far the best argument in favour of the restrictions, is the practical one, that they could be obtained, and that the exclusion could not ; but the value of this argument is chiefly proved by the event. The exclusionists had a fair prospect of success, and their plan being clearly the best, they were justified in pursuing it.

Mr. Fox very justly and very pointedly reprobates the disingenuous conduct of Hume in exculpating Charles from the murder of Sidney, when both the jury and the judge were the mere creatures of the court.

‘Widely,’ says Mr. Fox, ‘as I differ from him upon many other occasions, this appears to me the most reprehensible passage of his whole work.’

The truth of history is almost the only punishment which can be inflicted on the crimes of kings. But if this truth be violated, and the page of history be servilely prostituted to palliate the outrages of tyrants, one of the strongest barriers against the injustice and cruelty of sovereigns is removed ; and the historian is guilty of an act which is most pernicious to the interests of his fellow creatures not only in the pre-

sent but in all future times. The importance of historical truth, when viewed in this light, ascends to the highest pitch of moral obligation. Though in point of literary execution the history of Mr. Fox is inferior to that of Hume; yet in point of strict adherence to truth the history of Mr. Hume is more than proportionally inferior to that of Mr. Fox.

We cannot pass by the reflections which Mr. Fox makes on the deaths of Russel and of Sidney.

‘Thus fell Russel and Sidney, two names that will, it is hoped, be for ever dear to every English heart. When their memory shall cease to be an object of respect and veneration, it requires no spirit of prophecy to foretel that English liberty will be fast approaching to its final consummation. Their deportment was such as might be expected from men who knew themselves to be suffering, not for their crimes, but for their virtues. In courage they were equal, but the fortitude of Russel, who was connected with the world by private and domestic ties, which Sidney had not, was put to the severer trial; and the story of the last days of this excellent man’s life fills the mind with such a mixture of tenderness and admiration, that I know not any scene in history that more powerfully excites our sympathy or goes more directly to the heart.’

Mr. Fox characterises Charles II. as unprincipled, ungrateful, mean and treacherous, vindictive and remorseless. He allows him to have possessed a small portion of those qualities which make an approach to the nature of the amiable. ‘He was gay and affable,’ and though he wanted the pride of an elevated character, ‘he was at least free from haughtiness and insolence.’ We agree with Mr. Fox in classing the kindness of Charles towards his mistresses, his affection for his children and his relations among the best parts of his character; though we are aware that the rigid censor who confounds not only the nicer lineaments but the broad features of virtue and of vice will object to this part of the praise which the historian bestows. But, in a disposition like that of Charles, which was radically bad, which was obdurately selfish, and strangely insensible to the misery and the happiness of his fellow-creatures, we are happy to remark any trait that lessens our general abhorrence and wears even the semblance of philanthropy. Of the religion of this monarch we may remark that he never had any, *though he often counterfeited the appearance.* PRAYING AND KNEELING CONSTITUTE THE RELIGION OF COURTS; and, when it suited his purpose, Charles could

pray and kneel. In his youth his mind had been imbued with the popish superstition; in his maturer years he was both practically and professedly an infidel, but towards the close of his life he seemed willing to stifle the regrets of conscience under the muminary of the church of Rome. James no sooner mounted the throne than he began to act as if he had succeeded to an established despotism. He ordered the duties to be paid as in the former reign without waiting till they had been legalised by parliament. Indeed he seems to have been determined to govern without the concurrence of that assembly. But, at this moment, such seemed the apathy of the people to this infraction of the constitution, that no Hampden arose to resist the arbitrary exaction of the monarch, though, as Mr. Fox remarks it is doubtful,

‘Whether even the most corrupt judges, if the question had been tried, would have had the audacity to decide it against the subject.’

But instead of experiencing resistance the court received addresses full of the most fulsome flattery and the most unqualified servitude. Yet in about three years from this period, when not one individual was found courageous enough to grapple with the power of the despot, this very oppressor, from one of those changes of opinion which tyranny must sooner or later produce, was a fugitive from his kingdom and an outcast from his throne. What an instructive lesson for subjects and for sovereigns!!!

One of the primary objects of James's reign as well as that of his predecessor was to connect himself with France by pecuniary ties in order to become the more absolute at home and the more independent on the bounty of an English parliament. We agree with Mr. Fox in thinking that this was the first object of the king, and that the plan of establishing popery was a subordinate consideration. The reflections which Mr. Fox makes on this subject are too important to be omitted.

‘The tory historians,’ says he, ‘especially such of them as are not jacobites, have taken much pains to induce us to attribute the violences and illegalities of this reign to James's religion, which was peculiar to him, rather than to that desire of absolute power, which so many other princes have had, have, and always will have in common with him. The policy of such misrepresentation is obvious. If this period is to be considered as a period insulated, as it were, and unconnected with the general course of history, and if the events of it are to be attributed exclusively, to the particular

character and particular attachments of the monarch, the sole inference will be, that we must not have a catholic for our king, whereas, if we consider it, which history will warrant us to do, as a part of that system which had been pursued by all the Stuart kings, as well prior, as subsequent to the restoration, the lesson which it affords is very different, as well as far more instructive.

It teaches us to watch the power of the crown with an unceasing jealousy ; by which alone the public liberty can be secured, and never, in order to obtain any partial benefits, to barter away the great blessings of civil liberty.

We shall not detail the butchery that was practised in Scotland on the conventiclers and other non-conformists, under the direction of the Duke of Lauderdale, or relate the massacre of the Cameronians who were hunted by blood hounds, or shot like wild beasts, but hasten to the character which Mr. Fox draws of the Church party at this period, the opposite influence of whose religious and political tenets he describes with his usual nicety of discernment, and in a manner which throws considerable light on contemporary events and on subsequent transactions.

'Obedience,' says Mr. Fox, 'without reserve, an abhorrence of all resistance, as contrary to the tenets of their religion, are the principles which they professed in their addresses, their sermons, and their decrees at Oxford ; and surely nothing short of such principles could make men esteem the latter years of Charles the Second and the opening of the reign of the successor, an era of national happiness and exemplary government. Yet this is the representation of that period, which is usually made by historians, and other writers of the church party. 'Never were fairer promises on one side, nor greater generosity on the other,' says Mr. Echard. 'The King had as yet, in no instance, invaded the right of his subjects,' says the author of the *Caveat* against the whigs. Thus as long as James contented himself with absolute power in civil matters, and did not make use of his authority against the church, every thing went smooth and easy ; nor is it necessary, in order to account for the satisfaction of the parliament and people, to have recourse to any implied compromise, by which the nation was willing to yield its civil liberties as the price of retaining its religious constitution. The truth seems to be, that the king, in asserting his unlimited power, rather fell in with the humour of the prevailing party, than offered any violence to it. Absolute power in civil matters, under the specious names of monarchy and prerogative, formed a most essential part of the Tory creed ; but the order in which church and king are placed in the favourite device of the party, is not accidental, and is well calculated to show the genuine principles of such among them as are not corrupted by influence. Accordingly,

as the sequel of this reign will abundantly show, when they found themselves compelled to make an option, they preferred, without any degree of inconsistency, their first idol to their second, and when they could not preserve both church and king declared for the former.

Thus we find that it was not the hatred of despotism nor the love of liberty in the tories, but only an attachment to a certain form of *church-government* and to *certain speculative tenets*, which caused the church faction to unite for a season with the whigs in order to save the constitution. The king with the permission of the tories might have been as absolute as he wished *if he would have espoused the infallibility of the church of England rather than that of the church of Rome*. James therefore evidently lost the crown, not by violating the liberty of the subject, but by offending the pride and contravening the opinions of the established hierarchy. The church party regarded with indifference his despotic innovations on the civil, but were sensitively alive to his aggressions on the ecclesiastical constitution. Their prepossessions were as strong one way as those of James were another; and they both happened, fortunately for the success of the revolution, to split on a point on which neither would yield. The popish propensities of the king caused the church-party to throw their strength into the scale of the whigs in their noble exertions to place the prince of Orange on the throne. They hated the whigs less than they abhorred the pope; and, though they would willingly have endured the most abject servitude, they could not brook the *mass*. They worshipped two idols, under the denomination of church and king; but, when the king turned against the church, they turned against the king. In his third chapter Mr. Fox exhibits a very circumstantial and detailed account of the unsuccessful attempts which were made by the dukes of Monmouth and Argyle to subvert the tyranny of James. This is a very interesting part of his work. The fate of both these unfortunate noblemen, and particularly the latter, is very feelingly and impressively told. Here the artless simplicity of Mr. Fox's narrative appears to singular advantage; and we believe that there is no reader of taste who will not say that his description of the defeat, the execution, and the sufferings of Argyle, may vie, in point of classical perspicuity and sensational effect, with any thing in Hume. He who can read it without emotions of admiration and of love for the unaffected display of all that is sublime and amiable in the human character, must be destitute not only of sensi-

bility but of virtue. In Argyle we discern all that is great, magnanimous, and amiable, most happily tempered and combined; we see the courage of the hero, the disinterestedness of the patriot, exalted and adorned by the humility, the gentleness, and the patience of the christian. Our limits will not permit us to extract more than a part of the simple, the touching and beautiful description which Mr. Fox has exhibited of the mind and heart of this virtuous nobleman, during the trying period of his imprisonment and at his execution. But though we can give only a part we are sure that the curiosity of the reader will not rest contented without perusing the whole.

‘ In recounting the failure of his expedition, it is impossible for him not to touch upon what he deemed the misconduct of his friends; and this is the subject upon which, of all others, his mind must have been most irritable. A certain description of friends (the words describing them are omitted) were all of them, without exception, his greatest enemies, both to betray and destroy him; and * * * * * and * * * * * (the names again omitted) were the greatest cause of his rout, and his being taken, though not designedly he acknowledges, but by ignorance, cowardice, and faction. This sentence had scarce escaped him, when, notwithstanding the qualifying words with which his candour had acquitted the last mentioned persons of intentional treachery, it appeared too harsh to his gentle nature; and declaring himself displeased with the hard epithets he had used, he desires they may be put out of any account that is to be given of these transactions.’

‘ When he is told that he is to be put to the torture, he neither breaks out into any high-sounding bravado, any premature vaunts of the resolution with which he will endure it, nor on the other hand, into passionate exclamations on the cruelty of his enemies, or unmanly lamentations of his fate: after stating that orders were arrived that he must be tortured unless he answers all questions upon oath, he simply adds that he hopes God will support him; and then leaves off writing, not from any want of spirits to proceed, but to enjoy the consolation which was yet left him, the countess being just then admitted.’

‘ Religious concerns in which he seems to have been very serious and sincere, engaged much of his thoughts; but his religion was of that genuine kind, which, by representing the performance of our duties to our neighbour as the most acceptable service to God, strengthens all the charities of social life. While he anticipates with a hope approaching to certainty, a happy futurity, he does not forget those who have been justly dear to him in this world. He writes on the day of his execution to his wife and some other rela-

tions, for whom he seems to have entertained a sort of parental tenderness, short, but the most affectionate letters, wherein he gives them the greatest satisfaction then in his power, by assuring them of his composure and tranquillity of mind, and refers them for further consolation to those sources from which he derived his own.

He states that those, in whose hands he is, had at first used him hardly, but that God had melted their hearts, and that he was now treated with civility, as an instance of this he mentions the liberty which he had obtained of sending a letter to one of his friends.

Never perhaps did a few sentences present so striking a picture of a mind truly virtuous and honorable. Heroic courage is the least part of his praise, and vanishes, as it were, from our sight when we contemplate the sensibility with which he acknowledges the kindness, such as it is, of the very men who are leading him to the scaffold; the generous satisfaction which he feels on reflecting that no confession of his has endangered his associates; and above all his anxiety, in such moments, to perform all the duties of friendship and gratitude, not only with the most scrupulous exactness, but with the most considerate attention to the feelings as well as to the interests of the person who was the object of them.

Before he left the castle he had his dinner at the usual hour, at which he discoursed, not only calmly, but even cheerfully with Mr. Charteris and others. After dinner he retired, as was his custom, to his bed chamber, where, it is recorded, that he slept quietly for about a quarter of an hour. While he was in bed, one of the members of the council came and intimated to the attendants a desire to speak with him: upon being told that the earl was asleep, and had left orders not to be disturbed, the manager disbelieved the account, which he considered as a device to avoid further questionings. To satisfy him, the door of the bed chamber was half opened, and he then beheld, enjoying a sweet and tranquil slumber, the man, who by the doom of him and his fellows, was to die within the space of two short hours! Struck with the sight he hurried out of the room, quitted the castle with the utmost precipitation, and hid himself in the lodgings of an acquaintance who lived near, where he flung himself upon the first bed that presented itself, and had every appearance of a man suffering the most excruciating torture. His friend who had been apprized by the servant of the state he was in, and who naturally concluded that he was ill, offered him some wine. He refused, saying, 'No no, that will not help me; I have been in at Argyle, and saw him sleeping as pleasantly as ever man did, within an hour of eternity. But as for me—' The name of the person to whom this anecdote relates is not mentioned, and the truth of it may therefore be fairly considered as liable to that degree of doubt with which men of judgment receive every species of traditional history. Woodrow, however, whose veracity is above suspicion, says he had it from the most unquestionable authority. It is not in itself unlikely, and who is

there that would not wish it true? What a satisfactory spectacle to a philosophical mind, to see the oppressor, in the zenith of his power, envying his victim! What an acknowledgment of the superiority of virtue! what an affecting, and forcible testimony to the value of that peace of mind, which innocence alone can confer! We know not who this man was; but when we reflect that the guilt which agonized him was probably incurred for the sake of some vain title, or at least of some increase of wealth which he did not want, and possibly knew not how to enjoy, our disgust is turned into something like compassion for that very foolish class of men, whom the world call wise in their generation.

On the scaffold Argyle exhibited that truly interesting picture of firmness and mildness, which were shown throughout his whole conduct, and were mingled in the nicest proportions in his character.

‘We ought not,’ said he in his speech upon the scaffold, ‘to despise our afflictions nor to faint under them. We must not suffer ourselves to be exasperated against the instruments of our troubles, nor by fraudulent, nor pusillanimous compliances, bring guilt upon ourselves; faint hearts are ordinarily false hearts; choosing sin rather than suffering.’

‘He embraced his friends, gave some tokens of remembrance to his son-in-law, Lord Maitland, for his daughter and grand-children, stript himself of part of his apparel, of which he likewise made presents, and laid his head upon the block. Having uttered a short prayer, he gave the signal to the executioner, which was instantly obeyed, and his head severed from his body. Such were the last hours, and such the final close, of this great man’s life. May the like happy serenity in such dreadful circumstances, and a death equally glorious, be the lot of all whom tyranny, of whatever denomination or description, shall in any age, or in any country, call to expiate their virtues on the scaffold!’

Mr. Fox then gives a very particular, impartial, and luminous account of the expedition, defeat and execution of Monmouth, which closes the fragment of his history. The reader, who will compare this part of his narrative with that of Mr. Hume, will perceive that Hume has condensed into a much shorter compass most of the prominent features of the story, but has omitted some important particulars which throw much light on the character of the actors, and the spirit of the times. Mr. Fox has painted with great vivacity the manner in which Monmouth was persecuted, even on the very scaffold, by the bigotry of his spiritual attendants. Instead of soothing him in his last moments,

instead of endeavouring to elevate his soul above the mournful scene around him to the contemplation of a happy futurity, they not only repeatedly but rudely and unfeelingly urged him to *acknowledge the doctrine of non-resistance to be true*, and to make other confessions about controverted points, which, at that time, were equally useless and absurd. These *pious* instructors seem to have imagined that Monmouth had no chance of eternal bliss without first expressing his assent to their *orthodox* speculations. But the unfortunate prince, without expressing any resentment at the harrassing insolence of his clerical admonishers, behaved with great firmness, serenity, and resignation in these trying moments; and, if he had manifested much inconstancy in his life, he may be said to have expiated that frailty by the placid fortitude of his death. The attempt of Monmouth was ill-timed, and badly planned; but yet we think that it would have been successful if it had been more vigorously executed. The want of decision in his councils, and of rapidity in his movements, proved the ruin of his cause.

'There is no point,' says Mr. Fox, 'in human concerns wherein the dictates of virtue and worldly prudence, are so identified as in this great question of resistance by force to an established government.'

In the attempt of Monmouth we are doubtful whether we can applaud the purity of his intentions; but we cannot certainly commend the prudence of his means. His character is drawn by Mr. Fox with his usual force of discrimination and love of truth — We must now bring this article to a close; — we shut the book with deep regret that the author did not live to finish what he had begun. The sentiments of pure, rational, unvitiated liberty, with which the present fragment glows in every page, the exalted spirit of patriotism which it inspires, when infused into his artless recital of the causes which led to the revolution, his description of the different parties who opposed or who favoured that glorious event, and his philosophic and comprehensive views of its principles and its consequences, might have served to reanimate that almost lifeless form of PUBLIC SPIRIT, which seems breathing its last under the pressure of exorbitant taxation, and have counteracted that indifference to the principle of liberty and that propensity to servitude, which are so prevalent in these evil times. But we trust that the genius of constitutional freedom is not for ever buried in the grave of Fox; and that the same love

of liberty, which once thrilled in his own generous bosom, is still cherished in the bosoms of his friends.

Of the present performance, the prevailing characteristic is a simplicity, which is sometimes polished into elegance, but which more often presents the natural, easy flow of a story told as the facts arose without any adventitious decorations. No flowers of rhetoric are strewn over the artless tale. If, without knowing the circumstances, we were informed that this was the work of the greatest orator of the age, we should not readily credit the assertion; for we discern no lustre of diction, no glare of metaphor, no vivacity of allusion, no richness of colouring, no elaborate rotundity of period. It exhibits none of the artifices of oratory; but in the delineations of character and the investigations of fact, it unites the penetrating sagacity of a critic with the reflective serenity of a philosopher and a moralist, and the generous ardour of a lover of liberty with the calm dignity of a friend to truth.

In going over the present work we had noticed several defects in the composition, in the phraseology and construction; but when we recollected that this was a posthumous publication which had not received the last revision of the author, we were unwilling to exercise the rigid severity of criticism. Indeed, our feelings would not permit us to expose all the defects of style and manner which a person of acute discernment might descry in this sacred relique of the venerable dead.

ART. II.—*Partenopex de Blois, a Romance, in four Cantos. Freely translated from the French of M. le Grand; with Notes: By William Stewart Rose. 4to. Longman.*

THERE are men who, in their wisdom, affect to despise the venerable fabric of fairy superstition which amused and captivated the fancies of their foolish ancestors; but we are obliged to confess that our hearts leap within us for joy whenever, on opening the monthly packet destined to be the foundation of our labours, we discover a romance or a fairy tale among the contents. We anticipate the highest pleasure from the discovery; and, though often disappointed in the full extent of our ambitious hopes, yet are always so far delighted with the mere shadow of fiction, so alluring as to turn with sentiments of something more than mere in-

difference to the regular and classical routine of 'lyric,' 'didactic,' 'elegiac' and 'descriptive,' even though verses as spirited as Mr. Mant's, and as new as *Blackstone's Farewell to his Muse* are to be the reward of our labours.

Mr. Scott has been advised by one of the wise men before mentioned to abstain from wasting his time and talents on such childish subjects as the customs of feudal ages and the characters and manners of ancient chivalry. He is recommended to adopt some modern events, (the history of the Duke of York's campaigns, for instance,) as the fit employment of his *epic* muse; and doubtless may be permitted in lighter moments to exercise his *didactic* pencil in portraying the Pleasures of Hope, of Love, of Memory, or of Imagination.

Mr. Scott must, undoubtedly, be convinced by the arguments of such excellent counsellors. 'I bow with all possible submission,' he will say, 'to your superior taste and judgment.' I acknowledge the folly with which you charge me. I was not, indeed, quite prepared for your attack upon my want of *nationality*, vainly imagining that I had dwelt quite long enough on the names of Ettrick, Dun-Edin, Melrose, Tweed, and Teviot, to satisfy the most bigotted of my countrymen. But I should have carried my patriotism farther; I might have made the Scottish army victorious on Flodden-field, and killed Harry the eighth himself by the hands of our bonie king Jamie. For the rest, I confess the perversion of my genius. I humbly thank Messieurs the Curate and Barber. I beg them to burn all my wicked tales of knight errantry and enchantment; and will immediately begin an epic poem on the exploits of the Highland regiment under General Abercrombie.'

Were we of Mr. Scott's cabinet council, our advice would probably be very different from that given by the sages above mentioned. We will not say it would be more palatable; since we might think ourselves obliged to remonstrate against certain vices of style which have been so long indulged by him as to become habitual. But our opinion respecting them he knows already.

On the other matters at issue, we must suppose him to be so thoroughly convinced by the arguments of his judicious friends as to render all opposition on our part vain and fruitless. But to Mr. Rose, who like him is smitten with the love of romance, we venture, notwithstanding, to recommend most earnestly perseverance in the path which he has chosen. If to delight in 'these cursed books of knight errantry' be madness, yet

'Tis sweet and pleasant so to rave,
'Tis an enchantment which the sense hath bound,
But paradise is in the enchanted ground.

We will now give some account of Mr. Rose's present performance, that our readers may be enabled to judge whether we are right in wishing for the continuance of his phrenzy.

The romance of Partenopex was translated by M. le Grand from a MS. poem in the library of St. Germain des Près, the production of which he ascribes to the thirteenth century. From a copy in Spanish prose, the first generally known, it was considered as of Spanish origin, till M. le Grand undertook to assert the right of his own country to its invention; and it is certainly impossible, with the lights which succeeding antiquaries have thrown on the subject, not to acquiesce completely in the justice of his conclusions.

After the most approved custom of romances, the fable opens with a simple description of spring and its influence on the mind of the poet.

'Now lusty May drops sweets in every shower,
And broiders o'er the fields with grass and flower,
And woodlands wild with lark and throstle ring,
And ladies in their painted chambers sing.
Blest with a heart at ease, and tun'd to joy,
Shall I in listless sloth mine hours employ?
No; while all nature wakes to sprightly mirth,
A story will I tell of mickle worth,
List, damsels bright in bower! list, lordlings gay!
For pleasant is my tale, and wondrous sweet the lay.'

Cleoner, king of France, accompanied by his peers and by his nephew Partenopex, son of the Count de Blois, then scarce fifteen winters old, goes a hunting in the forest of Ardenne. 'The gentle child,' being engaged in the pursuit of a wild boar, loses sight of his companions, and his horse, influenced by a spell, carries him on with unceasing speed, till he finds himself on the sea-coast.

'Twas eve; when from afar was heard the roar
Of hollow billows, bursting on the shore;
And from those wilds forth issuing on the strand,
He view'd a bark fast anchor'd by the land.
Gay was the hull, and seemly to behold;
The flag was scandal, purfied o'er with gold.'

What follows is similar to the adventure in the lay of Sir Gugemer, one of the fabliaux translated by Mr. Way. The child climbs the deck of the shallop and finds it empty.

'While long and sore he mus'd, a gentle gale
Blew, rustling from the shore, and swell'd the sail,
Self-steer'd o'er sparkling waves the vessel flew;
The shore, receding, lessen'd from his view.
No was the boy; the land might hope afford
To him who back'd a steed, and grasp'd a sword;
Alone upon the deep, what power could friend,
What skill direct him, or what force defend?'

He falls into an enchanted sleep; and, on waking, finds himself securely harboured beneath the walls of a most magnificent castle, the description of which follows, and is in the true style of the romantic picturesque. After passing on from court to court, and admiring all the rarities by which he is surrounded, Partenopex at last enters a hall where a rich repast is spread, but not a soul to partake of it, not even a priest to bless the meat. While he hesitates, an invisible minstrel sings to the touch of an invisible harp, and bids him indulge without restraint in all the pleasures prepared for him.

'The costly banquet done, the sightless crew
That serv'd him at the board, with lights-withdrew;
Thence pass'd into a bower, where stood a bed,
With milk-white furs of Alexandria spread:
Beneath, a richly broidered vallance hung;
The pillows were of silk; o'er all was flung
A rare wrought coverlet of phoenix plumes,
Which breath'd, as warm with life, its rich perfumes.
Here the quaint elves the wondering child undrest,
And on the snow-white ermine laid to rest.

'This done, the tapers sunk, low creak'd the door,
And a soft foot-fall sounded on the floor.
MELIOR, in sooth, it was; the sovereign fay,
The wardress of that keep and garden gay.
She on the bed her dainty limbs down laid,
Then started, and, as one affrighted, said:
'Hence, whosoe'er! hence! or my knights I call,
And yield thee to their swords an helpless thrall.'

Partenopex, however, soon finds means to dispel the affected alarm of his invisible paramour. They pass the night together, much to their mutual satisfaction; but, on wak-

ing, the amorous prince begins to express his desire of seeing the charms which he had possessed.

'To him that damsel boon : — 'Thy wish forego,
Sad fountaïn, if indulg'd of shame and woe.
Yet more ; thou here, until a spell be done,
Unseen of living wight, must make thy won ;
But not depriv'd of fitting pastimes, live ;
Share whatsoever joys mine art can give,
Say, do the crystal streams, or woods delight ?
Falcons and tiercelets I mew for flight.
And at thy morrow's rising thou shalt find
A wondrous horn ; the fairy bugle wind ;
My hounds shall hear the call ; to merrier cry
Did never shaggy bolt, or hill reply,
Melior, unseen, each new desire shall aid ;
Frame but the wish, and find that wish obey'd.'

She proceeds to inform him that two years is the time necessary for his probation, after which she will be revealed to him in her real form and present him to all the barons and knights of her extensive dominions as their sovereign.

Partenopez finds no reason to be displeased with his captivity. Every day he passes in some new diversion of the woods and fields, and every night reposes in the arms of his enamoured fairy, whose accomplishments are thus described.

'A parlous wit she had ; and could of lore,
And eke of ancient tales, a countless store.
And oft sage rules and precepts would she deal,
Such as might well his youthful bosom steel
'Gainst vicious lures ; and still, her rede betwixt,
Ensamples of recorded virtue mixt.
Nor charm'd the damsel less, when, boon and gay,
More lightsome Phantasy did bear the sway.
Tender or free, in smiles or gladness drest,
The reigning humour seem'd to grace her best.
And still, whate'er the theme, so soft, so clear,
Her gentle accents sounded on his ear,
That, of all gifts the lovely dame might boast,
Perchance this sweet perfection lik'd him most.

Here the poet is called off by the remembrance of his own lady's attractions, a circumstance which, as it frequently occurs and produces a very pleasing effect, we will notice in Mr. Rose's own words.

'I have retained a peculiarity in the French, which I thought promised to give some little relief and animation to the narrative. The *Trouveur* is himself crost in love, and whenever he touches a kindred chord, breaks forth into an effusion on his own melancholy condition. As there is, however, a sameness in these, I have sought to diversify them with some variety of sentiment; generally returning to the supposed case of the poet, as a sort of key-note, which uniformly serves to close these rhapsodies in the original.'

The poet proceeds—

'In this I blame him not: of every grace
That tricks my love, 'bove dainty form or face,
That which doth most my captive soul rejoice,
Is the sweet music of her thrilling voice.
But worsèr plight is mine; predoom'd, in vain
To chase a fleeting good that mocks my pain.
His mistress did prevent his every thought,
Mine floats my love-sick phantasy to nought.
If in his cup some bitter drops were thrown,
My draught is brew'd with noxious drugs alone.'

Partenopex, notwithstanding his good fortune, begins at last to grow tired of his confinement; and his lovely fay, anticipating every wish of his heart, sends him back in the same enchanted bark to his native country with a promise of his speedy return, and furnishes him with treasures and forces sufficient to free the realm of France from the incursions of the *Northmen* who had long ravaged and oppressed it. Here, though he reveals to no one the secret of his long absence, his mother sagaciously suspects the devil to be at the bottom of it in the shape of a beautiful woman; and, with a view to free him from the enchantment by the powerful impulse of an earthly love, furnishes her niece with a potion by the force of which she has no doubt of being able to change the bent of his inclinations,

'It chanc'd the count (to make my story short)
Lit from his steed, foredone with woodland sport.
Him the boon damsel met, and fair besought
'He would assay the drink herself had wrought;
And ween'd that he should find that beverage sweet
A sovereign remedy for inward heat.'
Rare wonder! scantly might he sip the bowl,
Ere a strange fancy fired his alter'd soul;
He prints her burning cheeks with many a kiss,
Styles her his liege, his love, his sovereign bliss!

And 'be these herbs,' she cried, 'twice, trebly blest
 That blot the accursed Melior from thy breast.'
 She spake; and, at the name, like one aghast
 He stared; the charm was broke, the witchery past.
 'He leaps upon his courser, plies the gore,
 And flies as shame or sorrow dogg'd him sore.
 And now the stripling gain'd Loire's flowery side,
 And saw the fairy ship at anchor ride;
 Breathless he climbs the deck; a favouring breeze
 Springs, and the shallow darts across the seas.'

'There is certainly exquisite beauty,' says Mr. Rose, 'in this incident. The name of the beloved object alone is sufficient to recall the perverted affections and triumph over all the mysterious energies of magic.'

He cites the romance of Sir Gerard de Nevers in Tressau's *Corps d'Extraits*, for a parallel circumstance, and adds, that one very similar is also to be found in 'Sir Tristrem.'

The forgiving fairy receives her lover with a fond embrace and they renew for a time all the delights of their former intercourse. But the restless Partenopex cannot persuade himself from the memory of past dangers to lead the remainder of the term of his probation in quiet at Melior's court. He again implores leave to visit his country and friends; and she, much more reluctantly than before again grants it. Meanwhile his mother, frames a device similar to that with which the unhappy Psyche was deceived by her jealous sisters. She gives her son a magic lamp, of power to break the invisible charm by which Melior is defended, instructs him to use it aright, and sends him back with her benediction to the land of Faërie.

'Again his feet the fairy palace tread;
 Again with costly cates the board is spread.
 Now half-repentant of his purpos'd deed,
 Now trembling at the priest's remember'd rede,
 He to the nuptial chamber bends his way,
 And, couch'd within her bow'r, expects the fay.
 'Alas! and she was witless, woe the while!
 Of the false child's premeditated guile.
 He, while the damsel to his bosom grew,
 Rais'd with his better hand the lamp to view.
 Struck with the beauties of a matchless face,
 A masterpiece of loveliness and grace,
 Back starts the boy, and, as he moves, the blaze
 O'er her fair limbs and lovely figure plays.
 Dishevelled, all about her tresses hung,
 And on each charm a softening shadow flung.'

Meanwhile her eyes were closed, and not a streak
Of faint carnation-ting'd her faded cheek;
But bitterly she sobb'd, and frequent rose
Her bosom, as convulsed with cruel throes.

' He with one arm her body did embrace,
And gaz'd in silent anguish on her face.
She hung upon that arm, like to a flower
Half crott, or overcharg'd with summer show'r;
Then loud he call'd upon her name, and press'd
The lifeless burden to his throbbing breast.
Long fruitless was the pain, till with a sigh
She heavily 'gan ope each drooping eye,
And, for a little season, strove for breath,
Then sunk again, entranc'd in seeming death.

' Again the boy his frantic plaint renew'd,
And to her lips of faded coral glu'd
His mouth, as he believ'd each kiss had might
To breathe new life, or catch her fleeting sprite.'

Melior recovers from her swoon but awakes only to rage and indignation. Her sister Uraqua, moved by the gentleness of her nature and perhaps by a more tender feeling, intercedes for the unhappy Partenopex in vain. The fairy abandons him to his fate, and all that his generous friend can do is to contrive the means of withdrawing him in security from the court, where, deprived of the aid of enchantment he is near falling a sacrifice to the resentment of the nobles. They escape to the harbour where they find a bark ready to sail, and the charitable Uraqua, loath to abandon him to his desperate imagination, becomes the companion of his voyage. The melancholy which oppresses him on taking a last farewell of scenes where he had been so happy is painted with much nature and feeling.

' Upon the poop the County took his stand,
And gaz'd in silent anguish, on the land,
By slow degrees still lessening from his sight
Till the dim scene was lost in shadowy night.
Then on the deck his fever'd limbs he strews,
Regardless of the cold and sickly dews.
Straightway, there is such heaviness in woe,
He slumber'd: but cold comfort thence did grow;
For fancy brought the past again to view,
With circumstance of sorrow, strange and new.
Next (for that mimic, as she still doth ply
Her random task with ever-roving eye,
Will often mar her web, then quickly piece,
With diverse dye, the party-colour'd fleece,)

He with his lief on mossy bank did sit,
 In converse sweet and interchange of wit,
 And it bethought him she, in amorous play,
 His head upon her dainty lap did lay;
 While music from about and underneath,
 Such as earth knows not, did around them breathe.
 He wak'd, and noise was none, save of the tide,
 Soft rippling as the barque did onward glide,
 And of the creaking yards, which grated slow,
 With melancholy murmur to and fro.

'I not misrate the measure of his woes,
 Who from his love a cheerless outcast goes;
 Yet him kind nature's varied sweets some deal
 From that his soul-consuming care may steal
 The breeze, the bud, fresh-bursting into life,
 The rivulet, with its pebbly banks at strife,
 All, all, may to some sense, some charm convey,
 And soothe awhile the wanderer on his way.
 And when the garish lamp of day is out,
 And the blue vault is set with stars about,
 And pensive Philomel, that in the light
 Sat mute, repeats her *Salve* to the night,
 In rich and changeful descant,—though he borrow
 Plaint of her plaint, and sorrow of her sorrow,
 That vent of grief shall bring its own delight,
 And soothe to softer tone his tortur'd sprite.

'Tis ill to chuse betwixt: yet sorer pain.
 Is his, who, love-lorn, ploughs the watry main.—
 The discord of the mutinous waves and wind
 Shall speak no comfort to his troubled mind:
 But he, as he still views on every side
 The world of trembling waters, drear and wide,
 Shall needs lament as one who cannot miss,
 To think what gulph there is 'twixt him and bliss.'

They land, and his kind guardian, after embracing and bidding him farewell, dismisses him on his road to Blois, and returns alone to the court of her sister. On his arrival at his native place, all his friends and relations deplore his altered air; and his mother, who is conscious to herself of the cause, endeavours in vain to soothe and comfort him. Partenopex upbraids her with the misery to which he is reduced, and in the transports of his phrensy, hardly abstains from reviling his sovereign mistress, which gives occasion to the poet to break out into a truly chivalrous apostrophe.

'Ah! well was he that he forebore to blame!
 Misfortune be his lot and wordly shame,

Nor, dying let him taste of heavenly bliss,
Whoe'er of dame or damsel speaks amiss,' &c. &c.

For a twelvemonth Partenopex confines himself to his chamber, living on the most coarse and scanty fare, and abandoned to grief. At length he is persuaded by a page to seek relief in travelling. He mounts his horse, quits Blois by night, and, accompanied only by his adviser, penetrates the recesses of Ardennes forest. There he forms the desperate resolution of giving himself up a prey to the wild beasts which haunt the wood. He leaves his page asleep on the ground and rides onward alone into the most savage parts of the forest. A tyger rushes from a thicket as if to devour him, and Partenopex coolly expects his fate, but is strangely disappointed when, instead of attacking him,

'The sullen beast, with half-averted eye,
Glar'd fiercely on the child and passed him by.'

Imagining that his horse might deter the animal, he alights; and the tyger immediately rushes, not on the rider but his beast, who, wildly shrieking with affright, flies and is pursued by the savage assailant. The flying horse never stops in his career till he reaches the sea shore where a bark is just come to land, having Uraqua herself, and a reverend usher, her companion, on board. The horse most fortunately leads to the discovery of his wretched master. Uraqua persuades him to give up his dreadful purpose, and carries him with her to Salence; which, it seems, is a fief of her own, situated in the dominions of her sister.

Here the wretched state to which Partenopex is reduced by his despair, requires all the aid of medicine, in which his fair hostess is very expert; but it very naturally happens that, in curing her patient, the physician herself should im-
bibe a portion of his malady.

'Haply this leech, while so she proves her skill,
Might catch some portion of her patient's ill.
To waste with such a youth, aye side by side,
In fellowship of feast, noon's jocund tide;
From the same dish to feed, from the same cup,
In sweet exchange, the rosy wine to sup;
And still, when nature, prank'd in trim attire,
Through air and earth and flood breathes new desire,
And the small fowl, they cannot choose but sing,
Through lustyhood of heart, and joy of spring;
With such a boy to sport in greenwood shade
—Twere perilous, in sooth, to culdest maid.'

Partenopex, unconscious of the harm he has done, requests his hostess to intercede for him again with his offended fay; and Uraqua, with a generosity of which even romance furnishes but few examples, undertakes his cause, and serves him in it with firm and unshaken fidelity. The relentless Melior, however, continues inexorable. Partenopex grows restless and uneasy at the delay of his hostess, when a messenger arrives from her declaring the ill-success of her negotiations, but recommending him, as a last resource, to arm himself and repair, incognito, to a magnificent tournament about to be given in honour of Melior on her coming of age.

On his way he overtakes a knight named Sir Gaudwin, who exhibits a very strong and natural picture of the rude age of chivalry when the mixture of courage, rapacity, and generosity, made up the true and leading feature of the baronial character. It is the same character which Mr. Scott has portrayed with an accuracy and force of description peculiar to himself in his Lord Marmion. None but a very vulgar or ignorant mind can doubt the perfect consistency with which he is made to sacrifice the unfortunate Constance to his covetousness of Clara's wide possessions, and, having the same object in view, to adopt the device of forged letters in order to get rid of his rival.

In the midst of our admiration for the virtues of chivalry, we must recollect that, generally speaking, they were raised upon a weak and rotten foundation; that, during the feudal ages, the most fervent *piety* commonly rested on *ignorance*, and the most refined *gallantry* on an imaginary and absurd estimate of female perfection; that even *courage* and *generosity* were oftener constitutional qualities guided by a blind impulse than the result of reflection, operating on any rational principles. That extraordinary system of manners, so delightful to fancy, and so goodly when contemplated at a distance, will not by any means bear the close inspection of truth and judgment. It was a system which admitted the closest conjunction of the extremes of vice and virtue, and reconciled the most apparently contradictory qualities of human nature.

Lord Marmion was proud, magnificent, valiant, and generous, according to the taste and spirit of the times. But covetousness was his prevailing passion, (perhaps, it would not be much amiss to style it the characteristic vice of all semi-barbarous ages) and he possesses no one principle strong enough to oppose its influence.

History furnishes us with many examples of knights who, like Sir Gaudwin, frequented tournaments, &c. *only for what they might get*; and that without any disparagement to their general character.

' So riding, they o'ertake an errant knight,
Well hors'd and large of limb, Sir Gaudwin hight.
He nor of castle, nor of land, was lord;
Houseless, he reap'd the harvest of his sword:
And now, not more on fame than profit bent,
Rode with blythe heart unto the tournament.
For cowardice—he held it deadly sin;
And sure his mind and bearing were akin,
The face an index to the soul within.
It seem'd that he (such pomp his train bewray'd)
Had shap'd a goodly fortune by his blade.
His knaves were point device, in livery dight,
With sumpter nags, and tents for shelter in the night.
He, for he saw the boy was ill bested,
Proffer'd fair harbourage of board and bed;
And, 'mid their social cups, soon learn'd the scope
Of his mischances past, and present hope.
For wine unlocks the heart, and sooth to say,
Quick friendship springs from fellowship of way.'

The description of Chedore, the royal seat of the fairy, and of the preparations for the tournament, which immediately follows, is very picturesque.

' It was the second noon, and far before,
Rose to their view the ramparts of Chedore.
And now so nigh they came, that they might see
The walls and windows throng'd with bravery.
The sea was on the castle's further side,
And loud upon the shingle lash'd the tide;
There gilded shallows rode, with silken sail,
With mariners, and shout of 'how and hail!'
Upon the spacious field, without the gates,
Camp'd feudatory lords and great estates.
Here lusty gallants prick'd across the plain;
There brawling gamesters throw the merry main;
Here their quaint art the shifting jugglers ply,
And there in frolic strife the jesters vie.
Still from the crowd a busy hum upwent,
Loud laughter, and the sound of merriment;
Shrill minstrels pipe, and barded coursers neigh,
Drums thunder, trumpets flourish, ban-dogs bay.'

The conclusion of this interesting tale will be easily anticipated by our readers. Having been so profuse in our ex-
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tracts from the former parts of the work, we will forbear entering at all into the particulars of the fourth and last canto, which possesses sufficient charms to detain us much longer than is consistent with our duty. Some of these charms are indeed of a nature which may possibly give occasion to some critics of recurring to a very favourite comparison, the justness of which we are unable fully to appreciate. But we shall not hesitate in declaring our opinion that, although Mr. Rose has been very minute in many of his descriptions, particularly in the toilette and wardrobe of the fairy Melior, he had no works of the Chinese masters before his eyes when he drew his pictures.

It will be concluded that Partenopex by his unrivalled valour recovers the heart and obtains the hand of his no longer invisible mistress, and is welcomed by all her subjects as their sovereign with shouts of joy and triumph. It is with no less pleasure that we learn of Urraqua's having conquered her unfortunate passion and bestowed her hand on Sir Gaudwin, who is a very honest fellow, notwithstanding his love of something more substantial than glory.

We have given our readers so ample a power of judging for themselves of Mr. Rose's general merits, that we may spare ourselves the superfluous task of commenting upon the specimens before their eyes. Still less shall we attempt to institute a comparison between him and his friend Mr. Scott, which, in the present instance, would be particularly invidious, since the one is an original poet, while the other (though not without his claims to originality) assumes only the humbler dress and air of a poetical translator. The most striking peculiarity in the work is the mixture of antique and obsolete phraseology with modern versification, which we are unable, in toto, either to approve or condemn. In some respects it stamps a form and character on the poem which we do not wish to have softened away into present elegance and refinement. There is an idiom appertaining to romance, of which, when it is divested, it loses every individual mark of distinction. Yet, on the other hand, there are numerous instances where we are not pleased with the quaintness, so much as disgusted by the affectation with which it is introduced. All we can say is that the peculiarity ought not to be rejected, but that it must be used with great judgment not to become offensive; and that it is necessary for the critic to be possessed of at least an equal share of caution with the poet, not to condemn too rashly where it is extremely difficult to hold the balance even between defect and beauty.

We have had too many reasons lately for decrying the book-selling art of annotation so unmercifully used by modern poets. But we are not at all inclined to rank Mr. Rose among the objects of our wrath as participating in the vice of the times. His notes do not bear any extravagant disproportion to the text. Many of them are very amusing, some very instructive, and all tend to illustrate the romance of which they are appendages. We were particularly pleased with those on hunting, on the amours of fairies, on military services, the mysteries of woods and rivers, the seven secrets of art, and the introduction of 'the art-magic' out of the east into Europe.

Neither are we at all displeased with the accidental delay of publication which gave Mr. Rose time to write his ballad on the death of William Rufus which possesses considerable merit in itself, but still more as having given occasion to a very interesting dissertation on the New Forest in Hampshire, in which Mr. Rose, with a laudable perseverance of examination and research, has brought together proofs, in our opinion sufficiently convincing, of the reality of that merciless depopulation by the Conqueror; which all our later historians have doubted and some affected to ridicule as an absurdity utterly unworthy of belief or even of serious refutation.

We ought not, however, to close the work without giving the due share of praise to Mr. Smirke for the very elegant and appropriate designs with which he has contributed to embellish it; nor should we omit to mention that Ballantyne has displayed all the skill of which he is so eminently possessed to render it one of the most attractive volumes in its external appearance that we have ever beheld. Notwithstanding these superior charms, we shall not be at all sorry to welcome our friend Partenopex hereafter in an every-day suit.

ART. III.—*A History of the Island of St. Helena, from its Discovery by the Portuguese, to the Year 1806, to which is added an Appendix. Dedicated by Permission, to the Honourable the Court of Directors for Affairs of the United English East India Company. By T. H. Brooke, Secretary to the Government of St. Helena. 8vo. Black and Parry. 1808.*

ST. Helena forms so trifling a part of the British empire, that a satisfactory history of it, as it seems to us, might have

been comprised in nearly as few words as the following ; viz. that it was first discovered by the Portuguese, in the year 1501, who peopled and retained it for about a century, when they either relinquished it as an useless possession, or were forcibly expelled by the Dutch. The latter in their turn made room for the English, in the year 1651, who have kept possession of it ever since, and found it of great advantage as a place of refreshment for their merchant ships returning from India. A list of the governors who have been successively appointed to administer its little affairs, and some petty disturbances that occasionally have taken place among its few hundreds of inhabitants, can surely be interesting to none. And although some of those who have visited the island, may have expressed a desire (as the author in his preface assures us) to have some further information respecting it than is to be found in the accounts that have hitherto been published, we can hardly think their curiosity will be more fully gratified by the present performance, as the body of the work consists of the dry details above mentioned, and of a still more dry appendix, being transcripts of the several charters which have been granted by the crown to the East India company, while thirty pages alone are devoted to the soil, climate, natural history, productions and inhabitants of the island. To these we shall confine our attention, and after a short survey of them, dismiss the work, which upon the whole as we can by no means consider as a valuable addition to our stock of travels, or of history, for it may come under either one or the other description.

‘The island of St. Helena, is situated in $15^{\circ} 55'$ south latitude, and $5^{\circ} 49'$ west longitude from Greenwich. It lies within the limit of the south-east trade wind, and is distant 400 leagues from the coast of Africa, the nearest continent. The extreme length of the island is $10\frac{1}{2}$ miles, its breadth $6\frac{1}{2}$, its circumference about 28 miles, and its surface in acres, 30,300.’

The atmosphere is remarkably mild and favourable to the constitution of man. The instances are surprizing of the rapidity with which those who have for months been afflicted with the sea scurvy, in its worst state, have recovered their health on landing at St. Helena. Nor is the climate less favourable to vegetable productions, and the fruits and trees of the most opposite climes are here found to arrive at perfection. The pine of the north, the mimosa of New South Wales, and the bamboo of India, flourish with equal luxuriance. There are also several indigenous timber trees of considerable value. The vallies near the sea are adapted to fruits of

the more delicate kind, as vines, figs, oranges, lemons, guavas, peaches, plantains, and bananoes. Some of the more hardy ones, as cherries, have been tried without success. Gooseberry and currant trees, turn to ever-greens, and do not bear fruit. The island however cannot be said to be possessed of general fertility, the mountainous districts which form the greatest portion, are a barren and reluctant waste. Yams, potatoes, pulse, and the other ordinary vegetables of Europe, are produced in sufficient abundance to supply the East India ships which touch at the island, in the greatest profusion. These are annually, on the average, one hundred and sixty-five in number.

Cattle and sheep are less abundant. The extra consumption of them by the East Indians, is so great as to render living at St. Helena, upon the whole, extremely dear, as will be seen from the following statement of the prices of the principal necessaries in the year 1805.

Mutton, from 14d. to 18d. per pound,

Pork, from 18d. to 20d. per pound.

Grown fowls, from 9s. to 12s. each.

Turkeys from 30s. to 40s. each.

Geese, 25s. to 30s. each.

Ducks, 10s. to 12s. each.

Potatoes, 8s. to 10s. per bushel,

Milk 4d. to 6d. per quart.

Eggs, 5s. per dozen.

The exorbitance of these rates, is in some measure, however, compensated by the cheapness of fish, of which there is a very great variety, including turtle and others of a very delicate nature, and which sell on an average for 4d. or 5d. per pound.

Experiments have been made at different times to ascertain the resources and capability of the island shortly after its first settlement.

Indigo, cotton, sugar canes and vines were introduced. Rum, sugar, wine, and brandy, were brought to some degree of perfection, and at a more recent period, crops of barley and other grain were raised at Long-woods which were subsequently found not to answer. The intrinsic value of St. Helena, consisting in its local situation, as a place of refreshment and rendezvous for the homeward-bound ships from India, the attention of the court of directors has been confined to the objects which most conduced to that important purpose. On this ground even the cultivation of corn has been deemed of less consequence, than that every acre should be appropriated to raising live stock, roots, and culinary vegetables. As the island on this account cannot be devoted to commercial produce, its profits or revenues must con-

sequently be very small, and its annual expense to the proprietors considerable. The returns which it makes for this expenditure, apply to the accomodation and the security of the company's commerce, against the hazards of the sea, and the hostilities of an enemy.

The population of St. Helena, by the registered returns of 1805, appeared to consist of 504 white inhabitants, 1560 blacks, of whom 329 were free, making a total of 2064, exclusive of the garrison, and civil establishment of the company.

The East India company are lords proprietors of the island, with powers of sovereignty and legislation. The supreme executive authority is vested in the governor, and a council composed of a lieutenant governor and senior civil servant. The military force consists of one regiment of infantry, five companies of militia, and a corps of artillery.

It has been before observed that provisions of most kinds are dear at St. Helena. House-rent also is extremely high, and the price of labor exorbitant. The inhabitants, shut out so completely from the rest of the world, lead a confined and uniform life. But these inconveniences are counterbalanced by the extreme salubrity of the climate, and some other advantages, which upon the whole, perhaps, put their comforts on a level with those of the rest of mankind, and are an additional proof of the general rule, that Providence has made an equal distribution of happiness.

ART. IV.—*Critical Essays on the Performers of the London Theatres, including general Observations on the Practice and Genius of the Stage, by the Author of the Theatrical Criticisms in the weekly Paper called the News.* 12mo. 8s. Hunt, Bridges Street, Strand.

SOME of these Essays evince solidity of judgment and delicacy of discrimination; the remarks on several of the first performers are candid, ingenious, and acute. The author displays an unvitiated taste and much knowledge of what is called stage effect. His observations are divested of that fondness for foreign manners and frippery and nonsense which has so long disgraced our theatres; his notions are truly English, and evince that genuine good sense which once seemed a native of the soil. Among the different performers who are here criticized, are Mr. Kemble and his sister Mrs. Siddons, Mr. Bannister, Lewis, Munden, Faw-

cet, and Mr. Charles Kemble, Mr. Liston, Emery, Downton, and Matthews, Mrs. Jordan, Mrs. H. Siddons, and Miss Duncan, &c. &c. The above mentioned we think by far the best and most deserving of attention. The critique on Mr. Kemble must strike every one as very judicious, and characteristically descriptive of the actor and the man. As long as Mr. Hunt keeps within his proper sphere of simple language and plain good sense he commands our attention and we listen to him with delight; but his attempts at sprightliness and wit are not very successful. When he tells us that his majesty of Naples used to smoke with his Lazzaroni, fish with his fishermen, and sell the produce of his labours; that George II. loved to kick his ministers, and Charles XII. of Sweden combed his hair with his fingers;—however true all this may be, the recital brings with it no conviction of what he wants to impress; and the simile which he presents is no simile at all, or so enveloped in dissimilarity that it would take too much of our time to penetrate the faint traces of resemblance even were we at all likely to comprehend it at last.

We agree with Mr. Hunt, that the great fault of most of our best actors, is the playing to that part of the audience who have really neither a particle of taste nor of judgment: rant and bombast are with them very fine tragic acting, and buffoonery and grimace vastly funny and clever, though the former are not the true province of the tragic, nor the latter of the comic art. Our stage has so lamentably fallen from the respectable eminence which it had attained, that instead of saying we are going to see a play, we should say we are going to see any thing except a play; for what are now so called are nothing more nor less than broad farce or sing-song nonsense. Mr. Kemble has much merit in bringing forward, when he can, those excellent stock-plays, from which the sensible part of his audience and the true lovers of the drama may not only derive amusement, but instruction. But whatever merit Mr. K. may have in endeavouring to regulate or restore the good taste for theatrical representation, he spoils all by his presumptuous conceits and his new readings of our best authors and particularly our immortal bard. What man of good sense and unvitiated taste can refrain his indignation at hearing Mr. K.'s pronunciation of the most plain words in the English language? Mr. Hunt criticizes Mr. Kemble's performances with much sagacity and force; he depicts his merits and demerits with no ordinary felicity. If Mr. K. would pay some little attention to these useful hints he would render

his present good acting most excellent; but as Mr. K. seems, like most other people, to be on extremely good terms with himself, we fear that the salutary councils of the critic will be spent in vain.

In the critique of Mr. H. on Mrs. Siddons we perfectly agree, she is in the true sense of the word an excellent actress; she feels the part which she performs; and of course she makes her audience sympathize in the scene. Her actions are appropriate; well suited to her words; graceful and majestic; her countenance is marked and noble; affected and impassioned. Mr. Hunt points out among her most excellent representations,

‘The bewildered melancholy of lady Macbeth walking in her sleep, the widow’s mute stare of perfected misery by the corpse of the gamester *Beverly*, two of the sublimest pieces of acting on the English stage.’

He says and with truth that

‘Mrs. Siddons has the air of never being the actress; she seems unconscious that there is a motly croud called a pit waiting to applaud her, or that there are a dozen fiddlers waiting for her exit.’

Mr. Hunt observes that

‘If Mrs. S. has not every single requisite to a perfect tragedian, it is the amatory pathetic: in the despair of *Belvidera*, for instance, she rises to sublimity, but in the tenderness of *Belvidera* she preserves too stately and self-subdued an air: she can overpower, astonish, afflict, but she cannot win: her commanding features seem to disregard love as a trifle to which they cannot descend.’

We agree with Mr. H. that Mrs. Siddons in every other character unites all the excellences which are necessary to produce the intended effect of representation. Her actions have the carelessness, the ease, and the impulse of the moment, it is the intuition of genius not the toil of study; there is no stiff minuteness, no affectation, no clipping and chopping of words, all is smooth, warm, energetic, chaste, sublime. We have been told and on good authority, that Garrick discouraged Mrs. Siddons from attempting the stage, assuring her that she was unequal to support any great character saying at the same time that she was mere *milk and water*; but one of the managers of the Bath stage, we believe Diamond, was a better prophet, and pronounced in the hearing of several persons and at the rooms at Bath, after a very unsuccessful season of her performance at his theatre, that

Mrs. Siddons would eventually become one of the most perfect actresses that ever graced an English stage. And such does Mrs. Siddons prove. In enumerating Mr. Bannister's qualifications as a comic actor, Mr. H. ascribes the highest merit to that most admirable performer. His Acres in the Rivals, his Marplot in the Busy Body, his Lissardo, and his Young Philpot are so well known, and so properly appreciated by the world, that little else can be said than that nothing can be more natural. Mr. H. observes that

‘Mr. Bannister in comic character is always animated, is always natural, except when he assumes the lively *gentleman*. His *Mercutio* is not gay but *jolly*; it exhibits, not the elegant vivacity of the *gentleman*, but the boisterous mirth of the *honest fellow*: the audience immediately think themselves on a level with him, and this familiar sensation is always a proof that the gentleman is absent.’

We cannot at all subscribe to this assertion; nor do we see the truth of the observation; that *Mercutio* is a nobleman and a lively spirited man we agree; but at the same time, there is in him a bluntness and love of mirth that border very near on jollity and fun; and yet the gentleman remains. Mr. Bannister is most happy in his character of a sailor, rough, good natured, and pleasant: his smile is open, his walk free and careless, his voice sincere, and attests the honesty which you see displayed in his countenance. His Walter, in the Children in the Wood, is not to be forgotten, and the recollection must ever delight. In the character of Feignwell in A bold Stroke for a Wife, Mr. Hunt gives him every praise, and says it is ‘enough to stamp him as one of the greatest and most versatile comedians.’ Our limits will not permit us to expatiate on the numerous excellences of this comic actor; he is a great and deserved favourite with the public; he has well earned the laurels which public favour has bestowed; and we hope that he will long live to enjoy the merited applause which he has for so many years experienced.

Mr. Hunt's observations on Mrs. Jordan, Mrs. H. Siddons, Miss Duncan, &c. are extremely just; he places Mrs. Jordan under the head of comedy, and very properly, though she sometimes appears with less success in tragedy. She certainly excels in Ophelia; and he observes that in the former,

‘Nothing can be more natural, or pathetic than the complacent tones and busy good nature of Mrs. Jordan in the derangement of

Ophelia; her little bewildered songs in particular, like all her songs indeed, pierce to our feelings with a most original simplicity.

'The immediate felicity of Mrs Jordan's style consists perhaps in that great excellence of Mr. Bannister, which I have called heartiness; but as the manner of this feeling is naturally softened in a female, it becomes a charming openness mingled with the most artless vivacity. In characters that require this expression, Mrs. Jordan seems to speak with all her soul; her voice, pregnant with melody, delights the ear with a peculiar and exquisite fulness, and with an emphasis that appears the result of perfect conviction; yet this conviction is the effect of a sensibility willing to be convinced rather than of a judgment weighing it's reasons; her heart always precedes her speech, which follows with the readiest and happiest acquiescence.'

The rest of Mr. H.'s observations are equally good; he attributes the inability of Mrs. Jordan to catching the elegant delicacy of the *lady*, to her perpetually representing the *other sex*. This is a vile and abominable custom on our stage; and we join most heartily in condemning a usage which so much disgraces the female character. Mr. H. however, pronounces her, as every one must, the first actress of the day. Mrs. H. Siddons comes in for a proper share of approbation, *as an actress*, and what is more honorable, *a modest woman*.

'A modest female,' says Mr. H., 'is beneath no dignity of allusion or of language; and after admiring all the sweetness and the feeling of Mrs. H. Siddons, I find nothing so delightful as the chastity of her demeanour. One would think, that a sensible actress would cultivate this modesty if it were merely for its theatric rarity. When Mrs. Jordan plays *Rosalind*, you are amused with her archness, her vivacity, her carelessness, and you admire the shape of her leg: the *Rosalind* of Mrs. H. Siddons, interests you with a chastened feeling, you love the very awkwardness with which she wears her male attire, and you are even better pleased with her shape because you are left to fancy it. If the sight is more accurate in likenesses, fancy is a better painter of things to be liked. When the generality of actresses are representing the objects of a man's attachment, their broadness of demeanour produces in the beholders a kind of silent disagreement with the hero's choice, that deranges their satisfaction: his compliments become false, his ardour unwarrantable, his sorrows ridiculous; but a modest actress like Mrs. H. Siddons, reconciles this inconsistency: love resumes it's respectability, and with it's respectability the acquiescence of the audience.'

Mr. H. pursues his thoughts on the unbecoming appearance of male attire in his essay on Miss Duncan, who seems

to have imbibed an increased love for displaying her person in coat, waistcoat, and breeches. Unlike other ladies of the stage, who give as little to the public eye as possible, he accuses this respectable lady (for such in her private character he allows her to be,) of wearing

‘Tight waistcoats that imprison the waist merely to give greater freedom to the chest, white silk stockings that make the leg want nothing but a pedestal to fix it for the eye of the connoisseur, and tight breeches through which Mr. Sheldon might read a lecture on the Sartorian muscles.’

In his admiration of Miss Duncan as an actress and a respectable female, he reminds her that to

‘Strut about in all the insolence of a military coxcomb, to slap the jovial fellows on their backs, to rap out oaths with a twang, and to imitate drunken lobby-loungers, is not the surest way to preserve either her own delicacy or the respect of others. She may become a very gay sort of something like a man, but she must forget herself first; and in proportion as she does this, she will forget something very ingenious and very pleasing.’

We recommend these considerations to the fair sex in general, who, though they do not actually all wear male attire, wear so little of the female habiliments, as to make us suspect that they have forgotten that modesty is a jewel of great price; and more to be admired and higher to be esteemed than the most beautiful face or the finest figure in the world. Upon the whole, these essays are sensible, ingenious, and amusing; and the instructions which they contain, the merits which they extol, and the defects which they censure, constitute a dramatic monitor, whose wholesome counsels we earnestly recommend to the male and female performers of the English stage.

ART. V.—*Hints to the Public and the Legislature on the Nature and Effect of Evangelical Preaching. By a Barrister. Part the Second. 8vo. 3s. 6d. Johnson, 1808.*

WE are happy to renew our acquaintance with the Barrister. We were much gratified by the perusal of his first performance, and we have perused the present with increased delight. There is more correctness, more splendour and more force in the composition. The arguments are solid and the remarks are acute; the theology is rational and the morality is pure. The evil, which the Barrister is endea-

pouring along with other good men to counteract is one of no common magnitude. Indeed it is so great, and the effects so various and complicated, that it is difficult to calculate the extent of the danger, or the enormity of the mischief.

The primary tendency of what is called *methodism* is to convert the doctrine which Christ taught, by a dexterous perversion of the sense, into the most potent engine of depravity. By the aid of that noxious matter which they extract from their favourite tenets of *hereditary guilt*, *vicarious punishment* and *imputed righteousness*, the anti-moral preachers form a sort of magic talisman, which relaxes the hold of every moral obligation on the heart. With this efficacious antidote to remorse, and this supposed preventive of punishment, the disciple of Whitfield and of Wesley marches fearlessly forth into the world, and cares not what duty of truth, of justice or humanity he violates as long as he preserves that ceremonial exterior of a *sabbath-keeping piety*, which renders him holy in the opinion of his sect. Prayers and hymns are the *maximum* of necessity in their code of duty. All the rest, which includes the practice of social virtue, is matter of gratuitous performance, and makes no part of the *Saint's book of offices*. As long as the *outside* of his character presents a polished surface to the world, he possesses an infallible cure in the dogmas of his creed for the turpitude within.

If the articles of belief, which the disciple of methodism professes to revere, do not always give birth to that progeny of crimes which they have a direct *tendency to generate*, the reason is not that they are innocuous in themselves, but that the *naturally virtuous propensities of humanity* often counteract the vitiating efficacy of the most superstitious creed. For whatever may be pretended to the contrary by the methodists, the genuine philosopher and the humble christian will assent to the proposition of Bishop Butler, that VIRTUE IS THE LAW OF OUR NATURE. The love of virtue is innate in the heart; and though a vitiated education, corrupt example, and bad habits may weaken the principle, yet the sense of duty is seldom so entirely obliterated as to leave no trace of virtue's superior loveliness on the conscience. A taste for virtue, for truth, for justice and humanity is not less a part of our nature than a taste for fresh air; but we know that the lungs will gradually accommodate their action to a very impure and vitiated atmosphere, and the moral taste of man will by degrees degenerate into an appetite for all manner of impurity.

The moral virtues, which we sometimes observe even

in the votaries of methodism, are *not the natural product of their belief, but of the virtuous dispositions which they inherit from nature, and which often triumph over the incentives to immorality which are so copiously furnished by their faith.* When they are good men, they are not made so by what they believe, but they are so *in spite of what they believe.* The articles of their religious creed, which tell them that they have a naturally irresistible propensity to all manner of unrighteousness; that the forfeit of this unrighteousness has been paid by the sufferings of another person; and that the virtues of this same person are accepted by the Deity as a substitute for any virtue in themselves; have a tendency to render them the most obdurate and abandoned transgressors, till they become totally insensible to the importance of moral obligation. But in this respect, as in many others, the wisdom of God counteracts the foolishness of man. Even a vicious system (and one more vicious than that of Westley and of Whitfield can hardly be imagined,) cannot always extirpate the principles of virtue, the seeds of goodness in the heart; and these principles will often take root and these seeds spring up and bear fruit even in the wilds of methodism. *As far as the tenets of the methodists are operative in their conduct, nothing but vice can be produced,* for virtuous actions cannot be the practical result of a radically vicious theory. Whenever, therefore, this *godly* sect exhibit any examples of moral virtue, *there is a glaring opposition between their conduct and their belief.* THEIR BELIEF IS FUNDAMENTALLY AND SYSTEMATICALLY VICIOUS AND VITIATING. It libels the moral nature of man; and it supersedes the moral government of God. It destroys the idea that life is a state of trial, and that there will be a state of retribution after death when every man will receive according to what he hath done, whether it be good or whether it be evil. Thus, like the system of Epicurus, which it greatly resembles in its deadening influence on the natural sensibility to the differences of moral good or evil, it annihilates the moral responsibility of man, and removes the strongest barrier against vice and the strongest encouragement to virtue.

If we could suppose it possible for a whole nation to embrace the creed of the methodists, and to become thorough adepts in all the external sanctity and all the internal turpitude of the sect, the spectacle which would present itself to a stranger coming among this *righteous crew*, would powerfully interest his curiosity, if the feeling of curiosity werenot suppressed by that of detestation. The moment he set his foot

on the shore of this *praying* and *palm-singing* people, his ears would be assailed with hallelujahs, groans, sighs, and pious ejaculations of every description. At first he might perhaps think that he was going to enjoy the harmony of heaven, or to dwell with men; among whom there was no bitterness, no dissention, no cruelty, no falsehood and no guile. But this supposition would soon vanish like the morning dew, when he found that their tenets were at utter variance with every moral rule which he had been wont to esteem sacred; which his heart inwardly approved, and which reason and revelation united to inculcate. What would he think, when, notwithstanding all the grimace of piety which they assumed, he found them to delight in pronouncing the most atrocious slanders against the moral creation of God? when he heard them assert in utter contradiction to reason and experience that the Almighty had infused into them from the womb, an irresistible propensity to evil, to falsehood, to injustice and to cruelty? that their depravity was hereditary, innate, and constitutional? but that notwithstanding this whatever crimes they might commit, 'a full, perfect and sufficient sacrifice, oblation and satisfaction' had been made for them by the sufferings of a God who had come upon earth about eighteen centuries ago, and been put to death by his own creatures; that the blood which this God, who made man, and yet was born of a woman, shed, was a fountain of purification in which the blackest turpitude would be washed white as snow? Who that heard this and similar jargon, which would be talked by a nation of methodists, would not believe that every man, woman and child among them were out of their senses; or that notwithstanding all their kneeling, praying, and singing, they were an incorrigible mass of hypocrites, w****, and rogues?

If there could be no virtue in a nation of methodists, who *practically followed the doctrines which they taught*, it is clear that the more methodism itself increases in any country, the more will the sum of vice be augmented, and that of virtue be diminished. For virtue and methodism are like two opposing powers; and according as one rises in the scale the other will decline. The only reason why this abominable superstition is not productive in this country of all the evil which it has a natural tendency to engender, is that the human nature which belongs to a methodist as well as to any other religionist in many instances operates as a counteracting remedy to the deleterious influence of his creed. Even methodism itself cannot always extirpate the social

sympathies which prompt to the kind exertions of humanity, nor efface that sense of justice, which almost commences with the first pulsations of the heart.

The Barrister commences his work with some observations on the precipitate temerity with which the promulgators of methodism undertake the pastoral office. For this purpose all that with them is necessary is a little glibness of speech and a large stock of impudence. This serves them instead of a university education. Few of them even know that the New Testament was originally composed in a foreign language; or that it was not sent down from heaven ready printed in the English tongue. Hence they are totally unacquainted with the idiom of the scriptures; and of course they rush blindfold into all the absurdities of a literal interpretation. The mode in which the scriptures are broken into verses; is very favourable to their supposition, that every verse or text as they call it, is a whole in itself; a sort of oracle which has all the verity of inspiration, without depending for its real explanation on what follows after, or what goes before. Thus, whenever they are attacked they seek to overwhelm their antagonist by a heap of disconnected texts of scripture, which, when explained together with the contexts, have a sense totally different from that which they make them assume. Thus they can readily convert conditional or modified into absolute propositions. When Isaiah says on the corrupt state of the Jewish people, among whom the vital kernel of moral virtue was forsaken for the empty shell of ceremonial observances, "*all our righteousnesses are as filthy rags,*" they quote the passage as if it were an unqualified assertion, designed by the prophet to depreciate the real worth of piety and virtue. When David in the agonies of penitential remorse, confesses himself a great sinner, he says, "*Behold I was shapen in wickedness, and in sin hath my mother conceived me.*" This hyperbolical declaration of a contrite individual, astounded with a sense of the murder which he had committed, the methodists convert into a general proposition, that every man who comes into the world is shapen in wickedness and conceived in sin. Thus they convert the pangs of contrition into words of blasphemy.

Biblical criticism is so opposite to the genius of methodism, that no person who had ever attained to any eminence in sacred criticism was ever found marshalled under the banner of the methodists. Few among them ever read any books but such as have been written by persons of their own sect. All the theology but their own, is denominated *atheism, infidelity, and heathenism*; and every place of wor-

ship which does not ring the changes on the articles of their belief, is reckoned unholy and profane, the abode of sceptics, and monsters of every description which people the *evangelical* brain. These pious expositors of the Gospel place, as the Barrister said in the first part of his Hints,

‘ Their own interpretations of the scripture doctrines on the same level of authority with the scripture itself, and whoever does not subscribe to them must expect a plentiful sprinkling of abuse from the shower-bath of Calvinism : the term of infidel, heathen, socinian, deist, atheist, with all the abusive epithets which their evangelical spleen can furnish, will be vented against him.’

The Barrister well remarks of these pretenders to sanctity that in the fallacious estimate of their own self-conceit,

‘ They alone are the *serious* christians ; all the world beside contains a motly mixture of the infidel and the ungodly. They are the elect of the flock and graze in green pastures ; the rest are lost sheep, black with the rot of their original corruption, and outcasts from the fold of faith. Lifted up as they are in their vision of vanity to the highest heaven, they look down with affected pity on the creatures of this world. They fancy themselves taught, as by special favour from above, and by a very natural progress, in which their fanaticism panders to their pride, they soon come to consider all human knowledge as beneath their attainment. Human reason compared with the light that floats round their holy temples, becomes in their estimation, no better than a carnal varnish which throws its delusive glare over the unsightly picture of human depravity.’

Dr. Hawker, one of the high priests of the Baal of methodism, has said that he ‘ *shall not recommend human strength to exert itself in acts of moral virtue towards its own salvation.*’ For according to the Doctor’s creed, ‘ MAN IS WHOLLY INCAPABLE OF DOING ANY THING TOWARDS HIS OWN REFORMATION.’ Here the Barrister sagaciously intimates that the Doctor has forcibly controverted the utility of his own preaching. For where can be ‘ the utility of preaching to such helpless machines as he describes mankind to be ?’ And how can the doctor, or his preaching and praying associates, in any conscience, receive their maintenance from those whom with all the toil which they can bestow, they know it is utterly impossible to amend ? The doctor confesses that all the rational, historical, and moral evidences in favour of christianity stand for nothing ; that they are not sufficient to produce faith in any man’s soul ; that faith is a supernatural gift and must be effected by supernatural means ; and consequently that all the works, which have

been written to prove the truth of christianity, from the answer of Origen to Celsus to the reply of Bishop Watson to Thomas Payne, might, for any good which they can do, as well be put into the fire. When Dr. Hawker intimates that faith in the divine mission of Christ is not to be produced by evidence, but by the immediate interposition of the Deity, he virtually asserts that Christianity is false. For the doctor with all his perspicuity will find it difficult to distinguish between a religion which is false and a religion which is not supported by evidence; or only by such evidence as is utterly insufficient to convince any rational man that it is true. Such are the contradictions and absurdities in which the *evangelical preachers* are necessarily entangled. The doctor had said that the gospel "HAS NEITHER IF'S NOR BUTS, NEITHER TERMS NOR CONDITIONS;" and when the Barrister pressed him with the unscriptural principles and the immoral consequences of this monstrous doctrine, the doctor instead of either establishing the principles or refuting the consequences, only repeats his assertion, and says that a *distinct treatise* would be necessary for the proof of what he had advanced. Thus the doctor attempts to parry the home-thrust of the Barrister!—But the way in which he endeavours to elude the objection is a proof that he feels the force. For if the absence of all IF'S and BUTS, all TERMS of moral performance and CONDITIONS of voluntary obedience, from the covenant of salvation were so palpably true as the doctor asserts, the proof would be easy; and instead of a *distinct treatise* being necessary, a *single page* would suffice for the demonstration.

The Barrister well remarks that from the sage instructors of the evangelical school,

' You can never get a plain answer to a plain question. Ask them in the midst of their harangue to explain any difficulty that arises out of their doctrines and they lead you into the wilderness of mystery, lose themselves and you in a maze of texts without connection, and terms without meaning; and after all, like dancers in a minuet, they end where they began.'

In p. 18—23, the Barrister has incontrovertibly convicted Dr. Hawker of picking and stealing numerous embellishments of rhetoric, with some elegant turns of phrase and thought from the letter of Edmund Burke to the Duke of Bedford. By the help of these plagiarisms, the doctor no doubt thought to rival his foes, and captivate his friends by the fascinations of his style. But the doctor has certainly not snatched a *grace beyond the reach of art*; and the doctor's

diction, when divested of the purloined decorations, looks not unlike the livid skin of the old crow when stripped of the peacock's plumes.

One of the favourite doctrines of the methodists is the **NEW BIRTH**; by which they do not understand an amelioration of moral habits, a radical improvement of the inclinations and the conduct, but a certain paroxysm of the devotional feelings, which is unaccompanied with any salutary impressions either on the head or on the heart. This **NEW BIRTH** sometimes takes place among the godly in very *awkward situations*; and we are almost inclined to term it a *spiritual miscarriage*. Thus in the Methodist Magazine for 1798, p. 273, we have an account of an old woman, who had a **NEW BIRTH** while busy at the wash-tub.

'The Lord ASTONISHED Sarah Roberts with his mercy, by setting her at liberty, while employed in the necessary business of washing for her family. For even while her hands were engaged in the world, her heart was given unto the Lord. She now found all the ways of religion to be ways of pleasantness and all its paths peace. She received a clear witness that God, for Christ's sake, had blotted out all her sins, and received her into his family.'

This lady seems to have had a very pleasant time during her travail; and to have got rid of her sins at a very easy rate. We heartily congratulate her on her safe-deliverance.

The religious parturition of Sarah Roberts, is we suppose, a proof of Dr. Hawker's assertion, that salvation "is **ALTOGETHER UNCONDITIONAL** on the *part of God*, and requires **NO PREVIOUS QUALIFICATION OR WORK** on the *part of man*."

"According to the gospel which hitherto," says the author, "has been the pillar of the christian world, we are taught that whosoever endeavours to the best of his ability to reform his manners and amend his life will find pardon and acceptance. That *when the wicked man turneth away from the wickedness which he hath committed, and doeth that which is lawful and right, he shall save his soul alive!* This gracious declaration the old moral divines of our church have placed in the front of its liturgy. When the doctor himself announces this from the desk, as he must do, at the very commencement of the service, does it never strike him as utterly repugnant to the doctrine he delivers from the pulpit? Would it not be a sort of inhuman or tyrannic mockery to assure a poor *helpless* being, that if he walked to a certain distance he should be restored to health, when we knew him to be *utterly incapable* of putting one leg before the other? The scriptural promise above quoted, in order to

square with the Doctor's creed, should be altered thus: "When the wicked man *hath been turned away* from the wickedness which he hath committed, and *that is done for him which is lawful and right*, he shall save his soul alive." According to the doctrine of the evangelical junto, it is not the sincerity of the repentance, but the greatness of the sin that offers the most effectual plea for the mercy of God. 'This,' says Dr. Hawker, 'becomes the universal remedy for *great sinners* as well as *little sinners*: the blood of Christ cleareth from ALL sin.' Here the Barrister asks with eloquent animation:

'Does our Saviour teach in any one passage of his gospel, that there was any thing in his sufferings that would alter the nature of sin; or that his blood—shed by the most obstinate and cruel bigots that ever disgraced the human character—would, when thus shed, exempt sinners from the punishment denounced against their crimes?—Did he, in any one instance, affirm that the blood thus spilt, was in itself effectual to the pardon of guilt, and would therefore annul that solemn declaration of God, that he would in a future life render to every man *according to his works*? Did he invite the miscreant multitude, that flocked with frantic mockery to his cross,—did he invite them to *wash their guilt away* in the blood they were shedding? Did he direct them to *bathe in that crimson blood*, in order to purify themselves from the blackness of their guilt—a guilt so tremendous that the darkened earth trembled to its centre? Did our Saviour after his resurrection in any manner, or on any occasion even allude to his blood, as cleansing the impure from their vices, or as clearing the guilty from their crimes? Did he, when risen from the dead give commission to his disciples to direct those who had lived in open violation of his laws, to a fountain filled with blood?'

The phrases, '*blood of Christ*' '*blood of the Lamb*,' '*atoning blood*,' '*redeeming blood*,' seem used like so many spells of conjuration, in the mouths of the methodists, and no discourse, which they hear, is thought to have any savour of the gospel in it that is not well seasoned with this high-spiced phraseology. The Barrister gives an example of the familiar manner in which the *blood of Christ* is mentioned even in the common-place discourse of these modern pharisees. In the Evangelical Magazine for December last we read the following among

'The last words of a *reverend* methodist, whose life, character, and behaviour is duly recorded in that marvellous chronicle of Saints. Sunday the 24th. On a friend saying; take a drop of wine into your dear mouth, he replied, it is a dear mouth for it was purchased with *precious BLOOD*.'

According to the doctrine of the methodists, even the murder of Christ carried with it its own justification, for they represent his blood as, 'AN AMPLE ATONEMENT FOR THE SIN OF SHEDDING IT.' Thus do these detestable fanatics endeavour to confound all our ideas of right and wrong, of innocence and guilt. But though the evangelical pastors have discovered this great expanse of charity towards the murderers of Christ, one of their godly hymns breathes this sentiment of ferocious intolerance towards those who worship the Deity after the manner of Christ,

'Stretch out thy arm, thou TRIUNE GOD,
The *unitarian* fiend expel,
And chase his doctrine back to hell.'

Large Hymn Book, 431.

This is one of the evangelical petitions which this *kneeling, praying, and canting fraternity* have the audacity to offer to the GREAT SPIRIT OF FORBEARANCE, OF PATIENCE AND OF LOVE!!! The Barrister well remarks that the term *Unitarian*, which is synonymous with every thing execrable in the idiom of *methodism*, can properly be applied only to him who believes that there is but ONE GOD. The appellation Unitarian can properly denote *only this particular opinion*, and we have no right to couple it with any other tenets which are not necessarily implied in the term. You cannot in fairness apply to the person whom it designates a belief in fables of the Koran or an attachment to the ceremonies of Judaism. And yet both Jews and Mahometans are unitarians; but they are unitarians, not because they believe either in Moses or in Mahomet, but in the ONENESS of the Godhead. An Unitarian is not necessarily of any sect; and he does not, like the Calvinist or Socinian, follow the dogmas or acknowledge the authority of any individual.

The UNITARIAN Christian, belongs not to the school of Calvin, nor of Wesley, nor of Whitfield, nor of Socinus, nor of Priestly, but of Christ. In this sense of the words we profess ourselves Unitarians; we belong to no sect but that of CHARITY; and in matters of faith we ACKNOWLEDGE NO AUTHORITY BUT THAT OF CHRIST. We believe in one God, the loving father of all mankind; we acknowledge with reverence and gratitude the divine mission of Jesus; we assent to the truth of his doctrine; we confess the purity of his example, and we feel a degree of comfort which we cannot express in the reality of his resurrection. But yet this is the doctrine, this is the encouragement to virtue, the spring of joy, and the support under suffering which the

pious worshippers of the Moloch of *methodism* implore their
 'Triune God to chase back to hell.'

The sense which the methodists have of true religion may be seen not only from their *charitable* anathemas which have been just quoted, but from the manner in which the leader of the band Dr. Hawker, (who is at the same time a beneficed clergyman of the church of England) speaks of Dr. Paley, whose writings have tended so much to convince the infidel, to confirm the believer, and to keep the wavering in the faith. 'There are not many,' says Dr. Hawker, 'who have contributed more to *increase the mass of moral evil* and therefore deserve less from mankind than Mr. Paley.' We were not indeed much surprised to find this *honourable* abuse of the author of the 'Evidences of Christianity' by a writer who makes Christianity to be a religion *without evidence*; and who represents it as *impossible to produce faith in Christianity by any human means as it would be to create a world*.

The Barrister brings a charge of worldly-mindedness and carnal propensity against these *Evangelical* pastors, which is very incompatible with the professions which they make wherever they may happen to sojourn, to *know nothing but Jesus and him crucified*.

'But' says this forcible assailant on the strong holds of Methodism, 'these saints take good case (care) never to unite themselves but with the ELECT of FORTUNE. They never tread the road of matrimony, but in the track of her wheel. This is a speculation which more or less prompts and presides over all their *labours of love*. Their eye is ever on the watch. They know well who has a rich uncle, and who has an estate in expectancy,—and they stand 'like hogs in an orchard waiting for a windfall.'

It may seem very uncourteous to compare the saints to a herd of swine, but we must confess, from our knowledge of the fraternity, that we were much struck with the singular aptitude of the simile.

The Barrister well remarks that methodism, *instead of making its followers better than others, has a direct tendency, AS FAR AS IT IS ACTED UPON, to make them worse*. The truth is, that the speculative principles of methodism about *innate depravity, vicarious punishment, imputed righteousness, &c.* are of such a nature that *if they were made a practical rule of life, they would tear up the very foundations of society, and banish every particle of truth, justice and humanity from among men*. But what can we think of a system which leads directly to such consequences, and which cannot be made a rule of life without producing them? The truth of any religious system may, in some de-

gree be ascertained from the results which must follow from the practice of the principles which it inculcates.—As far as the speculative tenets of the Unitarians are made practical rules of life, truth, justice and humanity will flourish in the world; but the doctrines of methodism render vice the only uppanage of man, and make christianity itself only a nursery for crimes and a receptacle for criminals. Happily, however, as we have remarked above, the human nature of the methodists counteracts the vitiating tendencies of methodism; and the moral sense, which God infused into their hearts, is with difficulty suppressed by the pernicious influence of their *demoralizing* creed.

With the unitarians *vice is the worst heresy*; but with the methodists *heresy*, or a dissent from their unscriptural tenets, *is the worst vice*. With the unitarians religion becomes practical usefulness; with the methodists it is nothing but a chaos of speculative polemics. The piety of the first softens the heart and improves the life; that of the last centres in a labyrinth of words without a spark of sense. The creed of the unitarian tends to elicit all the virtues which constitute the charm and the bliss of life; that of the methodist tends to chill all the sympathies which sweeten existence, and to extinguish all the liberal, the generous, and exalted sentiments which ennoble man. Mr. Wilberforce in the ignorance of his zeal, or in the zeal of his ignorance once said that 'Unitarianism was the half-way-house to infidelity;' but he might with more truth have asserted that *methodism is the last stage of vice, where all the roads meet that lead to the gallows from all the sources of crimes*.

We have heard much of the immoral poison which was diffused over the earth by the atheists of France; but a much more subtle and more pernicious material is produced by the chemistry of methodism and retailed by the *evangelical* hucksters in every part of the empire. The Barrister exhibits a specimen of this, not only in the publications of Dr. Hawker, but in Rowland Hill's *Sale of Curates*; which is artfully designed to bring into disrepute not only the clergy but the religion of the country. We will venture to say that falsehood more atrocious, that slanders more malicious, insinuations more unfavourable to morality, and more subversive of genuine piety, were never vented in any publication. The mouths of the saints are proverbially foul; and if we may judge from their own confessions that foulness must proceed from turpitude of heart.

In the concluding pages of his pamphlet the Barrister mentions a fact, which merits serious attention, and deserves to

be minutely investigated both in its principles and its consequences. The horde of methodists, who seem from the number and the diversity of their missions to assume a sort of pontifical sovereignty over the religious systems of all the countries in the world, have lately had the audacity to appoint a committee, armed with all the INQUISITORIAL powers which these evangelists can confer, to examine into the RELIGIOUS STATE OF IRELAND. This self-constituted commission of bigots have published their report, in which in their hypocritical gibberish they pledge themselves to attend to the *spiritual welfare* (viz. to promote the moral deterioration) of the sister isle. These sanctified impostors tell us that

‘ They will visit many places, confer with a variety of individuals, and notice with united care and candour, the state of all religious denominations. Accumulating such testimonies as agree and balancing such as are discordant they will endeavour to form just conclusions, so that the committee without any FURTHER APPEAL, will, in abundance of cases know when to hesitate and when to DECIDE, where to EXERT THEMSELVES and where to be still.’ Report of the Hibernian Society, p. 1, 2.

Here we find these pragmatical usurpers of a jurisdiction over the consciences of men talking in a lofty and magisterial tone, which becomes not the teachers of any sect, and much less of such an incorporated mass of ignorance and vice.

‘ What power,’ exclaims the author of this excellent pamphlet, ‘ do these spiritual directors calculate to have under their command that they talk so confidently of deciding without appeal, and exerting themselves, when in their judgment the exertion of their power shall be necessary? It becomes prudent to look at the length of the muster-roll of the saints, when they thus assume to themselves an authority which the provident constitution of this country has hitherto confined to the executive magistracy. The recognised principles of freedom neither justify nor suffer this kind of active interference. To me it appears the most haughty and insolent intrusion into the annals of domestic life that we have ever witnessed. Assuming the name, style, and title of the HIBERNIAN SOCIETY, they announce themselves with as much assurance, and reveal their intentions with an air as magisterial as if they were the plenipotentiaries of the spiritual kingdom. The legates of the Pope in the meridian of his supremacy, never adopted a tone more peremptory, or proclaimed their commission in terms more decisive.’ ‘ These Evangelical envoys open their circuit with sufficient pomp, and they divide their inquisitorial researches with due precision. ‘ On Friday, July 31st, (says the report) ‘ they commenced their tour. Messrs. Bogue and Charles proposing to visit Athy, Castlecomber, Kilkenny and Clon-

mel; while for the sake of ENLARGING THE FIELD OF OBSERVATION, Messrs. Mills and Hughes took the road through Wicklow, Arklow, Gorey, Farns, Enniscorthy, and New Ross.' 'What his majesty's subjects in Ireland may think of the deputies of this *new convention*, sent to spy out the nakedness of the land, I do not know. But if this is to be the prelude to other conventions of a similar nature, I am sure it cannot on this side the water be too seriously inspected, or (nor) too severely condemned.'

We are no friends to popery; but we are persuaded that popery, even with all its superstitions, is, in respect to its *moral influence* preferable to those horrible impieties, those blasphemies against the goodness of God and those insults on the common sense of man, which are brawled abroad by the missionaries of methodism.

'The religious faith of the Catholic,' says the Barrister, 'contains much that a more enlightened reason would rectify and much that a more sound, extensive, and unprejudiced inquiry would remove.'

But if Popery should ever be subverted by methodism, a greater evil will eventually be substituted for a less; more superstition will be generated, more intolerance be produced, and more vice, particularly, more of that vice which Mr. Fox calls in his history, *the most detestable of all vices* HYPOCRISY, will be the practical result. Let England, let Ireland, and indeed the United Empire beware of the envenomed arts, the pernicious doctrines and the subtle machinations of the methodists! Their real object is to subvert every system of rational religion, and all the true, that is, all the moral Christianity that is left in the country; and if they should unfortunately, through the apathy or the indolence of wiser religionists, effect this, the most furious persecution will then be commenced against every man who will not bow his head and bend his knee to that GHASTLY AND BARBAROUS SUPERSTITION which they will cause to raise its hydra-head over the land.

We are now obliged reluctantly to quit the farther consideration of this excellent pamphlet. We took it up with pleasure and we lay it down with regret. He who is a friend to pure unvitiated christianity and an enemy to that *anti-moral system*, which the fanatics are attempting to substitute in its stead, will peruse it with delight. The composition is forcible and eloquent, and the theology would do honour to any professional divine. The writer, whoever he may be, has rendered an essential service to the cause of revealed truth and to the best interests of political society.

ART. VI.—*Memoirs of Captain George Carleton, an English Officer, including Anecdotes of the War in Spain under the Earl of Peterborough, and many interesting Particulars relating to the Manners of the Spaniards in the beginning of the last Century. Written by Himself. 8vo. 12s. Murray. 1808.*

THE Memoirs which are here republished, made their first appearance in 1743, before our journal was established: They have long been out of print, and have been much less known than they deserved. The recent occurrences in Spain give them an additional interest in the present period; as they exhibit a very correct and animated account of the different campaigns of the Earl of Peterborough during the war of the succession; and as the moral and physical culture of that country has, since the above æra, undergone fewer changes than most other European nations have experienced in the same lapse of time, many of the remarks which Carleton makes, and many of the particulars which he relates, will be found as applicable to the present condition of Spain as to the past. The lapse of more than a century, and the substitution of a Gallic for the Austrian dynasty have not much altered the face of the country, nor the manners of the people. Since the discovery of the mines of Mexico and Peru, the internal improvement of Spain seems not merely to have been stationary, but to have become retrograde; and a degree of revolutionary convulsion, such as that with which the country is at this moment agitated, seemed wanting to rouse the dormant faculties and latent energies of this brave and generous people.

Captain George Carleton, the author of the present Memoirs, appears to have been a man of an active and enterprising spirit, and impatient of what may be termed the quiescence of still life. That kind of calm, unruffled serenity, which is most delicious to some dispositions, is quite insupportable to others. There are some persons, whose frame is so peculiarly organized, that they seem to respire with most facility in a turbid atmosphere; and to enjoy all their vital functions most when the winds rage and the tempests howl. The temperament of Captain Carleton was of that species; he seems to have delighted more in a state of turbulence than repose. He had no sooner finished one enterprize than he felt uneasy till he begun another. Thus he passed a large part of his life in a constant succession of hardy exertions and military toils. Thus he was versed in a variety of perils both by sea and land.

When about twenty years of age, he entered as a volunteer on board the *London*, commanded by Sir Edward Sprage, and was present in the glorious and hard-fought conflict between the English fleet under James II. then Duke of York, and the Dutch under the celebrated De Ruyter. Carleton on this occasion bears honorable testimony to the courage of the Duke, which some parts of his ulterior conduct seem to have rendered problematical. The Duke remained all the time of the engagement on the quarter deck, showers of balls whizzed around him, but neither his manner nor his conduct evinced any signs of fear.

In 1674, our author loathing the inactivity of peace, passed into Flanders, and served as a volunteer in the army which was commanded by the Prince of Orange. At the famous battle of Seneff, Carleton was stationed in the rear guard, which was cut off from the main body of the army by the address of the Prince of Condé; and he was among the few who escaped with his life. In this battle the impetuous ardour of the Prince of Orange carried him into the midst of the enemy; but his usual presence of mind did not forsake him in this emergency, and he saved himself by giving the command in French which he spoke perfectly well. Our author was present at the siege of Maestricht in 1676; and was among those who were appointed to mount a breach which had been made in one of the bastions of the place. The breach was twice mounted notwithstanding the opposition of the enemy, but the first time the bastion was lost by an accident, and in the second, it was blown up by the besieged. Many lives were lost, but Captain Carleton escaped unhurt. A general storm was meditated, when the approach of the French army caused the Prince to raise the siege.

After the peace of Nimeguen in 1678, the author remained near four years in garrison at the Grave. After the death of Charles II. the regiment in which he served received orders to pass over into England on account of Monmouth's invasion; but on the conclusion of that unfortunate affair he was again ordered into Holland. Carleton afterwards left the Dutch service, and had a commission given him by king James in a new-raised regiment under the command of Colonel Tufton; when he tells us that

‘He sojourned out two peaceable campaigns on Hounslow heath.’

After the revolution, our author took the oaths of allegiance to the Prince of Orange. He next passed two winters at Inverness, where he was employed in bridling the refrac-

tory Highlanders, and in constructing the fort at Inverlochy, now fort William. The author does not seem to have been much pleased with his Scottish residence. At Inverness he tells us that he was

‘Perpetually harassed upon parties, and hunting of somewhat wilder than their wildest game, namely the Highlanders, who were, if not as nimble-footed, yet fully as hard to be found.’

In his march from Inverness to Inverlochy, he says,

‘In this march, or rather, if you please, most dismal peregrination, we could but very rarely go two on a breast; and oftener like geese in a string, one after another. So that our very little army had, sometimes, or rather most commonly, an extent of many miles; our enemy, the Highlanders, firing down upon us from their summits all the way. Nor was it possible for our men, or very rarely at least, to return their favours with any prospect of success; for as they popped upon us always on a sudden, they never staid long enough to allow any of our soldiers a mark, or even time enough to fire; and for our men to march or climb up those mountains, which, to them were natural champaign, would have been as dangerous as it seemed to us impracticable.’

We hope that this is a *specimen* of the war which the Spaniards, in the mountainous parts of their territory, will wage against the French.

Captain Carleton was afterwards appointed by king William to the command of a company in Brigadier Tiffin's regiment, and he served under the banners of that monarch in most of the campaigns which he carried on in the Netherlands against his inveterate enemy Louis XIV. After the death of king William, Carleton was recommended by Lord Cutts to the Lord Peterborough, and accompanied him in the expedition, which was intended to place the archduke Charles of Austria on the throne of Spain. Lord Peterborough took the Archduke and his attendants on board his fleet; and indeed is said to have transported that prince and his whole retinue to Barcelona at his own expence. The force which Lord Peterborough took out with him to Spain was very diminutive compared with the greatness of the object which he had to execute. But scanty as were his means, his genius was of that commanding kind, which creates resources, or which knows how to make even its difficulties contribute to the facility of its success. As a military commander England has hardly ever possessed one, who was superior to Lord Peterborough; who did so much with such trivial means, against such powerful obstacles, and who would cer-

tainly have accomplished the important work which he had so successfully begun, if his plans had not been frustrated by the obstinacy, the infatuation, or the jealousy of men, who were wanting in judgment, in penetration, or integrity. His short but splendid career no doubt excited envy, which could not be appeased till the command was transferred to less able hands.

The first place which Lord Peterborough attacked on his arrival on the coast of Spain, was the fortress of Denia in the kingdom of Valencia. The place surrendered; and the archduke was here first proclaimed the lawful king of Spain. At this period, there were no forces in the middle parts of Spain; and all the troops were either at the extremities of the kingdom, on the frontiers of Portugal, or in the city of Barcelona. King Philip and the royal family were at Madrid with only a small body guard. The earl, therefore, proposed, after taking Valencia, or some other town on the coast in order to secure his maritime communication, to have marched directly to the capital. Nothing could at that moment have frustrated this plan, which would have instantly placed the archduke on the throne. But Peterborough was unfortunately obliged to sacrifice his judgment to the orders which he received from home; and instead of marching to Madrid, he was constrained to lay siege to Barcelona. Nothing could be more imprudent than this step, to which may eventually be ascribed the whole failure of the expedition. Nothing but the genius of Peterborough could so long have preserved the footing which the English obtained in Spain.

‘Barcelona,’ says Captain Carleton, ‘is one of the largest and most populous cities in all Spain, fortified with bastions; one side thereof is secured by the sea, and the other by a strong fortification called Monjouick. The place is of so large a circumference that thirty thousand men would scarce suffice to form the lines of circumvallation. It once resisted for many months an army of that force; and is almost at the greatest distance from England of any place belonging to that monarchy.’

The regular forces, which were at this time in garrison in Barcelona, exceeded the number of the troops which the earl had to undertake the siege.

In six councils of war, which were held on the occasion, the siege of Barcelona was judged to be rash and impracticable.

And though the GENERAL and brigadier Stanhope (afterwards Earl Stanhope) consented to some effort, yet it was rather that

some effort should be made to satisfy the expectation of the world, than with any hopes of success.'

There are talents which seem rather animated than depressed by difficulties ; and which make even the difficulty itself the means of executing the purpose of the will. The fortress of Monjouick is much stronger than Barcelona itself, but the sagacity of Lord Peterborough saw that the strength of that place was likely to constitute the security of the garrison. The Earl, unknown to any person but an aid-de-camp, who attended him, went out to view the fortifications. He was confirmed in his suspicion of the supineness of the garrison ; and he resolved, if possible, to carry the place by assault, after which he might hope to reduce the town.

We shall give an account of the capture of fort Monjouick, in the author's own words.

'The troops which marched all night along the foot of the mountains, arrived two hours before day under the hill of Monjouick, not a quarter of a mile from the outward works : For this reason, it was taken for granted, whatever the design was which the general had proposed to himself, that it would be put in execution before day-light ; but the Earl of Peterborough was now pleased to inform the officers of the reasons why he chose to stay till the light appeared. He was of opinion that any success would be impossible, unless the enemy came into the outward ditch under the bastions of the second inclosure ; but that if they had time allowed, them to come thither, there being no palisades, our men, by leaping in upon them, after receipt of their first fire, might drive them into the upper works ; and following them close, with some probability, might force them, under that confusion, into the inward fortifications. Such were the general's reasons then and there given ; after which, having promised ample rewards to such as discharged their duty well, a lieutenant with thirty men, was ordered to advance towards the bastion nearest the town ; and a captain with fifty men to support him. After the enemy's fire, they were to leap into the ditch ; and their orders were to follow them close, if they retired into the upper works : nevertheless, not to pursue them farther, if they made into the inner fort ; but to endeavour to cover themselves within the gorge of the bastion.

'A lieutenant and a captain, with the like number of men, and the same orders, were commanded to a demi-bastion, at the extremity of the fort towards the west, which was above musket-shot from the inward fortification. Towards this place the wall, which was cut into the rock, was not faced for about twenty yards ; and here our own men got up, where they found three pieces of cannon upon a platform, without any men to defend them. Those appointed to the bastion towards the town, were sustained by two

hundred men ; with which the general and prince went in person. The like number, under the directions of Colonel Southwell, were to sustain the attack towards the west ; and about five hundred men were left under the command of a Dutch colonel, whose orders were to assist, where in his own judgment, he should think most proper ; and these were drawn up between the two parties appointed to begin the assault. My lot was on the side where the prince and earl were in person ; and where we sustained the only loss from the first fire of the enemy.

Our men though quite exposed, and though the glacis was all escaped upon the live rock, went on with an undaunted courage ; and, immediately after the first fire of the enemy, all, that were not killed or wounded, leaped in, pel-mel, amongst the enemy ; who, being thus boldly attacked, and seeing others pouring in upon them, retired in great confusion ; and some one way, some another, ran into the inward works. There was a large port in the flank of the principal bastion, towards the north east, and a covered way, through which the general and the Prince of Hesse followed the flying forces ; and by that means became possessed of it. Luckily enough here lay a number of great stones in the gorge of the bastion, for the use of the fortification ; with which we made a sort of breast-work, before the enemy recovered of their amaze, or made any considerable fire upon us from their inward fort, which commanded the upper part of that bastion.

We were afterwards informed, that the commander of the citadel, expecting but one attack, had called off the men from the most distant and western part of the fort, to that side which was next the town ; upon which our men got into a demi-bastion in the most extreme part of the fortification. Here they got possession of three pieces of cannon, with hardly any opposition ; and had leisure to cast up a little entrenchment, and to make use of the guns they had taken to defend it. Under this situation, the enemy, when drove into the inward fort, were exposed to our fire from those places we were possessed of, in case they offered to make any sally, or other attempt against us. Thus, we every moment became better and better prepared against any effort of the garrison. And, as they could not pretend to assail us without evident hazard, so nothing remained for us to do till we could bring up our artillery and mortars. Now it was that the general sent for the thousand men under Brigadier Stanhope's command, which he had posted at a convent, half way between the town and Monjouick. There was almost a total cessation of fire, the men on both sides being under cover. The general was in the upper part of the bastion ; the Prince of Hesse below, behind a little work at the point of the bastion, whence he could only see the heads of the enemy over the parapet of the inward fort. Soon after an accident happened, which cost that gallant prince his life.

The enemy had lines of communication between Barcelona and Monjouick. The governor of the former, upon hearing the firing

from the latter, immediately sent four hundred dragoons on horseback, under orders, that two hundred dismounting should reinforce the garrison, and the other two hundred should return with their horses back to the town. When those two hundred dragoons were accordingly got into the inward fort, unseen by any of our men, the Spaniards, waving their hats over their heads, repeated over and over, *Viva el Rey, Viva*. This the Prince of Hesse unfortunately took for a signal of their desire to surrender. Upon which, with too much warmth and precipitancy, calling to the soldiers following, 'They surrender, they surrender!' he advanced with near three hundred men (who followed him without any orders from their general,) along the curtain which led to the ditch of the inward fort. The enemy suffered them to come to the ditch, and there surrounding them took two hundred of them prisoners, at the same time making a discharge upon the rest, who were running back the way they came. This firing brought the Earl of Peterborough down from the upper part of the bastion, to see what was doing below. When he had just turned the point of the bastion, he saw the Prince of Hesse retiring with the men that had so rashly advanced. The Earl had exchanged a very few words with him, when, from a second fire, that prince received a shot in the great artery of the thigh, of which he died immediately, falling down at the general's feet, who instantly gave orders to carry off the body to the next convent.

Almost the same moment, an officer came to acquaint the Earl of Peterborough, that a great body of horse and foot, at least three thousand, were on their march from Barcelona towards the fort. The distance is near a mile, all uneven ground; so that the enemy was either discoverable, or not to be seen, just as they were marching on the hills, or in the valleys. However, the general directly got on horseback, to take a view of those forces from the rising ground without the fort, having left all the posts, which were already taken, well secured with the allotted numbers of officers and soldiers.

'But the event will demonstrate of what consequence the absence or presence of one man may prove on great occasions: No sooner was the Earl out of the fort, the care of which he had left under the command of the Lord Charlemont, (a person of known merit and undoubted courage, but somewhat too flexible in his temper) when a panic fear (though the Earl, as I have said, was only gone to take a view of the enemy) seized upon the soldiery, which was a little too easily complied with by the Lord Charlemont, then commanding officer. True it is; for I heard an officer, ready enough to take such advantages, urge to him, that none of all those out-posts we were become masters of, were tenable; that to offer at it would be no better than wilfully sacrificing human lives to caprice and humour; and just like a man's knocking his head against stone walls, to try which was hardest. Having overheard this piece of lip-oratory, and finding by the answer that it was too likely to prevail, and that all I was like to say would avail nothing, I slipped away

as fast as I could, to acquaint the general with the danger impending. As I passed along, I took notice, that the panic was upon the increase; the general rumour affirming, that we should be all cut off by the troops that were come out of Barcelona, if we did not immediately gain the hills, or the houses possessed by Miquelets. Officers and soldiers, under this prevailing terror, quitted their posts, and in one united body (the Lord Charlemont at the head of them) marched, or rather hurried out of the fort; and were come half-way down the hill before the Earl of Peterborough came up to them; though, on my acquainting him with the shameful and surprizing accident, he made no stay; but answering, with a good deal of vehemence, 'Good God, is it possible!' hastened back as fast as he could. I never thought myself happier than in this piece of service to my country. I confess I could not but value it, as having been therein more than a little instrumental in the glorious successes which succeeded; since immediately upon this notice from me, the Earl galloped up the hill, and lighting when he came to Lord Charlemont, he took his half pike out of his hand; and turning to the officers and soldiers, told them, if they would not face about and follow him, they should have the scandal and eternal infamy upon them, of having deserted their posts, and abandoned their general. It was surprizing to see with what alacrity and new courage they faced about, and followed the Earl of Peterborough. In a moment they had forgot their apprehensions; and, without doubt, had they met with any opposition, they would have behaved themselves with the greatest bravery. But as these motions were unperceived by the enemy, all the posts were regained, and anew possessed in less than half an hour, without any loss; though, had our forces marched half musket-shot further, their retreat would have been perceived, and all the success attendant on this glorious attempt must have been entirely blasted.

Barcelona itself soon after surrendered. The author mentions the following affecting incident which occurred during the siege.

'Brigadier Stanhope ordered a tent to be pitched as near the trenches as possibly could be with safety; where he not only entertained the chief officers who were upon duty, but likewise the Catalonian gentlemen, who brought Miquelets to our assistance. I remember I saw an old cavalier, having his only son with him, who appeared a fine young gentleman, about twenty years of age, go into the tent, in order to dine with the brigadier. But whilst they were at dinner, an unfortunate shot came from the bastion of St. Antonio, and entirely struck off the head of the son. The father immediately rose up, first looking down upon his headless child, and then lifting up his eyes to heaven, whilst the tears ran down his cheeks, he crossed himself, and only said, *Fiat voluntas tua!* and bore it with a wonderful patience. It was a sad spectacle, and truly it affects me now whilst I am writing.'

After the fall of Barcelona, Lord Peterborough began his march to Valencia ; but he had not proceeded far when he received positive orders to attempt the relief of Santo Mattheo, a place of considerable importance, which was at that time besieged by the Conde de los Torres with upwards of three thousand men. The gallant Earl could not muster more than one thousand foot and two hundred horse. But his genius was fertile in expedients. He dispatched a letter to the governor of Santo Mattheo, to inform him that he was marching to assist him, and inviting him on the sight of his troops, to sally from the place, and to pursue and plunder the enemy which would be all that he would have to do. The Earl took care that this letter should be betrayed to the enemy, who caught the alarm, and precipitately drew off his army while the English general marched into the place without any interruption. The Earl made a feint of pursuing the flying foe, but adhered to his resolution of accomplishing his expedition to Valencia, and securing the possession of that capital. With a body of only two hundred horse, he spread terror every where around by the rapidity of his motions, the sagacity of his plans, and the boldness of his enterprizes. On his approaching the town of Nules, the fortifications of which were in the best repair of any in the kingdom, the garrison, struck with a panic, left the place to the care of one thousand of the town's people, who were well armed for its defence. The Earl, with his accustomed intrepidity, rode up to the gates, and threatened, as soon as his artillery arrived, to lay the town in ruins if a surrender were not agreed upon in six minutes time. The priests, who came out to speak to the Earl, carried this message into the place ; and the fears of the inhabitants caused a ready compliance with the demand.

The whole collective force of the Earl of Peterborough did not, at this period, amount to more than six hundred horse, and two thousand foot. Before he could reach Valencia, he had to make himself master of a strong pass over a river just under the walls of Morviedro. Morviedro, which lies at the bottom of a high hill, on the upper part of which the ruins of Saguntum are still seen, had in it at that time a competent garrison under the command of Brigadier Mahoni. The Earl, who was well aware of the difficulty of taking the place by force, resolved, if possible, to carry it by stratagem. For this purpose he invited Mahoni to an interview ; and having previously stationed his troops to advantage, he ordered that they should wind in a slow march up the side of a hill during the time of the conference. The

Earl first endeavoured to engage Mahoni in the interest of king Charles, but when he found him inflexible to all persuasions of this kind, he begun to change his style.

'You see how near my forces are,' said he, 'and can hardly doubt our soon being masters of the place. What I would therefore offer you is a capitulation, that my inclination may be held in countenance by my honour. Barbarities, however justified by example, are my utter aversion, and against my nature; and to testify so much, together with my good will to your person, was the main intent of this interview.'

Mahoni agreed to return an answer in half an hour, when he surrendered the place. The Duke of Arcos, with a very superior force, was placed on the other side of a very large plain, over which the Earl was obliged to pass. In order to elude the attack of the Duke, Lord Peterborough sent two spies, who were to inform him that

'They overheard the conference between the Earl and Mahoni; and, at the same time, saw a considerable number of pistoles delivered into Mahoni's hands, large promises passing at that instant reciprocally; but above all, that the Earl had recommended to him the procuring the march of the Duke over the plain between them. The spies went and delivered all according to concert; concluding before the Duke that they would ask no reward, but undergo any punishment, if Mahoni did not very soon send to the Duke a request to march over the plain in order to put the concerted plot in execution. It was not long after this pretended discovery, before Mahoni did send, indeed, an officer to the Duke desiring the march of his forces over the plain; but, in reality, to obstruct the Earl's passage, which he knew very well, must be that and no other way.'

But the Duke prepossessed by the previous information of the spies, and suspecting Mahoni's treachery, drew off his forces, and left the Earl to pursue his way without any opposition. On this, and on many other occasions, the Earl compensated the smallness of his force by a presence of mind which never forsook him in the most perilous moments, and which rendered him as fertile as Hannibal, or any other great general in those combinations of art which supply the defect of numbers, and which evince that knowledge of human nature which procures its own safety by a judicious application to the fears, the passions, and the interests of its adversaries.

As moralists, we cannot often commend the actions of heroes; but as war is one of the evils which is destined to afflict the world, till the christian precepts of universal benevolence are universally practised, we think that those military strata-

gems, by which danger is eluded, defeat prevented, or victory secured, deserve as much praise as those conflicts of physical strength, where the success is more owing to brute force than to intellectual penetration. The present and the past condition of the world may almost induce us to believe that a state of war is the natural state of man; but this proposition is proved false when we consider that virtue, considered under its several heads of temperance, truth, justice, and benevolence, is the law of our nature; or in other words, that there is a reciprocal fitness between those virtues and the constitution of man. But, if this be the case, then a state of war cannot be the natural state of man; for the virtues of war are the vices of peace. A rigid observance of the great duties of truth, justice, and humanity, is incompatible with a state of war; and consequently war being opposite to that virtue, which is the law of our nature, or that state of action, to which our nature is best adapted by the author of our being, is most repugnant to our nature, and most offensive to God.

Lord Peterborough entered Valencia, without farther opposition, after having traversed a large tract of Spain with only a handful of troops, but by a singular conjunction of courage and address overcoming every obstacle in his way. Here the author tells us that the

‘Earl had a secret concern for the public, which lay gnawing at his heart, and which yet he was forced to conceal.’

The truth is, that he was almost entirely destitute of military resources except such as his own genius could supply; and the war which he could have terminated in the first instance, by securing Valencia, and then marching to the capital, seemed likely to be protracted to an indefinite extent by the folly of his employers, and at last to have an unfortunate result. With a body of only two thousand foot and six hundred horse, he again set out for Barcelona in order to oppose king Philip, who was on his march for that place with an army of upwards of twenty-five thousand men under the command of a marshal of France. But the Earl posted himself and his diminutive force so judiciously in the hills which surround the city of Barcelona, that the marshal was incapable of deriving any advantage from his great superiority of numbers, and was kept in perpetual alarm by the impetuous and incessant activity of the Earl, who constantly varied his situation, and, when most ardently sought, was always farthest off from being found. The military capacity of Peterborough never shone more resplendent than

on this occasion. The French, though perpetually harassed by the English forces, pressed the siege with great vigour; but on the arrival of the English fleet with a small reinforcement for the garrison, they suddenly abandoned the attempt, and left behind them most of their artillery, ammunition, and provisions. The whole collective force, which Lord Peterborough could muster on this occasion, including the recent reinforcement, did not exceed seven thousand foot and four hundred horse, or not one-third of the troops which were in possession of the enemy. But notwithstanding this, the French army instead of retiring into the interior of Spain, found such numerous obstacles placed in their way by the deliberate sagacity and wise precautions of the English general, that they were obliged to march towards the frontiers of France. If the councils of Lord Peterborough had after this been steadily pursued, and he had not himself been so soon superseded in the command by the Earl of Galway, who was greatly inferior to him in military capacity, the French would never have been able to place the grandson of Louis on the Spanish throne. After the departure of Lord Peterborough, the cause of the Archduke became gradually more desperate, and the two great victories of Almanar and Saragossa, instead of retrieving his affairs, served only to accelerate the ruin of his cause.

Captain Carleton bestows high praises on the pleasures of Valencia, and says that, according to a Spanish proverb, they are *'such as would make a Jew forget Jerusalem.'* He particularly celebrates the profusion of female beauty in this enchanting spot. He mentions an imprudent adventure of two English officers, which, if it had not been for the humane and courteous interposition of Lord Peterborough, would have been productive of very fatal consequences.

The author informs us that it is customary for young people in an evening to go to the convents in order to have a little innocent chit chat with the nuns through the grate. Two of our countrymen embraced this opportunity of making love to two of the fair sisters who were immured in one of the convents at Valencia; and they prosecuted their suit with so much dexterity and success, that they actually prevailed on the two vestals to elope from their place of confinement. It was the custom of that convent for the nuns to take their turns every week in keeping the keys of all the doors. When the turn of one of these ladies came, they took care to apprize their lovers, who embraced the opportunity of carrying them off without any molestation. This notable affair, as might be expected, caused a great

lame and ery in the town and neighbourhood. The parents of the vestals vowed vengeance for the affront. The aggressors were soon known, but with difficulty they effected their escape. The poor nuns, however, who were basely deserted by their paramours, knew not where to fly. They were taken and were condemned to be immured or shut up within four narrow walls open only at the top, where they were to receive a small allowance of bread and water till they were gradually starved to death. The earl of Peterborough, who was highly exasperated against the two officers, was, at the same time, powerfully affected by the cruel fate which awaited the victims of their seduction. But he was obliged to be very cautious in his proceedings lest he should seem to countenance the act, which so forcibly outraged the public opinion of the Spaniards. The charitable intercessions of the earl were warmly opposed by the superiors of the convent, but particularly by the relations of the parties, who seemed to thirst for the gratification of their barbarous revenge. But the generous earl first got the penalty suspended, and afterwards, says Captain Carleton

‘By the dint of a very considerable sum of money (a most powerful argument which prevails in every country) saved the poor nuns from immuring; and at last, though with great reluctance, he got them received again into the nunnery.’

Among other agreeable details, which are to be found in this volume, we ought to mention a very pleasing description of the mountain and hermitages of Montserrat. To this we may add the account which the author has given of the ceremony practised on the initiation of a nun; and of that source of recreation to a Spaniard termed a *bull feast*.

The military exertions of Captain Carleton in Spain were terminated by his being made prisoner at the siege of the castle of Denia; which was surrendered to the enemy by the perfidy of the governor. After this, he remained on his parole for three years at Sante Clemente de La Mancha, a place which has been rendered famous by the pen of Cervantes. Here Captain Carleton passed his time very pleasantly, and conciliated the esteem of the inhabitants by his amiable qualities. He seems to have been particularly wary not to offend the religious prejudices of the natives, by any ridicule or opposition. The *outward ceremonies* of religion, are things so indifferent in themselves, that a wise man will rather judge it more rational and becoming to conciliate good will by conformity, than to excite hatred and aversion by dissent.

We have on the whole perused these Memoirs with considerable satisfaction. They contain much information relative to a country whose noble exertions in favour of liberty and independence, are at this moment exciting our warmest admiration; and they possess indubitable marks of being the composition of a very intelligent, and what is more rare and more valuable, a truly honest man.

ART. VII.—*Queenhoo Hall, a Romance; and Ancient Times, a Drama; By the late Joseph Strutt. 4 Vols. 12mo. Murray.*

IT does not frequently happen that we are called upon to estimate in the same writer the merits of deep and laborious research and those of imagination and fancy. Yet, however rarely they may be found united, there is every reason to wish that union a circumstance of more frequent occurrence. Although some metaphysical critics may be inclined to ridicule, or to deny, the fact, nevertheless, it is undoubtedly true, that there exists a propensity in human nature to magnify the value of things that are past, to attach dignity to the merest trifles which bear the stamp of antiquity, and to rake into the records of former ages for the counterparts of what, in the present, are deemed hardly worthy of our attention. The helmet, the hauberk, and the cuirass, nay even the slashed doublet, studded belt, and golden spur, are objects of high and mysterious interest on account of this imaginary value, although to the cold calculations of reason, the cocked hat and feather, the coat, waistcoat, breeches, and boots of an officer in the guards, are fully as respectable. Yet all the reasoning in the world cannot alter the common feelings of our nature. A host of military retainers with all the particulars of dress and equipage must (whether like *Chinese* painting, or not,) form a very interesting picture; while a full establishment of modern livery servants with the appendages of gold-headed canes, laced hats, and epaulets, is an object fit only for burlesque or satire.

The characters and manners of our ancestors are, in our opinion, (but we deliver it with great submission to the modern philosophers) no unwise nor unworthy objects of our curiosity. History itself, unaided by this active principle, becomes a mere detail of facts, or at best a dry and abstract speculation, without much practical use or profit. But when we learn to view the characters of which it treats in

their proper persons and habits, to converse with them in their own language, to enter with them into their houses and castles, to accompany them in their exercises of pleasure, business, or devotion, it is then that we are enabled to estimate properly the real dignity of history, and to derive the greatest possible advantage from the study of it.

We see no objection to the plan of mixing this useful and agreeable species of information with the productions of fancy. On the contrary, when the mind is already engaged by the progress of some entertaining fiction, the characters and manners which are introduced, make a stronger impression, and produce a warmer interest than they are capable of exciting in a work of mere abstract detail, or illustration. Whether poetry or prose be the vehicle in which it is conveyed, the practice appears to us equally deserving of praise and encouragement. One only limit seems necessary to be prescribed to its use, and that limit may be fixed by the judgment of the writer. Wherever the interest of the fable is so strong, or the action so rapid, as to reject unnecessary delay, all minuteness of description, nay even all reference to particularities in custom and manner should be avoided. The influence of passion is general and unaltered by age or climate; the operations of nature are invariable; and where any of these are intended to be very strongly portrayed, all attention to lesser objects irritates and disgusts the reader and entirely destroys the effect which is desired. In *Marmion*, for instance, the descriptions of the baron's person and retinue, of his reception at Norham castle, his entertainment at the board of his host, and even the conversation which passed at that entertainment, are perfectly admissible, and (were it not for certain defects which we have noticed on a former occasion, but which are independent of the present question) would be extremely just and pleasing. But when the writer breathes from the heat of battle and leads us away from his dying hero only to show us the Gothic characters inscribed on the tomb of Sybill Grey, we are most properly offended and tempted, at the moment, to exclaim, 'This is the very vice of antiquarian pedantry!' So, in the entertaining little volume before us, the extreme minuteness of detail with which the May-games and country-sports, the alehouse assemblies and village superstitions, are delineated, is extremely attractive and entertaining. No great action is delayed, no ruling interest checked by it. But when a lady, in relating the most melancholy and affecting circumstances of her life, circumstances which combine every degree of horror and passion, which force floods of tears from her eyes

at the bare remembrance, and are supposed to produce an effect hardly less powerful on the minds of her hearers, stops to tell us that 'she removed her *mantle*, but retained her *coat-hardy*, which she always wore when travelling in the summer;' that her brother 'pulled off his *huke*, *mantle*, and *upper tunic*, which was no sooner done, than the hostess brought him her husband's sandy-cloak to throw over his shoulders,' that the girl of the house, at her request 'slipped on her *juppon*, and quitted the room without having laced the bosom of her *kirtel*,' that, 'entering a little further, she saw a *gisarme* stained with blood lying on the floor,' and (above all) that when, in the greatest anguish of mind, she reached her protector's house at Billericay, she was introduced into 'a hall hung with tapestry and the pavement strewn with clean rushes,' and 'accommodated with a carved stool, and cushion handsomely embroidered,' all the interest which we ought to have in the characters and in the fable, is exchanged for that afforded by a glossarial dictionary.

The plot of this romance is very simple and confined, so much so as to make it a great deal too evident that it could only be intended as a vehicle for antiquarian illustration; and thus that which ought to be the appendage is in fact the principal object. Queenhoo hall, in Hertfordshire, is the baronial residence of Lord Boteler, a good old English knight of the fifteenth century. The ladies Matilda and Eleanor, (the niece and daughter of the baron) condescended, in the absence of the lord, to witness the celebration of May-day sports by the domestics and retainers of the house. Toward the conclusion of the games, a set of mummers unknown to any of the parties make their appearance, and a sort of mock tournament is presented, in which the victor, after throwing away his mummerly weeds, and appearing in the form of a young and gallant knight, presents a magnificent chaplet of gold and precious stones to the Lady Matilda, and hails her 'sovereign of the May.' He then departs without any further explanation, and nobody knows what course he has taken.

The mystery attending upon this occurrence occupies the conversation of the fair cousins for a day or two till the baron returns and informs them that he expects the young Lord St. Clere (a favourite of the king's) to take up his residence for a few days at Queenhoo hall. In the mean time they chance to meet a young lady whose person and manner excites in them a very considerable interest, and who had lived for some weeks past at the cottage of the baron's ran-

ger in a state of concealment. She is persuaded to accompany them to the mansion-house, and exchange her poor lodging for a more convenient apartment. In the course of conversation, Matilda relates the events of May-day, and shews the mysterious chaplet, at sight of which the stranger swoons away. On recovering, she proceeds to explain the cause of her extraordinary agitation, and relates the history of her life, which includes the greatest part of the book. It is the relation of the supposed murder of her brother and only friend by robbers, and of her own subsequent adventures, dangers, and distresses, in attempting to recover her birth-right, which had been invaded by a covetous and unprincipled kinsman; but it is not distinguished by a sufficient variety of incident to atone for its great prolixity and minuteness of detail. Within a few days after she has finished, the expected guest arrives, and in him Matilda discovers the victor at the tournament, and Lady Emma Darcy recognizes the dear brother whom she believed to be dead. Meanwhile Gaston, the wicked cousin, forms a design to surprise and murder Emma; and a new character is all at once raised up in a certain Lord Fitzosborne, merely to rescue the intended victim and punish the peridious miser.

Saint Clere then marries Matilda, Eleanor finds a husband in Lord Fitzalan, (who is often mentioned, but to no great purpose before,) and the upstart Fitzosborne is rewarded for his gratuitous gallantry by the hand of Emma.

There is an underplot among the domestics, also, which is by far the most entertaining part of the book; and upon this the author has bestowed all the treasures of his curious lore without any interruption of graver matters or any sacrifice of interest.

Upon the whole, we think ourselves obliged to say, that *Queenhoo Hall* is a tedious performance notwithstanding many amusing and characteristic bits. It is one of those books with which we are entertained, but not interested, as we proceed, which we take up with pleasure, but lay down without regret, which keeps us in good humour while we are reading, but does not leave much behind it that we can praise or recommend. It is very diffuse and inartificial as a story; as a picture of the times, particularly among the lower orders of people, it is exact and familiar; and it will add to Mr. Strutt's reputation as an antiquarian, if it does not establish for him the character of a strong and lively imagination.

The drama of 'Ancient Times' it had probably been wiser to suppress than publish, not on account of any glaring faults, but for the total absence of all distinguished merit.

ART. VIII.—*A Practical Treatise of Powers*, By Edward Burtenshaw Sugden, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister at Law. Reed.

WE fully agree with Mr. Sugden that the Essay on Powers published by Mr. Powel, is not such a work as to render a further illustration of the same subject superfluous; and we think it will be generally admitted by the profession that Mr. Sugden himself has supplied the deficiency which still remained in the best and most useful manner. It is no small praise to a work of this description that the style is clear, simple, and concise; that the author neither absurdly attempts to strew the dry and regular path of the law with flowers, (as is the fashion among many contemporary writers) nor pedantically adheres to the stiff and technical quaintness of our musty ancestors. When to this we add, that his arrangement of the subject is lucid, his information correct, and his conclusions (as far as we have been able to estimate them) generally just and of practical utility, we have said all that the nature of the work can admit.

One of the most striking points of observation to a general reader is the great, and in some instances we fear, hurtful extent to which courts of equity have carried their interference in the plain and simple rules of law, an interference which has, perhaps, occasioned more mischief by the vast encouragement of litigation, than good by the particular cases in which it has promoted the ends of true justice, and corrected hardship and oppression. In the earlier periods of the existence of this most singular branch of our constitution, while men guided themselves of necessity less by precedent than by the circumstances of every new case, it required the soundest judgment to abstain from violating the principles of law in almost every instance of apparent hardship arising from its execution.

Among the great men who have held the seals from Elizabeth's time to our own, some undoubtedly were clear-sighted enough to ascertain with precision in what cases they could make use of their unbounded privilege of equity to the general advancement of justice, and in what they were likely to involve themselves and their successors in difficulties to the mischief of which the hardship of the individual case bore no proportion. But many, with the best intentions and the soundest knowledge of the law, did not possess minds sufficiently vigorous to resist the pressure of circumstances, nor sufficiently capacious to estimate the effect of their decisions upon the general system which they tended to modify.

The consequence is that in many notorious instances,

the courts of equity find themselves at the present day entangled by precedents which ought never to have existed, which they would most gladly dispense with, at the same time that they feel (and rightly feel) that the abandonment of them, however injurious, would itself be the very worst of precedents.

It seems, however, to be now the general leaning of the courts not to exceed, even in the smallest degree, the strict measure of former cases; and, though such an inclination is undoubtedly wise and necessary, yet it must be confessed that not unfrequently the conclusions to which it leads involve a considerable degree of apparent absurdity.

The strange doctrine respecting 'illusory appointments' which has obtained for much more than a century in the courts, affords no improper illustration of the above remarks. A general power to appoint among certain persons, leaving the ratio of appointment at the disposal of the owner of the power, any execution of the power complying with the strict letter of it, by leaving something, however small, to each of its objects, could not, at law, be impugned. But equity took upon herself to say (with how much injustice, as a *general* rule is evident;) 'all the objects of this power were meant to be substantially benefited—you shall therefore appoint to all, if not *equal* shares, at least, shares not *so unequal* as virtually to exclude any one from the benefit he was intended to receive.' From the day when that doctrine was first held to the present, it is easy to imagine how strangely the courts have fluctuated in their construction of this vague and indefinite rule. They have long seen the impropriety of its having ever been adopted, but cannot now get out of the chains of precedent which tie them down. The last decisions on the subject go only so far as to say that the very smallest share which has been allowed in any former case shall be the measure of future executions. From this arbitrary establishment of a certain ratio, where none whatever is afforded by the nature of the thing, the following absurdity ensues. For the sake of complying with the *supposed* intention of the grantor, an appointment of 10*l.* may be considered as a defective, and one of ten guineas, as a valid, execution of the power he has given, although it is merely certain that both seem equally consistent with, or equally repugnant to, his genuine meaning. If he intended (the supposition of which is the only pretence for interference) that *all* should be intrinsically benefited, then so trifling a sum as either ten pounds or ten guineas must have been equally out of his contemplation, when the sum given, if equally divided, would have

produced five hundred or a thousand pounds for every share. If on the other hand (which is at least equally probable in the reason of things) he meant that the person empowered by him should have the uncontrolled discretion of appointing among the persons he has named, then it is equally agreeable to his intention that ten guineas, or ten pounds, or ten shillings, should be the amount of the smallest share appointed.

This, however, by no means tends to impeach the wisdom with which the rule, however inconsistent, has at least been established. Hampered as it is by precedents, it is perhaps impossible that the court could have adopted any one more generally just, and involving less of incongruity and absurdity.

We will subjoin by way of specimen of Mr. Sugden's method of treatment, his statement of, and general conclusion from, the late cases upon which that rule has been founded.

“Thus the doctrine stood till the late case of *Butcher v. Butcher*, in which the master of the rolls, after delivering the most luminous and argumentative judgment perhaps in the books, held, that as no case had been found in which a sum of the amount in the case before him had been declared illusory, there was no ground upon which he thought himself justified in determining that this was an invalid appointment. He summed up the difficulties attending this branch of equitable jurisdiction in a few words. To say, under such a power an illusory share must not be given, or that a substantial share must be given, is rather to raise a question than establish a rule. What is an illusory share, and what is a substantial share? Is it to be judged of upon a mere statement of the sum given, without reference to the amount of the fortune which is the subject of the power? If so, what is the sum that must be given to exclude the interference of the court? What is the limit of amount at which it ceases to be illusory and begins to be substantial? If it is to be considered with reference to the amount of the fortune, what is the proportion, either of the whole, or of the share, that would belong to each upon an equal division?

“In the case of *Butcher v. Butcher*, there were nine persons, and the fund amounted to about 17000*l*. To some of the children 200*l*, 3 per cents only were given; so that reckoning the stock at even 20 per cent. the share did not exceed a hundred and twenty-second part of the fund. In the next case which came before the master of the rolls, the fund was 2500*l*. South sea annuities, and there were only two objects of the power; to one 100*l*. stock was given, and the residue to the other. The first therefore had only a twenty-fifth share; and the master of the rolls referring to his former decision, held the appointment not illusory. Another case came soon afterwards, in which the fund was 2500*l*. There were five objects

of the power. To some the donee of the power gave only a share which amounted to 33*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* each, when, upon an equal division, they would have been entitled to 500*l.* each. The master of the rolls said that he adhered to the rule he laid down in *Butcher v. Butcher*; that he would go as far as he was bound by authority and no farther. Shew me, he added, a case in which a specific sum, or an equal proportion of what would be the share of each object of the appointment upon an equal division, has been held to be illusory, and I will in the same case make the same decision. And, after shewing that *Kemp v. Kemp** was an authority only as to the 10*l.*, and did not turn upon the 50*l.*, he determined that the appointment was good, as the sum of 33*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* was not the same specific sum, or the same proportion of the share of each child, upon an equal division; that had been in any former case held to be illusory.

In the foregoing case, with reference to the whole fund, the share given was only equal to about a seventy-fifth of it; and in another case, which occurred a month afterwards, and is the last case on the subject, the disproportion was still greater. The fund amounted to about 7100*l.* and there were nine objects of the power, seven of whom had only about 71*l.* apiece given to them. The point was given up in argument; and the master of the rolls thought that there was nothing in an objection taken that there might be more children, there was so little probability, under the circumstances, that the shares would ever be reduced below the standard under which he had said he should consider himself bound by the authorities.

The result of the authorities, then, is rather a negative than an affirmative rule. Lord Alvanley has determined that where a party is in default of appointment to take a third share, a gift of a hundred and ninetieth share to him is illusory†; and here at length the line appears to have been drawn; so that any share which squared by this rule would exceed that in amount, is not illusory. As the rule is now established, some of the objects may in effect be excluded; therefore, where it is intended that a party shall have a power to divide the fund amongst several objects in substantial proportions according to his discretion, but shall not be at liberty to give merely a nominal share to any; the smallest sum which the person creating the power would wish each of the objects in any event to have, should be named; and it should be expressly declared that the donee of the power shall not appoint a less sum to any one of the objects. p. 405—407.

* A case decided by Lord Alvanley, and the last, in order of time, before that of *Butcher v. Butcher*. —The circumstances of that case are stated by Mr. S. in a preceding paragraph.

† That being the ratio in the case of *Kemp v. Kemp* before cited.

Art. IX.—*A more extended Discussion in favour of Liberty of Conscience, recommended by the Rev. Christopher Wyvill. Johnson. 1808.*

MR. WYVILL is one of the few persons, whose lives have been marked by an uniform consistency in maintaining the great principles of civil and of religious liberty. The principles which Mr. Wyvill defended in his youth, he has not deserted in his age. Changes of circumstances have made no change in his character nor his conduct. He knows, he feels, and he reveres, the immutability of truth. In his pure and upright mind, truth and falsehood are not conventional and fluctuating things; their differences are fixed, permanent, and eternal. The advances of age, the dark and turbid aspect of the political horizon, and the convulsed state of the nations of Europe, have not been able to alter, to shake, or to subvert the principles which Mr. Wyvill espoused in an earlier period; when the ardour of youth invigorated the love of liberty, and when the political hemisphere of Europe was more unclouded and serene. Freedom has never for a moment relinquished her hold on his understanding or his heart; and the augmented experience of years has served to convince him that it is not to the principles of civil or of religious liberty, but to the neglect of those principles that we may trace the miseries of Europe; and that it is only by a penitential recurrence to those principles, and a constant obedience to their immortal precepts, that the present distractions of the world can be composed, and that genuine tranquillity and happiness can be secured. It is time to have done with autocrats and popes, with secular and with spiritual despots of every description, whether in ermine, in purple, or in lawn. The tragedy of temporal and of spiritual domination has been acted long enough; the hypocritical pageantry may have cheated the senses, but nothing but murder, cruelty, and injustice, have been perpetrated under the mask.

Mr. Wyvill was formerly the associate of Mr. Pitt, when the bosom of that gentleman, who was not yet minister, glowed, or seemed to glow, with the flame of liberty. To this *appearance*, for the event proved that it was nothing but *appearance*, Mr. Pitt was indebted for his first elevation to power, and for the transports of popular applause with which his administration seemed so auspiciously to begin. But Mr. Pitt had no love of liberty, except as far as it was identified with his personal lust of power. All his early professions, therefore, of a desire to renovate and to improve

the constitutional liberties of his country, were abandoned as soon as they had served his turn. Like the ladders, by which ambition rises to the pinnacle of power, they were kicked down when they could not enable him to mount to a greater height.

Mr. Wyvill, though he was seriously affected by the apostasy of Mr. Pitt, was not seduced by the example to imitate the crime. He continued to pursue the same temperate plan of civil and ecclesiastical reformation, which his reason and his conscience told him to be necessary to avert the destruction of his country. During the hurricane of the French revolution, where there was a conflict of opposing interests, of prejudices and passions, greater than had ever been experienced before, and when the wild hubbub seemed to shake the very centre of the moral world, Mr. Wyvill and his friends, like wise and constant men, did not, as many less honest or less virtuous men did, cut asunder the sheet anchor of their principles, and suffer themselves to be drifted in the same vessel of despair with the alarmists by the fury of the storm. No; they knew that neither the madness of courts, nor the tumult of the people, nor the falling of thrones, nor the wreck of nations, could alter the nature of freedom and of truth. They knew that, notwithstanding a long intermediate state of turbulence and confusion, the principles which they had defended would be finally acknowledged; and that it would be necessary to resort to them in order to avert the misery which their abandonment had occasioned. Such a period seems at last to have arrived. WHENCE DO THE EVILS UNDER WHICH EUROPE HAS GROANED FOR THE LAST FIFTEEN YEARS PROCEED, BUT FROM A SHAMELESS DERELICTION OF THE TRUE PRINCIPLES OF LIBERTY? Whence have ensued the subversion of so many governments, and the subjugation of so many nations by the ambition of France? Whence if not from the inherent nature of despotism, which never can command the warm, the zealous, the affectionate support of its subjects?

If this country have hitherto been able to resist the arms of France, she is indebted for this favour solely to the remnant of liberty which she still retains. But, in proportion as France succeeds in condensing the minor despotisms of the continent into one mighty tyranny under the sceptre of Bonaparte, more necessary will it be for us to cherish this spirit of freedom, to increase its activity, and to diffuse its influence, on which alone at this moment our self-preservation as a state depends. It behoves us seriously to examine

what are the rotten and defective parts of our civil and ecclesiastical constitution, and to lose no time in applying the necessary repairs. It is the duty, and in this critical juncture not less the duty than the interest of the government, to inspire the people with the enthusiastic ardour of liberty that they may be willing cheerfully to submit not only to every privation, but even to death itself in defence of their country.

Slaves have no country which they can call their own; or at least which they feel to be worth fighting for. Though they, as well as free-men, must have a place of nativity; yet that place is associated with none of those causes of animation and endearment by which the genius of liberty connects *her* sons with their natal soil. The slave has no feelings of personal dignity to connect with the honour and independence of his nominal country. If that country be subdued by a foreign foe, a change of masters is the only evil which he can endure. And this evil will not be unaccompanied with the hope of good; for he, whose present circumstances present nothing but the aspect of gloom and suffering, will always think that he may be benefited by a change of situation. Some pleasurable expectations of an ameliorated condition will cross his path, even while he is advancing to a worse, but *new* species of subjugation. But known evils are always in the fallaciousness of human estimates greater than the unknown. The governments of the continent would not have fallen so easily before the sword of the French, if the rulers had not been despots and the people slaves. The people had nothing to fight for; and their condition under a new yoke could hardly be worse and might be better than it was under the old. That heroic courage which will brave death, and make its life a willing offering on the altar of patriotism, may animate a free man, but is not to be expected in a slave.

Demosthenes remarks, that a despotic government is necessarily and instinctively hostile to a free, particularly when both possess an adjacent territory. If this observation be just, FREE BRITAIN must constitute an object of implacable hostility to despotic France, as long as Britain preserves her liberty, and France retains her servitude. But it is this liberty which, while it renders this country the object of Gallic animosity, constitutes her best, her safest, her only SELF-PRESERVING POWER. A nation of men, truly free and worthy of freedom, need not dread the most vindictive hostility of any despotism, whatever may be its magnitude or its force.

Hence the safety of the British monarchy is more than ever identified with the liberties of the people. Hence the government of this country is more than ever interested in enlarging the liberties of the subject, and in correcting those abuses which time alone will imperceptibly introduce into every civil and ecclesiastical constitution. Mr. Wyvill, in the present publication, is anxious to direct the attention of the country to the repeal of those statutes of intolerance which still disgrace the religious and the social polity of the state; and to establish that unbounded liberty of conscience which accords with the most elaborate deductions of reason, and the most sublime precepts of revelation. Civil liberty cannot exist without religious; and though a high comparative degree of religious liberty has for many years been enjoyed in this country, yet the late proceedings against Mr. Stone are a palpable dereliction of that tolerant spirit, which had heretofore been cherished and practised in this country. And if we are to place any credit in a menace which was dropped by one of the counsel for the prosecution, this act of intolerance is to be followed by the exercise of a still more unchristian persecution. Yet, notwithstanding this indecent threat, we trust that the government will be too wise to follow the suggestions of the advocate; but if they do follow it, we are certain it will be productive of consequences which will endanger the very safety of the empire. These are not fit days for protestant governments to place popish inquisitors over the consciences of men. The age is too much enlightened for the dangerous experiment; and we think that those, who attempt it, may read their fate without our assistance.

Mr. Wyvill thinks that much good has been done to the cause of religious liberty by the late discussions which have taken place in parliament, on the question of catholic emancipation. That question was certainly supported in the two houses by the most powerful arguments; and those arguments were combated only by frivolous objections. But the arguments, though strong and indeed unanswerable in their kind, took rather the ground of expediency than of right, and the present state of Ireland was more urged than those principles of religious liberty which furnish the most solid support to the claims of the catholics, not only in the present moment of danger, but in all seasons and at all times; not only in the tumult of war but in the tranquillity of peace. We do not wish any concessions to the catholics nor to any other sect, so much from the instigations of fear as from a sense of right; not so much from any dread of their opposi-

tion, if their petition be not granted, as from a conviction that they ask no more than it is our duty to bestow. Times of peril are indeed usually those when governments are most willing to lend a favourable ear to the discussions of right. Where men would otherwise be unwilling to relax the rigours of oppression, terror may lend a reasonable aid to the agency of truth. But it is not by forced but gratuitous, not by constrained but by voluntary concessions, not by waiting till clamour is provoked and the sense of injury infuriates the passions, but by anticipating the feeling of injustice and preventing the effects by the boon of an unforced benevolence, that any government can secure the affections of its subjects. To give merely because we cannot withhold any longer, or because our selfishness is inferior only to our fears, is to confer no boon, and to merit no thanks. It is not to be generous but base. But yet such is the way which most governments take to be bountiful, to redress the wrongs or to acknowledge the rights of their subjects; and thus they rather alienate than conciliate affection. They usually suffer the favourable moment of concession to glide away, and by never making any addition to the popular stock of civil and religious liberty till they cannot do otherwise, they do not put in even one pretension to gratitude till they have merited heart-felt execration.

We have no doubt that the assent of the government will finally be given to the petitions of the catholics; but it will not be given, till after it has been so repeatedly denied, that it will appear to be rather a matter of necessity than of choice. Instead of being regarded with gratitude as the free-will offering of spontaneous beneficence, it will rather be considered as a triumph over the weakness and the fears of an enemy and oppressor. The favourable moment for granting all that the catholics ask was that of the union. If the measure of emancipation had then been voluntarily conceded by the government, it would have been received with an enthusiastic ardour of attachment that would instantly have appeased the discontents of Ireland, and have consolidated the interest and the affections of the empire. But at the moment of the union, the emancipation of the catholics instead of being gratuitously conceded was only hypocritically promised, and that promise was perfidiously broken.

But though the government of this country have omitted the most favourable opportunity of doing justice to the catholics, they have still the means of securing a large share of popular applause, and of exciting even the enthusiastic ardour of public gratitude by instantly conferring on a large, a highly respectable, erudite, and virtuous body of

christians in this country, a favour which they have not *hitherto* solicited, and which therefore will have all that salutary influence on the public mind which acts of free and spontaneous beneficence and patriotism cannot fail to produce. By the 9th and 10th of William III. the whole society of christians who maintain the strict literal unity of the Godhead, and who worship according to the principles of reason and the precepts of Christ, one only God, are placed under the impending axe of a statute, which would have disgraced even a period of the most sanguinary persecution. Let the present ministers instantly repeal the unchristian clauses of this barbarous law: and if in addition to this act of enlightened liberality they will substitute a few simple and truly scriptural articles, such as we mentioned in p 324 of our last number, for the present thirty-nine complex, scholastic, and ambiguous propositions, and order a reformation of the liturgy on the plan of Dr. Clarke, so as to exclude that uncertain and polemical matter, which, instead of conducing to edification only engenders strife, they will render their names immortal, and will secure the heart-felt gratitude and the willing praise not only of the present generation but of the remotest posterity.

But if the government want either the wisdom or the virtue to do this unasked, we trust that accumulated petitions will hereafter be brought before parliament in favour of the measure, and that the question itself will be debated in parliament, and discussed both in conversation and in print, till such a general conviction of its reasonableness is produced as will make even an unwilling cabinet comply with the demand. The great object of Mr. Wyvill's pamphlet is to invite this discussion, and to render it as general as possible.

‘Considering,’ says Mr. W., ‘the cause of religious liberty to have been much advanced by the late debates, but seeing reason to fear final disappointment from the event of a peace, and from other contingencies which may be foreseen and are not even *improbable*, ought not the friends of religious liberty to seize the *most* favourable opportunity now offered by the circumstances of the country to extend the field of discussion, and to reinforce the arguments which seem calculated only to obtain from the prudence or the humane feelings of the legislature some small and partial boon, by representing the grand considerations of religious duty; by which, when clearly stated, every attempt to bias men in the choice of their religion, whether by terror, or by sordid motives of *ambition*, must be condemned? And as it is the acknowledged duty

of all men diligently to examine the doctrines of religion, and openly to profess what may appear to them to be the truth, it surely ought not to be considered a hopeless and impracticable enterprise to which they are invited; neither could their conduct be justly construed as engaging in a mode of argument disrespectful to our parliament, should they proceed still further to state, with all becoming deference, that from such premises the just consequence is, that it is the duty of the legislature to repeal every law by which the misguided zeal of former ages has infringed that most sacred right to the free choice and free profession of religion; this is the ground on which, sooner or later, christian liberty will be restored; and on any narrower principles it were unreasonable to expect it. And never may the advocates of this inestimable right, in this country, hope to find a fitter occasion than the present, for entering into this most arduous, but necessary, controversy!

‘Already a small but truly respectable band of persons have declared their approbation of the proposed attempt, and testified their adherence to the principles on which it will be conducted.* To more, the plan has been communicated; and by them it has been very generally approved, though they have not yet borne that testimony in its favour which has been given by others. They who have at this early period thus generously stood forward with the proposer of this attempt, are members of our established church; and such is he also himself. Among them one exception alone is known; one dissenter† only from the church has signed the paper alluded to, whom, for his own great character, and that of his venerable father-in-law,‡ it was their honour to admit among them. And he who now stands before the nation, to invite the truly liberal christians of every sect and denomination to contribute their assistance, does it, he trusts, with all due deference and respect for the opinion of the public: but he does it fearlessly, and with perfect satisfaction of mind, because he is conscious he is acting on the best principles of our holy religion. They are the principles so nobly maintained by Hoadly, Clarke, and Locke; they are the principles on which alone protestants can justify their separation from the church of Rome; on which alone christianity can accomplish the gracious purpose of its divine Author, can become the religion of the world, and the source of continual improvement in virtue and happiness to all mankind.

To the liberal, among their brethren of the established church, he and his friends look with confidence for their concurrence; and in whatever proportion they may be found to give it, their assis-

* By signing a petition to parliament for the repeal of every law against the liberty of conscience.

† The Rev. Mr. Disney.

‡ The Rev. Archdeacon Rackburn.

tance will be highly valued ; their conduct will be marked by the generosity which prompts them to extend that redress to others, which they want not for themselves ; and it will at least be creditable to the church, whose members, in any considerable number, manifest this truly christian spirit. To the numerous class of catholics, and the almost equally numerous sects of protestants who differ from our church, they look with not less confidence for their approbation and cordial co-operation : and, thus supported, they trust, their plea for unlimited toleration will not be offered to parliament in vain, in the succeeding session.

And since nothing which can tend to promote the acquisition of religious freedom ought to be deemed an unimportant matter, or unworthy of attention by persons of competent ability and of honest zeal for the restoration of that invaluable right, let it be considered, whether it would, or would not, be advantageous to this best of causes, if the subject were to receive a more extended discussion than has yet been given it, in papers which are widely circulated through the country, in magazines, &c. Numerous classes of the people most liable to be prejudiced against every measure for restoring the rights of conscience, would thus find that information which they want, and would be prepared to maintain against the arts and efforts of intolerant men *the justice and piety as well as the policy and humanity* of repealing every law which restrains or discourages the free exercise of reason in matters of religion. Till at last what all men feel would be owned by all—that religion is every man's grand concern, and ought to be left to his free and unbiassed choice. And hence parliaments, also, would feel that they have exceeded their just power when they have attempted to terrify men by any punishment, or to seduce them by any emolument held forth by the laws, as inducements to prevaricate and to stifle the decisions of their conscience in the choice and profession of religion. And when these most salutary impressions shall have been made on the mind of the public and of the parliament, then and not till then shall we behold the rights of conscience willingly restored to all men, and the spread of rational religion promoted by the free exercise of reason ; then, and not till then, will hypocrisy and the false zeal of bigotry and fanaticism be effectually beaten down by the prevalence of the true gospel spirit of candour, sincerity, and benevolence. But it must not be expected that this will be found an easy task, or that much can be done towards its accomplishment in a short time, and by a few short letters or essays, however forcibly they may be written. The contest will undoubtedly be long and arduous ; and it is much to be feared that no cogency of argument will convince the bigots of intolerance that they are wrong ; and not less to be feared perhaps that no degree of mildness and candour in the whole course and conduct of the intended discussion, on the part of those who may maintain the cause of universal toleration, will prevent those calumnious misrepresentations, those bursts of rage and rancour which in similar disputes have been before ex-

perienced from the advocates of intolerance. Under circumstances of such extreme difficulty, the writer trusts that it may be allowed to a man aged as he is, and not altogether unexperienced in debates, sometimes respecting civil affairs, and sometimes respecting those also which concern religious liberty, to suggest his council to persons younger, and far able than himself to bear a part in the projected controversy. What he would most earnestly represent to them is, that they must be temperate, or they will do more harm than good; that they must persevere, or better would it be that they should not begin; they never must forget that the weapons they have to fight with are those furnished by reason and the gospel; and it will be their first duty so to press their antagonists in the true spirit of religion, that in the course of their dispute not a word, if possible, may escape them, which prudence would wish to recall, or benevolence would disown. The times are truly critical, perils on every side surround us; but fortunately for the friends of toleration the danger of a revolution so insidiously insisted on before by a late great and inconsistent minister, as the sufficient reason for our acquiescence* in measures destructive to national liberty, cannot be apprehended now by the most timid, as a consequence likely to result from their virtuous endeavours in favour of the rights of conscience. Whatever danger may justly be apprehended to arise in the prosecution of this discussion lies all on the side of intolerance. If the clamors of bigots and the calumnies of corrupt politicians should too long prevail over the pleas of sound policy and humanity, and against the christian rule of justice, **TO DO TO OTHERS AS WE WOULD THAT OTHERS SHOULD DO TO US**, then indeed let the fawning sycophants of power, who support that injustice which they condemn, look with fearful apprehension to Ireland; for they will have much to dread: then let this misguided nation tremble at the near approach of that revolution, which may with reason be expected to explode from the rage of disappointed millions. May God in his mercy avert those dreaded evils; may his providence ordain that far better, far wiser dispositions shall be found to influence, before it be too late, those who govern and those who are governed; and may that conduct which is calculated to conciliate our exasperated brethren, to secure this widely-extended empire from internal convulsions and from foreign subjugation, and at last to establish christian peace, benevolence, and liberty, for ever among us, be the happy result of those better and wiser dispositions. But should the event prove far otherwise; should every attempt to promote the benign disposition of the gospel too long prove unsuccessful, should repeated disappointments and repeated insults at last goad the Irish to desperation and madness, and should confusion be the unhappy

* The laws alluded to were not acquiesced in by the nation: by the minister, at that time, they were suffered to expire; and it may be hoped that such measures will not again be resorted to.

consequence in their part of the empire; in that situation of extreme peril and distress, it would be the utmost consolation to the early declared friends of unlimited liberty of conscience to reflect, that their conduct as churchmen engaged in the support of that cause had been uniformly marked by a truly christian spirit; by the constant candour of their controversial writings; and by their impartial endeavour that justice might be done to all who differed from the religion of the state. And should their virtuous efforts be assisted in the course of this discussion by any considerable proportion of those persons who adhere with them to that religion, the generous zeal of churchmen like themselves co-operating with them to diffuse the true principles of gospel-benevolence and christian liberty, would afford to their then-distracted country the best or only ground of hope, that wiser counsels and a happier temper might even then prevail; that the impending revolution, and dismemberment of Ireland, with their inseparable train of crimes and calamities, might even then be averted by a perfect reconciliation with their Irish brethren.

ART. X.—*The Gulistan, or Rose Garden. By Musle Hudeen Shaik Sady, of Sheraz. Translated from the Original by Francis Gladwin. 8vo. Black, Parry, and Kingsbury. 1808.*

'RELYING,' says the author of this beautiful performance, with which Mr. Gladwin has favoured us with an excellent translation, 'on the liberal disposition of the great, who shut their eyes on the defects of the humble, and strive not to expose the faults of inferiors, I have in a summary form comprised in this book morals and choice tales, embellished with verses and relations of meritorious deeds of kings; in collecting materials for which I have spent a considerable part of my life. These were my reasons for writing the *Gulistan*. May God favour me with his aid! The verses and recitals will last for years, when every particle of dust of which I am compounded, will be dispersed. The intention in drawing this picture is that it may remain after me, seeing that existence is fleeting, unless a devout person should one day out of compassion, bestow his blessing on the works of the *Durwaishes*. Having maturely deliberated on the general arrangement of the book, the order of the chapters, and abridging the style of the language, it seemed advisable that this verdant garden, planted like paradise, should also resemble it by having eight gates; and I abridged the work that it might not be thought tedious.'

The contents of the chapters are.

I. On the Morals of Kings. II. On the Morals of *Durwaishes*.

III. On the excellency of Contentment. IV. On the advantage of Silence. V. On Love and Youth. VI. On Weakness and old Age. VII. On the force of Education. VIII. Rules for the conduct of Life.

Under each of these heads we meet with a variety of penetrating and instructive observations, enlivened by short but interesting and appropriate tales. We shall not insert many of the tales at length, but shall make a rather copious collection of the moral sentences, acute sayings, judicious maxims, and prudential observations which are scattered through the work, and which discover no small knowledge of human life and no small insight into human nature. In the first chapter which relates to the *morals of kings* the author evinces a more thorough knowledge of the real interests and the political duties of sovereigns than could be expected from one who from his infancy had breathed the despotic air of Asia and been inured to that idolatrous adulation which is addressed to the ears of eastern kings.

The two following tales which we extract from the first chapter shew that the author entertained a just hatred of tyranny, and a proper feeling for the best interests of mankind.

Tale XI. 'A certain tyrannical king asked a religious man; What kind of devotion will be most meritorious for me to perform. He replied; That you sleep at noon because in that one moment you will not oppress mankind. When I saw a tyrant sleeping at noon, I said, He is a tyrant, it is best that he should be overcome with sleep. He who is better asleep than awake, death is preferable to such an evil life.'

Tale XXVIII. 'A solitary Durwaish had taken up his abode in a corner of a desert. The king passed him, and the Durwaish, because retirement is the kingdom of contentment, did not lift up his head nor shew any signs of politeness. The monarch, conscious of his superior dignity, was chagrined and said; This tribe of ragged mendicants resemble the brute beasts. His vizier said to the Durwaish; When the monarch of the terrestrial globe passed by you, why did you not do him homage, nor behave even with good manners? He replied; tell the monarch of the earth to expect service from him who hopes to receive benefits; and let him know also that the monarch is for the protection of his subjects, and not the subjects for the service of the king. The king is the sentinel of the poor, although affluence, pomp, and power, are his portion. The sheep are not for the shepherd; but the shepherd is for their service. To day you will see one prosperous and another labouring under an afflicted heart; wait only a few days, when the earth will consume the brains of the vain thinker. The difference between royalty and

servitude ceases, when the decrees of fate are fulfilled. If any one should open the grave, he could not distinguish the rich man from the poor. This speech of the Durwaish made a favourable impression on the king, who commanded him to make known his wishes. He replied, I desire you not to trouble me again. The king said; Give me good advice; He replied; Reflect while you enjoy power, that wealth and dominion pass from one to another.

Many of the following sentences which we have selected from the first chapter, convey a good deal of meaning in a few words, and are the product of a vigorous and penetrating mind.

'Imagine not every desert to be empty, for perhaps a tyger may be there asleep.' *** 'Ten Durwaishes may sleep upon one blanket, but one kingdom cannot contain two kings.' *** 'The tree that has only just taken root, may be pulled up by the strength of a man, but should it continue some time in that state, it could not be eradicated even by a windlass.' *** 'It is possible to stop the course of a spring with a bodkin, which, when formed into a full stream, cannot be forded by an elephant.'

The strength of vicious habit has not often been more happily expressed than in the two sentences quoted above.

*** 'How can any one form a good sword of bad iron? *** 'If the bat's eye seeth not in the day, what fault is on that account to be imputed to the sun? * * 'A tyrant cannot govern a kingdom as a wolf cannot perform the office of a shepherd. The tyrannic prince saps the foundation of his own empire.' *** 'The king who suffers the poor to be oppressed, will find, in the day of adversity, his friends become powerful foes. Be on good terms with your subjects, and sit down secure from the attack of your enemy; for to a just monarch, his subjects are an army.' *** 'There is difference between him who claspeth his mistress in his arms, and him whose eyes are fixed on the door expecting her.' *** 'Fear him who feareth you, although you be able to cope with an hundred such.' *** 'The poor and the rich are servants of this earth, and those who are richest have the greatest wants.'

If the despots of the continent had attended to the following admonition, they would not have found Bonaparte such an invincible foe.

'Shew mercy to the weak peasant that you may not experience difficulty from a strong enemy.' *** 'He liveth in dread who befriendeth not the poor, for should his foot slip, no one layeth hold of his hand.' *** 'Rectitude is the means of conciliating the divine favour; I never saw any one lost on a straight road.' *** 'Repine not at the versatility of fortune, for patience is bit-

ter, but the fruit is sweet.' *** 'If you are not able to endure the sting, put not your finger into the scorpion's hole.' *** 'The burning flame from wild rue raises not such a smoke as is occasioned by the sighs of the afflicted heart.' *** 'If you wish that God should be bountiful to you, do good unto his creatures.' *** 'Excuse him who hath conferred continual benefits, if during the course of your life he doeth you only a single injury.' *** 'In order to boil your well-wishers pot it is advisable to burn all your furniture.' *** 'He is not a brave man, who combats with a furious elephant; but he is a man indeed, who, even in wrath, uttereth not idle words.' *** 'As far as you can avoid it, distress not the mind of any one, for in the path of life there are many thorns. Assist the exigencies of others, since you also stand in need of many things.' *** 'If the augmentation of wealth depended upon knowledge, none would be so distressed as an ignorant fellow; but God bestows on a single fool, as much wealth as would astonish an hundred men of wisdom.' *** 'Mankind praise the peacock for his beautiful plumage, but he is ashamed of his ugly feet.'

*** 'They asked Lokman from whom he learnt urbanity, he replied; From those of rude manners; for whatsoever I saw in them that was disagreeable, I avoided doing the same.'

*** 'A certain religious man in one night would eat ten pounds of food, and who before the morning would have completely finished the Koran in his devotions. A holy man hearing this said; If he had eaten half a loaf, and slept, it would have been much more meritorious.' *** 'Whosoever possesseth a virtuous disposition, and has his mind devoted to God, is a religious man, without feeding on consecrated bread.' *** 'A pupil complained to his spiritual guide of being much disturbed by impertinent visitors, who broke in upon his valuable time, and he asked how he could get rid of them. The superior replied; To such as are poor, lend money, and from those that are rich, ask something, when you may depend upon not seeing one of them again.' *** 'Whosoever through folly exalts his neck, precipitates himself into distress.' *** 'To sew patch upon patch, and be patient, is preferable to writing a petition to a great man for clothing.'

*** 'In the annals of Ardsheer Babûkan, it is recorded, that he asked an Arabian physician, what quantity of food ought to be eaten in the course of a day. He answered that the weight of one hundred direms was sufficient. The king asked what strength could be derived from so small a quantity? The physician replied; This quantity is sufficient to support you, and whatever you eat you must carry. We eat to live and praise God; you believe that you live to eat.'

'A certain gallant man was grievously wounded in an expedition against the Tartars; somebody said, Such a merchant has an unguent of which perhaps he might give you a little were you to ask it. The merchant was notorious for his parsimony. If the sun had been on his table instead of bread, no one would have seen light in the world till the day of judgment.'

'If you eat colocynth from the hand of a kind man, it is preferable to a sweetmeat given by one who has a crabbed countenance.' * * * 'Evil is the food which you obtain in the time of distress; the kettle is indeed upon the hearth, but your reputation is diminished. He increased my bread and lessened my honour; it is better to be destitute of means, than to suffer the disgrace of solicitation.' * * * 'They asked Hatim Tai, if he had ever seen or heard of any person in the world more noble-minded than himself. He replied; One day, after having sacrificed forty camels, I went along with an Arab chief to the skirt of a desert, where I saw a labourer, who had made up a bundle of thorns; whom I asked, why he did not go to the feast of Hatim Tai, to whose table people were repairing in crowds? he answered; Whoever eateth bread from his own labour will not submit to be under obligation to Hatim Tai.'

'I never complained of the vicissitudes of fortune, nor murmured at the ordinances of heaven; excepting once, when my feet were bare, and I had not the means of procuring myself shoes. I entered the great mosque at Cufah with a heavy heart, when I beheld a man who had no feet. I offered up praise and thanksgiving to God for his bounty, and bore with patience the want of shoes.' * * * 'If every hair of your head possessed two hundred accomplishments, they would be of no use when fortune is unpropitious.' * * * 'He, who quickly lays hold of the sword in his anger, will gnaw the back of his hand through sorrow.' * * * 'If you want a paternal inheritance, acquire from your father knowledge, for his wealth may be spent in ten days.' * * * 'You may bend green wood as much as you please; but when it is dry it cannot be made straight without fire.'

'An Indian was teaching others how to make fire-works, when a wise man said to him, 'This is not fit play for you, who inhabit a house made of reeds.' * * * 'They inquired of a religious man, the meaning of this tradition, 'You have not any enemy so powerful as the passion of lust which is within you.' He replied, Because that any enemy to whom you shew kindness becomes your friend; excepting lust, the indulgence of which increases its enmity.' * * * 'The rich are the revenue of the poor, a storehouse for the recluse, the pilgrim's hope, and the asylum of travellers.' * * * 'He sleeps uneasily at night who knows not how to provide for to-morrow.' * * * 'Riches are for the comfort of life, and not life for the accumulation of riches.' * * * 'How much soever you may study science, when you do not wisely, you are ignorant.' * * * 'A learned man without temperance is a blind man carrying a link.' * * * 'Reveal not to a friend every secret that you possess; for how can you tell but what he may some time or other become your enemy.' * * * 'Inflict not on an enemy every injury in your power, for he may afterwards become your friend.' * * * 'Speak in such a manner between two enemies, that should they afterwards become friends you may not be put to the blush.' * * * 'Hostility between

two people is like fire, and the evil-fated hackbiter supplies fuel. Afterwards, when they are reconciled together, the hackbiter is hated, and despised by both parties.' *** 'O wise man! wash your hands of that friend, who associates with your enemies.' *** 'When in transacting business, you are under any hesitation, make choice of that which will produce the least injury.' *** 'Speak not harshly to a man of placid manners.' *** 'Anger, when excessive, createth terror; and kindness out of season destroys authority.' *** 'A shepherd said to his father; O thou, who art wise, teach me one maxim from your experience. He replied, Be complacent, but not to that degree that they may insult you with the sharp teeth of the wolf.' *** 'When you see contentions amongst your enemies, go and sit at ease with your friends; but when you see them of one mind, string your bow, and place stones upon the ramparts.' *** 'He who gives advice to a self-conceited man, stands himself in need of counsel from another.' *** 'If wisdom was to cease throughout the world, no one would suspect himself of ignorance.' *** 'He, who when he hath power doeth not good, when he loseth the means, will suffer distress.' *** 'He who performeth not the divine precepts, neither will he care for his debt to you.' *** 'Not every one that is ready to dispute is quick in transacting business.' *** 'It is not the part of a wise man to box with a lion, or to strike his fist against a sword.' *** 'He who is a slave to his belly sleeps not for two nights; one night from a loaded stomach and the next night through want.' *** 'A friend whom you have been gaining during your whole life, you ought not to be displeased with in a moment.' *** 'The widow relishes grapes and not the master of the vineyard. He who lives in ease and wealth, how can he know what it is to be hungry? He knows the condition of the distressed whose own circumstances are needy. O thou who art mounted on a swift horse, reflect that the ass laden with thorns, is sticking in the mud.' *** 'A sinner who lifts up his hands in prayer, is better than a devotee who exalts his head.' *** 'Vinegar and pot herbs obtained by one's own labour, are preferable to bread and lamb received from the head man of the village.' *** 'A grateful dog is better than an ungrateful man.' *** 'Those who do not pity the weak, will suffer violence from the powerful.'

We have thus been at some pains to extract what constitutes the moral essence of this interesting work. But the excellence of many of the observations will certainly be heightened by reading them in conjunction with the tales by which they are illustrated. We have exhibited specimens of only a few of the shortest tales. The tales themselves do not evince much art in the construction, nor much genius in the invention; but none of them have the fault of being complex, and most of them have the merit of being brief. Both the tales and the remarks evince a con-

siderable insight into human nature, and a profound sense of the inestimable importance of morality in all the relations of life.

ART. XI.—A Sermon on the Duty and Expediency of translating the Scriptures into the current Languages of the East, for the Use and Benefit of the Natives: Preached by special Appointment before the University of Oxford, November 29th, 1807. By the Rev. Edward Nares, M. A. late Fellow of Merton College, and Rector of Biddenden, Kent. 4to. Black and Parry. 1808. ▼

THE subject which the Reverend Edward Nares has chosen for his discourse is found in Acts ii. 7—11. The miraculous gift of tongues, with which the apostles were endowed for a specific purpose, Mr. N. considers as an argument for our propagation of the gospel in every part of the world.

‘The great importance,’ says he, ‘of this miracle is, that it not only warrants, in the most indisputable manner, our interposition in such matters’ (meaning an attempt to alter the religious belief of other states) ‘but it enables us at once to pass by various objections which the perverseness of man’s reason would oppose to our undertakings.’

We do not, we must confess, discern the justness of this conclusion nor the relevancy of this inference. If the apostles were favoured with the miraculous gift of tongues for a particular and temporary object, it does not follow that christians in all future times are to practice the same conduct without having received a similar commission. The gift of tongues which the apostles received, was an injunction to them to attempt the conversion of the nations, whose languages they were thus supernaturally empowered to speak. But can we produce credentials of similar validity? When Mr. Nares adds that this miracle ‘enables us to pass by,’ we suppose he means that it invalidates ‘various objections’ which might be opposed to such an undertaking, we think that he carries his conclusion far beyond what he is authorised by his premises. For those objections which might be removed by a miracle may remain in full force where they are not repelled by a miraculous confutation. Our Saviour’s direction, ‘Go ye and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name, &c.’ supposing that verse genuine, of which we know that some learned men have their

doubts, was evidently restricted to his immediate disciples. In the third paragraph of his elaborate discourse, Mr. Nares says,

'We need not stop to inquire what impediments have heretofore hindered the propagation of the gospel, what causes have operated to retard the general conversion of mankind; but being possessed at any time of any means to promote an object, not only obvious to the understanding of any considerate person, but pointed out to us by an express miracle from heaven, we may not, I think, hesitate to do our utmost to accomplish the will of God, and to propagate by all possible opportunities, and to the remotest parts of the earth, the gospel of his blessed son.'

Surely Mr. Nares does not mean by this sentence that if the propagation of christianity ought to be our end *we are not to be scrupulous about the means!!!* We are, we trust, as warm and as zealous advocates for the unvitiated doctrine of Jesus as Mr. Nares or any of his friends, but we are convinced that the gospel of Christ is not to be propagated by barbarous compulsion nor by pious fraud. Yet if we are, in the language of Mr. Nares, to 'promote the object at any time by any means,' what cruelty and deception may we not soon practise without any hesitation? No truth in morals is more sacred nor more clear than this, that we ought not to do evil that good may come.

When Mr. N. intimates that the proselyting propensities which he wishes to inflame, *'are pointed out to us by an express miracle from heaven'* we must beg leave to suggest that there is no resemblance between an act which was performed by *miraculous powers* and a similar attempt by *human means*. If God himself did not suffer the first teachers of christianity to attempt the conversion of the heathen without supernatural aid, *is it such a clear point, as Mr. N. supposes, that we are to prosecute the same work without similar assistance?* We were not a little surprised to find a gentleman of such acknowledged piety as Mr. Nares, making use of the following sentence; 'Whatever,' says he, 'we may be disposed to think of the success of this miraculous assistance from the present state of mankind, I see not how it is possible to doubt of the intention of God's eternal providence.' Does Mr. Nares intimate that this miraculous gift of tongues, was not so efficacious as might have been expected; and that *'the intentions of God's eternal providence,'* were greater than the performance? It may often truly be said of man that his performances are less than his intentions; but ought we, even in the most distant man-

per, to ascribe this imperfection to the Deity? God never intends what he does not *perform*; and he always performs what he *intends*. His acts always correspond with his intentions and his intentions with his acts. The miraculous assistance, therefore, which God afforded to the first teachers of christianity, was to the full as efficacious and successful as he *intended* that it should. It is impossible to think otherwise without evincing great disrespect to the attributes of God,

Mr. Nares asserts p. 7. that the practicability of the future conversion of the Hindoos is proved by *the many thousands who have been already converted to the christian faith*. We do not know whence Mr. N. derived this information; for Major Scott Waring, who is well acquainted with the subject, has told us that all the conversions, which have hitherto been effected by the industry of the missionaries are few; and that those few have been confined to persons of the most worthless characters, who would reflect disgrace on any cause; and with respect to whom consequently it matters very little what *form* of worship they *profess*. Perhaps when Mr. Nares boasted of his *many thousands of conversions* before his admiring audience at St. Mary's, he imagined that the pious work which the munificent douceur of the *evangelical* Mr. Buchanan had incited him to perform, might well excuse a little rhetorical exaggeration. Mr. Nares says, p. 8, that '*the mere alarm of opposing prejudices can have nothing in it to deter us*;' but we trust that there is no sober-minded religionist in this country who would not shrink from the perilous attempt to crush the rooted, the fondly-cherished, the long continued, and the far-transmitted prejudices of fifty millions of men. Shall we in order to gratify the enthusiasm or the pride of a few visionaries and fanatics, risk the safety of an empire by endeavouring to *subvert* the ancient creed, and to crumble into dust the beloved and revered institutions of such a mass of population? Can he, who is rationally pious, justify such attempt to his conscience? or he, who is politically wise, to his country? But what is the doctrine which Mr. Nares proposes to impart to the natives of Hindoostan in exchange for their present religious rites? Does he urge us to disperse among them the *simple morality* of the gospel, enforced by the impressive sanction of a future life?—No; of this the learned theologian says little; and, though this comprizes all the religion that Christ taught, and all that is requisite for the natives either of Europe or of Asia, he

thinks it not enough. He must add the doctrines of incarnation, of the atonement, of hereditary depravity, of the moral incapacity of man, of justification by faith, &c. &c. which would only bewilder the minds of the people in the east as much as they do in the west. Indeed, for every moral purpose, the Hindoos might as well be left under the influence of their present superstitions, as have their minds perplexed, and their affections chilled by that deleterious doctrine which the evangelical missionaries would instil. We see no objection to the circulation of the scriptures in the languages of the East; but we must consider any attempt to overturn the present religious institutions of the Hindoos and Mahomedans through a host of calvinistic visionaries and fanatics, to be pregnant with infinite danger to our Asiatic sway. Let us spare no pains to *moralize* the people of India, to teach them the duties of truth, of justice, and of charity; let us endeavour to deter them from vice, to encourage them in virtue, and to console them in woe by the prospect of a life after death. All this may be done by rational and sober-minded christians with great benefit to the natives, and to the interests of the company. *More than this we ought not to attempt*: and, in attempting this, it will be necessary to respect the ancient prejudices of the people, and not to shew any contempt even for the most frivolous of their ceremonial rites. Let us leave these to the GRADUAL ABOLITION OF REASON, AND THE SLOW DESTRUCTION OF TIME. The religion of Jesus which is the boon of heaven, will finally triumph over every system which is the mere contrivance of man; but let us not suffer the hot-headed votaries of methodism to traverse the peninsula of India not to diffuse *the moral light of genuine christianity*, but only to substitute *one species of superstition for another*. All superstition may be accounted evil; but, of all the superstitions which were ever engendered in the mind of man, that which goes under the name of *methodism*, is the most opposite to truth, and the most destructive of virtue and of happiness. The best things, when corrupted, become the worst; this may be said of the heavenly doctrine of Christ, when metamorphosed by ignorance, hypocrisy, and fraud, into that shapeless mass of pollution which is taught by the fanatics of the *evangelical school*. In exposing, as we shall never omit any opportunity of doing, the dangerous tendency of this subtle poison, though we are incurring the malignity of a host, we are conscious that we are acting as the best friends of that christianity which we revere, of that country which we love, and of the general interests of mankind, which, we should

not by christians, if we did not labour to promote. Mr. Nares appears to have bestowed considerable pains on the composition of his sermon, but he seems unfortunately to have viewed the subject in a wrong light; and we think that on more mature consideration, he will be induced to alter his opinions.

MONTHLY CATALOGUE.

RELIGION.

ART. 12.—*A new Argument for the Existence of God.* London, 12mo. Longman. 1808.

THIS new argument is founded on the Berkleyan hypothesis of the non-existence of matter. "The non-existence of matter" says the author "is an irresistible proof of the existence of God." The writer enumerates eleven difficulties "which the hypothesis of a material world, involves and which he considers as so many arguments against its existence. We will give a specimen of these difficulties as they are called. It shall be the seventh.—"The common hypothesis supposes the substance of matter to be composed of atoms; and that those atoms are indiscernible, indivisible; yet a number of them put together will beget a divisible. One would think this was said by way of joke or mockery; and more than this that this indivisible is divisible *ad infinitum*—to an eternity of eternities (pass the hyperbole) without advancing one step towards annihilation.—There is no other way of getting rid of this dilemma (I rather call it absurdity) no alternative but the non-existence of matter." The author says that the operations of nature are carried on in the most simple way; that God's doing every thing himself is the most simple way; and that consequently the apparatus of an external world is not so simple a way of producing effects as an immediate operation of the divine mind on the sensory of animals. We give the opinions of the ingenious author; but we do not state our own.

ART. 13.—*The Importance of educating the Poor;—a Sermon preached July 18th, 1808, at the Black Friars, Canterbury, in Behalf of the Royal Free School, recently established in that City. To which is added an interesting Letter of Sir Richard Phillips, Sheriff of London.* CRIT. REV. Vol. 14. August, 1808. F f

on the present State of the Prisons in the Metropolis, as illustrative of this Subject. By John Evans, A.M. Preached and published at particular Request. Second Edition. 1s. Symonds. 1808.

MR. Evans is always ready to embrace every favourable opportunity for diffusing knowledge and promoting virtue. On passing through Canterbury last month, he was requested to preach the present discourse for the benefit of a school which has lately been instituted on the plan of Mr. Lancaster. The sermon was not composed till the day before it was preached; but though a hasty it is a respectable performance and well suited to the benevolent purpose for which it was designed.

ART. 14.—*Christian Liberty advocated; a Discourse delivered June 29th, 1808, at the Unitarian Chapel in Lincoln. By Henry Hunt Piper. Longman. 1808.*

WE consider it as a very favourable symptom of the increase of pure religion in the present times that unitarian chapels and unitarian preachers are beginning to be diffused over the country. This appears to us the best, perhaps the only way of effectually counteracting the progress of that pernicious anti-moral evil, called *Methodism*. This error will be combated by knowledge, enthusiasm by good sense, fanaticism by sober conduct, and intolerance by charity.

The sermon of Mr. Hunt Piper breathes those enlightened, liberal, and amiable sentiments which are always heard in the sanctuary of Unitarian Christianity.

ART. 15.—*A Letter to the Parisian Sanhedrim, containing Reflections on their recent Proceedings, and on their venal Apostacy from the Mosaic Institutes; with Observations on the Conduct of Buonaparte, relative to his projected Subversion and final Extirpation of the Religion of Judaism in France. By an English Israelite. 8vo. 2s. 6d. Jones and Bumford. 1808.*

THIS English Israelite very pointedly and very properly reproves the members of the Parisian Sanhedrim for their mean and dastardly compliances with the arbitrary will of Buonaparte. He represents many of the answers which they gave to his queries, as contrary to the law of Moses, and as exhibiting marks of the most disgraceful adulation to a tyrant rather than of a proper regard for the precepts and usages of their forefathers. The writer says that the twelve leading questions which were proposed to the Sanhedrim by Buonaparte's commissioners shewed a very imperfect acquaintance with Judaism as contained in the Pentateuch: and he seems to think that one object of the emperor was to get acknowledged as the only temporal sovereign of the Jews dispersed throughout Europe: but it was more probably designed to carry on by their means a system of political

espionage very favourable to his inordinately ambitious views. We are happy to find that the policy of the tyrant is not likely to succeed; and that the English Jews strongly disapprove the proceedings of their fellow-religionists in the Parisian Sanhedrim.

ART. 16.—*An Antidote to Infidelity, insinuated in the Works of E. Gibbon, Esq. containing the Expositions of the Prophecies of our blessed Saviour, in Matt. 24, Mark 13, and Luke 21, with other interesting Disquisitions to similar Effect, carefully selected; and enlarged with some few additional Remarks. By a Lover of Truth.* 8vo. Hatchard. 1808.

THIS Antidote is the composition of an old lady, who devotes her time to these pious works. Whether the success of her remedy will be equal to her own good intentions, we do not pretend to decide. We heartily wish that as it has been charitably prepared it may be successfully administered.

POLITICS.

ART. 17.—*The Dawn of Liberty on the Continent of Europe; or the Struggle of the Spanish Patriots, for the Emancipation of their Country. By J. Agg.* 8vo. Longman. 1808.

WITH Mr. Agg, whose spirited and sensible pamphlet we have read with pleasure, we hailed the earliest indication of a general and well-concerted determination in the Spanish people to emancipate their country from the foreign influence; to which its dearest interests have been so long sacrificed, and to make a vigorous stand against the overbearing ambition of the tyrant of France. We saw in this event the reduction of his power and the ultimate deliverance of Europe from the chains with which he threatened every people and state in the civilized world. The resistance of the Spaniards has hitherto been attended with the happiest results. Though we always thought that they would be successful yet their successes have hitherto exceeded our expectations. There have been a gravity and a wisdom in their councils, and a vigour and a caution in their military operations, which if they be continued must render them invincible. In this pamphlet Mr. Agg first gives a brief sketch of the events which led to and have accompanied the recent revolution in Spain, and he next considers the probable issue of the conflict. In the circumstances of the country, in the disposition of the people, in the military force which they can bring into action, and in the system which they have well digested and vigorously pursued, he sees, as we every reason to anticipate, one of the most glorious triumphs that the genius of liberty ever gained over the demon of despotism.

ART. 18.—*Corruption and Intolerance; two Poems, with Notes, addressed to an Englishman, by an Irishman.* Carpenter. 1808.

AS the prose constitutes the largest part of the present pamphlet,
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and as the poetry, though far from being destitute of spirit, is probably considered by the author himself as subordinate to the matter in the notes we have classed this work rather under the head of politics than of poetry. In his prose as well as in his poetry the author seems studiously to depreciate the revolution of 1688 to which the epithet '*glorious*' is usually applied. 'No nation' says the author, 'was ever blessed with a more golden opportunity of establishing and securing its liberties for ever than the conjuncture of eighty-eight presented to the people of Great Britain. But the disgraceful reigns of Charles and James had weakened and degraded the national character. The bold notions of popular right which had arisen out of the struggles between Charles the first and his parliament were gradually supplanted by those slavish doctrines for which Lord H—kesb—ry eulogizes the churchmen of that period; and as the reformation had happened too soon for the purity of religion, so the revolution came too late for the spirit of liberty. Its advantages, accordingly, were for the most part specious and transitory, while the evils which it entailed are still felt and still increasing.' Further on he says, that as in 1688, we 'had a revolution without a reform,' the object of his wishes now is that we may have 'a reform without a revolution.'

The note which follows, may perhaps be read with advantage by those, who think that the religious system of the catholics is incompatible with any enlightened sentiments of political liberty and with any correct idea of the relations which subsist and ought to be maintained between the governors and the governed.

'Bellarmine the most violent of the advocates for papal authority, was one of the first to maintain (see *De Pontif. lib. i. cap. 7.*), 'That kings have not their authority or office immediately from God nor his law, but only from the law of nations;' and in King James's '*Defence of the rights of kings against Cardinal Perron*,' we find his majesty expressing strong indignation against the Cardinal for having asserted 'that to the deposing of a king the consent of the people must be obtained'—'for by these words (says James) the people are exalted above the King, and made the judges of the King's deposing.' P. 424.—Even in Mariana's celebrated book, where the nonsense of bigotry does not interfere, there are some liberal and enlightened ideas of government, of the restraints which should be imposed upon royal power, of the subordination of the throne to the interest of the people, &c. &c. (*De Rege et Regis Institutione*. See particularly *lib. i. cap. 6, 8, and 9.*)—It is rather remarkable too, that England should be indebted to another Jesuit, for the earliest defence of that principle upon which the revolution was founded, namely, the right of the people to change the succession. (See Doleman's '*Conferences*,' written in support of the title of the infant of Spain against that of James I.)—When Englishmen, therefore, say that Popery is the religion of slavery, they should not only recollect that their boasted constitution is the work and bequest of Popish authors; they should not only remember the laws of Edward III. 'under whom (says Bo-

lingbroke) the constitution of our parliaments, and the whole form of our government, became reduced into better form; but they should know that even the errors of popery have leaned to the cause of liberty, and that papists, however mistaken their motives may have been, were the first promulgators of the doctrines which led to the Revolution. But, in truth, the political principles of the Roman Catholics have generally been made to suit the convenience of their oppressors, and they have been represented alternately as slavish or refractory, according as a pretext for tormenting them was wanting. The same inconsistency has marked every imputation against them. They are charged with laxity in the observance of oaths, though an oath has been found sufficient to shut them from all worldly advantages. If they reject some decisions of their church, they are said to be sceptics and bad Christians; if they admit those very decisions, they are branded as bigots and bad subjects. We are told that confidence and kindness will make them enemies to the Government, though we know that exclusion and injuries have with difficulty prevented them from being its friends. In short, nothing can better illustrate the misery of those shifts and evasions by which a long course of cowardly injustice must be supported, than the whole history of Great Britain's conduct towards the Catholic part of her empire.'

ART. 19.—*Annals of Europe, exhibiting the Origin, Progress, Decline and Fall of every Kingdom and State, from the Dismemberment of the Roman Empire to the Peace of Tilsit in 1807, comprehending a View of Italy and the Church, France, Germany, Great Britain, Ireland, Spain, Portugal, Holland, Sweden, Denmark, Poland, Russia, Prussia, and Turkey; also an Account of the Monastic Life, and a List of the Popes, and containing a Life of Napoleon Buonaparte, with Strictures on his Merits as a Soldier, a Sovereign, and a Man; to which are added all the Treaties and Declarations, concluded and issued by the Belligerent Powers.* By James Ede. 2 Vols. 12mo. Richards. 1808.

THIS title page is sufficient to prove that the author has attempted to comprize too much in two 12mo. volumes of the ordinary size. We are not friends to such meagre and barren epitomes. Instead of enlarging the stock of knowledge they rather starve the supply; like the present work they profess much and perform little. Had Mr. Ede's Annals been a luminous chronological summary of the histories of Italy, France, Germany, &c. we might have bestowed some commendation on his work; but it appears to be rather a collection of scraps than a concentrated narrative of facts well arranged and perspicuously described.

ART. 20.—*A Statement of the Proceedings of the Presbytery of Glasgow, relative to the Use of an Organ in St. Andrew's Church*

in the public Worship of God, on the 23rd of August, 1807.
12mo. Ogle, London.

IT appears that the congregation of St. Andrew's church in Glasgow had long been anxious to enliven the sombre gravity of their public worship by the introduction of instrumental music. With this wish of his congregation, Dr. Ritchie the present minister of the parish lately concurred; and on the 22nd of August 1807, an organ was employed in the public worship of St. Andrew's church. No disturbance was occasioned by this innovation; the measure indeed seemed to be generally approved. But the Lord Provost of the city of Glasgow, who perhaps considered the tones of the organ as heretical sounds in the service of the Kirk determined to lay the whole business before the presbytery. Before the presbyters it was accordingly brought in due form; and on the 7th Oct. 1807 this anti-musical body declared, though not without several dissentient voices, that '*the use of organs in the public worship of God is contrary to the law of the land, and to the law and constitution of our established church, and that therefore they prohibit it in all the churches and chapels within their bounds.*'—Thus the attempt to introduce a little harmony into the service of the kirk is likely to excite great discord among the members.

ART. 21.—*A Letter to the Right Hon. Lord Ellenborough, with the Report of a Motion made in the Court of King's Bench, By Nathaniel Highmore, L.L. and M.D. 8vo. Budd. 1807.*

ART. 22.—*A Letter to a Noble Lord, touching some Points in the Constitution of the High Court of Admiralty; with an occasional Remark on the late Orders of Council. By Nathaniel Highmore, Doctor and Professor of Civil Law, Member of Jesus College, Cambridge, and commissioned Advocate in his Majesty's Courts of Ecclesiastical Jurisdiction. 8vo. Budd. 1808.*

THE case which Dr. Highmore has made out in these two letters is one of singular hardship and we do not hesitate to say, oppression. Dr. Highmore was ordained deacon in 1787; he never took priest's orders, and in the year 1792 he abandoned the clerical profession. In the year 1796 he took the degree of doctor of civil law in the university of Cambridge, in order to qualify himself to practise as an advocate in the ecclesiastical court under the jurisdiction and controul of the Archbishop of Canterbury. For this purpose he obtained the *fiat* of the Archbishop; but when he proposed to take his seat in the court of Arches, agreeably to the commission of the archbishop, he was informed by the dean of the arches that his admission to act as an advocate of that court, was contrary to the canons; as he had previously taken deacon's orders. Dr. Highmore acquainted the archbishop with the refusal of the dean of the

arches; the archbishop referred Dr. H. to the judge of the admiralty, Sir Wm. Scott, for his opinion on the case. The judge of the admiralty coincided with the dean of the arches with respect to the inadmissibility of Dr. Highmore. But Dr. Highmore says that the register of the society of advocates will furnish several instances of persons in holy orders who have practised as advocates in the court of arches, &c. &c. Indeed according to the original constitution of these courts, the admission of laymen is an innovation; and the only qualified persons are persons in holy orders. After this Dr. H. made several ineffectual applications to the archbishop to enforce his authority and to *make his own fiat obeyed in his own courts*. But the metropolitan seems to have paid more deference to the opinions of Sir W. Wynne and Sir W. Scott than to the cogency of precedents or to the strong reasons of the case. Instead of enforcing the archbishop recalled the *fiat* which he had issued. Dr. Highmore appealed to the court of King's Bench; but that court seems to have thought itself incompetent to interfere. Thus after spending half his patrimony in qualifying himself to act as an advocate in Doctor's Commons, Dr. Highmore is refused admission on a point of form, which we will venture to say that no persons of enlarged minds, ingenuous sentiments, and benevolent hearts, would ever have alleged. We feel most sincerely for the great distress, the poignant mortifications and the bitter disappointments which Dr. H. has experienced; and we think it not a little hard that the episcopal ordination, which Dr. H. unfortunately underwent, should have operated as a curse on his fairer prospects of fortune and of fame.

NOVELS.

ART. 23.—*Marianna, or Modern Manners.* 2 vols. Cadell and Davies. 1808.

THE heroine of this novel makes her *debut* in the following manner. Sir William and Lady Ashford, a most worthy couple, have the misfortune to lose their only remaining child, a son, who had just attained his majority, and been returned to parliament for a neighbouring borough. This blow, which crushed all their hopes and prospects, induces them to leave England, and travel through many parts of Europe. On their way home, through the south of France, they were detained by the illness of their favourite servant, who is very carefully attended by one of the members of a religious community. This good man, called the Pere Elois, applies to Sir William on behalf of an English lady who was confined for debt and dying in a jail. Sir William and his wife repair to the afflicted lady, whom they find in the agonies of death attended by a little daughter, Marianna, who is represented as about 10 years of age; she implores their protection for her child, and is about to disclose her history when her tongue is arrested by the hand of

death, and the child's birth is left involved in mystery. Enough is collected to impress them with an idea that she is of some consequence, which is strengthened by their redeeming some valuable trinkets which had been pawned. Sir William and Lady A. resolve to bring the child up as their own, and to provide for her accordingly. At a proper age she is presented at court and introduced into the world, where her person and accomplishments are admired, and her goodness of heart and amiability of disposition render her beloved. She fixes her affections on a Mr. C. Marsdale, the second son of an upstart lord, who had been an army contractor, and by making himself useful to the minister, became an Irish peer, under the title of Lord Tewksbury. Many difficulties present themselves to the lovers, which are in a fair way of being surmounted when Sir William Ashford dies so very suddenly that he has not had time to finish his will; consequently Marianna is left on the bounty of Lady Ashford, who with parental tenderness saves all she can from her jointure, that she may bequeath to her beloved friend an independence at her death. They retire to Bern in Switzerland, and become acquainted (amongst a number of English,) with a Lord Gayton, a most dissipated and wicked character. He is described as clever, artful, and insinuating, regulating his conduct by the strictest rules of exterior propriety, and passing his whole life in devising schemes for the seduction of female innocence. Such are his views on Marianna; Marianna accompanies a lady and her daughter on an expedition to the Glaciers of Savoy, and Lord Gayton contrives to be of the party. On this occasion he hires some braves to carry her off and confine her in a remote house, from which perilous situation she is released by her lover Mr. Marsdale, when after various troubles she discovers this Lord Gayton to be her father, whom she finds afterwards at Basle wounded in a duel; and every thing is soon cleared up respecting her birth to the entire satisfaction of all parties. Lord Gayton very complaisantly chooses to die, and leave his daughter in possession of his fortune, who soon after marries Mr. Marsdale. In this attempt to pourtray *modern manners* we have a marquis with the actions and language of a groom; bold and dashing misses in despair of getting married, trying what affected timidity will do;—a literary lady in lady Ashford; a good whig tremblingly alive for the constitution in Sir William;—and an English woman who affects to despise her native country and ape every thing foreign. We cannot accuse the author of giving us any thing very new, but the story is simply told; and at least cannot offend if it do not delight.

ART. 24.—*Characters at Brighton. By Ann Trelawney. 4 Vols. 11. 4s. Hughes. 1808.*

THE author tells us in her preface that the virtuous characters of this work are warm from nature, and sketched by the faithful pen of an historian, rather than with the flattering pencil of a pa-

rasite. To these ladies and gentlemen, who frequent Brighton, this work will be very gratifying, as they will recognize some of their old acquaintance; but every anecdote must give place to the pleasure which we received from the following instance of benevolence in his royal highness the Prince of Wales,

‘As soon as the youth saw Caustic approaching him, he ran forward to meet him, and taking off his cap, he said; ‘I hope, Sir, you ben’t offended at my rudeness just now when I pushed before you; but the truth was, I had been running fit to break my neck to get to the Pavilion in time to see the Prince, and when I got there the whole place was jammed up with people, so I says to myself, says I, here goes, I’ll get a peep at him, push who I will, or my name be’n’t Will Haslegrove. This grateful boy after some sly slaps at what he calls the fine folks that surround the Prince and who he says gets blamed for their dogs tricks very undeservedly, begins his story.

‘You must know that about three years ago, when I worked for old Russel the builder, I was but quite a stripling then, we were building a house in North Street, and I was always a careless sort of a chap and never thought of any fear; and mother she used always to be saying to me, Will, do be a little steady, you be always so headlong at every thing, by and bye you’ll meet with some mischance.—Well, sure enough it happened just as mother said it would, for one day when I was coming down the ladder from the top of the house I was telling you about, to fetch a hod of mortar, instead of minding my footing, I stepped off the ladder whilst I was chattering to the workmen above, and down I went an end upon my head, and struck my forehead against a shovel that was stuck in a heap of mortar below. So I fractured my skull just here (said he, taking off his hair cap and shewing a large scar on his forehead,) and then to be sure, I knew nothing more of what happened, only what people told me afterwards, but howsomdever I must go on you know just the same in telling the story as if I had knowed every thing.—Well as luck would have it, just as I fell, by comes the the prince, in his phaeton, so he stopped to ax what was the matter and when they told him, he got out of his carriage, and came through the crowd to me, and ordered the people to go and get a chair to set me in; and then he sent one this way, and t’other that, to fetch ever so many doctors, and he staid till two of them came, and bid them take great care of me, and he would pay all expences, and he charged the people that were carrying me, to be very gentle with me, and not to let the crowd press upon me, and seemed just as good and as anxious about me as if I had been his relation. Well he was not content with doing all that, but he went into his own phaeton, and called to Dr. N—— himself, and bid him go to me, and spare no expence to cure me: Lord bless you, I had ten doctors all at once, a body would have thought that was enough to kill any body,

but Lord love you, it was quite another guess thing with me, for they all put their best foot foremost to cure me, to please the prince you know, and they didn't try any impediments with me as they be too apt to do to poor folks; and there was poor Dr. K—— alive then, young and blooming as a body may say, though he was soon afterwards a corpse, more's the pity, for he was a dear good gentleman, just like his father before him, as I have heard mother say. Well, there was he as tender over me as a hen with a latter chick, for he was always more softer and gooder like to the poor than the rich, and that is not always the case with doctors you know. So then the prince, he sent for Mr. B—— the surgeon, and axed him whether he thought as we were very poor, and he said as how we was; and that was true enough, for poor mother had not sixpence, and it was a long time before she recovered enough to know what a good friend God has sent for us. So when the prince heard as we were so poor he sent me a bed and blankets, and a pair of sheets, and ordered we should have every thing we wanted from his kitchen all the while I was ill, and that poor mother should have a woman to help her to tend me, for he said, a mother must suffer too much in anxiety, she need not have fatigue added to it: those were his own dear words, I learnt them by heart as soon as I heard them, and I often repeat them to myself till the tears comes into my eyes, for I love him more for his goodness to poor mother, if so be it be possible, than for what he did for I. Well, but this be't all neither, hardly half, for do you know, when Mr. B—— the surgeon, told the prince as how my life depended upon being kept quiet, and that the carriages passing our house, disturbed me, he sent his caravan full of straw, in ten minutes afterwards, and there the street was littered just like as they lay it before fine ladies houses when they lie in. And would you believe it, he called his ownself at our poor hovel door, twice, to enquire how I went on. Well to be sure, with all this care I got over this misfortune, and when I was quite recovered, it was beginning to be cold weather, and the prince ordered me a nice warm suit of cloaths. 'And let him have a hair cap,' said he, 'it will prevent his catching cold, which might occasion bad headaches after such an accident.' We agree with the author that a prince may give away a large sum of money without any effort of generosity, but that such humane attentions can only be suggested by a truly benevolent heart.

POETRY.

ART. 25.—*Poems and Tales.* By Miss Trefusis. 2 Vols. 8vo. Tipper. 1808.

WHETHER the poetical fire, by irritating the absorbents, produces a soft spot in the cranium, or whether it in some peculiar manner affects the brain, so as to produce that ungovernable rage

for scribbling always manifested when the morbid affection is at its height, we critical practitioners cannot decisively take upon ourselves to pronounce. Notwithstanding the strong doses which we have administered, we have not hitherto been able to remove the stimulus, whatever it be, without which we cannot speedily promise ourselves that we shall be able to eradicate the disease.

The patient at present brought before us for examination, is a female; and poetical females are privileged to talk and to write of 'snowy skin and amber hair,' more especially if they have the privilege of *possession*, which according to the calculations of the learned judges of these matters, is a point of fact worth *nine points of the law*. This being the case, if the reader is fond of

‘Those lips of vermeil hue
Encircling pearls so white, so small,
Those eyes which rival heaven's own blue
That smile so tender and so true—

and so on—if this is to her taste, Miss Trefusis has a sonnet to Stella ‘on her white forehead’ and a sonnet to Bruno ‘on his black eyes,’ in which some very pretty things are said on these very pretty subjects.

We would with great deference, but with great sincerity, recommend to this fair lady the making of pastry, in preference to the making of poetry: for it is an absolute truth—a truth, which in spite of the muses we cannot conceal,—that, a good pie is better than a bad poem. It is better, for example, than such ‘a mad song’ as the following:

‘Over the mountains he wanders afar,
Over the woodlands, along the sea-shore;
By the light of the glow-worm we'll follow his car,
When once he is caught, he shall wander no more.
Rattle, Rattle, Rattle!
Hark! how they rush to battle
Have courage, love, there's murder in thine eye:
By looking on thee, myriads die.—
Heard ye not yon passing bell?
Slowly sad it tolls his knell:
Nay, do not weep
Perhaps he does but sleep
Whistle ye winds his lullaby.

‘Over the mountains, &c. &c. &c.

If the reader is an amateur of this sort of poetry, he has here an opportunity of gratifying his taste, by purchasing two neat volumes full of the *valuable* commodity.

ART. 26.—*An Address to Time, with other Poems.* "By John Jackson of Harrop Wood, near Macclesfield, Cheshire. Second Edition; with an Appendix containing various Letters of the Author to his Friends." Longman. 1808.

WE are told in an advertisement prefixed to these poems, that the publication of them is designed as

'A means of procuring for a virtuous and deserving young man that pecuniary assistance which may enable him in some measure to co-operate with the wishes and liberality of his patrons and friends in acquiring the very important advantage of a classical education.'

Mr. Jackson appears to be about twenty years of age; and we suppose that his friends esteem him a young man of no ordinary promise. In his poems we do not, however, discover any such marks of genius as would justify us in placing him on a level with Chatterton, Burns, Bloomfield, or Kirk White. Of these four resplendent names, in the poetic hemisphere, only Kirk White had the benefit of a classical education; and we are of opinion that the want of it would not have made any deduction from his poetic excellence. If Mr. Jackson possesses a genuine taste for poetry, we do not think with his friends and patrons, that he would derive any *important advantage from a classical education*; but if a classical education be intended to be subservient to his taking orders, practising tuition, or to any other means of gaining a comfortable livelihood, we heartily wish that he may receive every encouragement which is suited to his literary merit, and his private worth.

ART. 27.—*Odes, Sonnets, and other Poems, by William Mackdowall Tait.* 6s. Longman. 1808.

THIS is another juvenile production; it is dedicated to Mr. Roscoe, and consists of odes, sonnets, and miscellaneous poems. Some of the sonnets are pretty, but no sensations of poetic enthusiasm will be kindled by the perusal of the odes; and the miscellaneous poems are not without their due share of insipidity.

ART. 28.—*The Siller Gun; a Poem in four Cantos, with Notes and a Glossary.* 12mo. 4s. Richardson. 1808.

THIS poem is said to be founded on an ancient custom in Dumfries called '*shooting for the siller gun.*' The gun is a small silver tube like the barrel of a pistol, but derives great importance from its being the gift of James VI. That monarch having ordained it as a prize to the best marksman among the corporations of Dumfries. The contest was by royal authority licensed to take place every year; but in consequence of the trouble and expence attending it the cus-

tom has not been so frequently observed. Whenever the festival is appointed, the birth-day of the reigning sovereign is invariably chosen for that purpose.' It was on one of these occasions, 4th June 1776, that some verses which formed the groundwork of this poem were composed. The *dramatis personæ* are said to have been persons well known at that time in Dumfries and who made a prominent figure in the festival. From these circumstances and the uncouth dialect in which the poem is written it is not likely to interest many readers on this side of the Tweed; but beyond the Tweed and particularly at Dumfries it will no doubt excite interest and gratify curiosity.

ART. 29.—*A Selection of Psalms, adapted to the Service of a Parochial Church.* 12mo. 1s. Crosby. 1808.

JUDICIOUSLY selected, and well adapted to the devotional music of a parochial church.

ART. 30.—*The Eagle's Masque.* By Tom Tit. 12mo. London. 1808.

THIS will prove a delicious treat to some of our young friends; in the perusal they may derive both pleasure and instruction from the very characteristic descriptions with which the poetical Mr. Tom Tit has here presented them of most of the feathered creation, who were present at the grand masquerade which was given by the king of birds.

MEDICINE.

ART. 31.—*The Medical Compendium, for the Use of Families, &c. considerably enlarged and improved by D. Cox, Chemist to His Majesty.* 12mo. Longman, 1808.

THE great object of Mr. Cox in publishing this volume, is, (if we may judge from his frontispiece) to promote the sale of his medicine chests. His compendium then contains a short account of the drugs, which we presume are to be found in his chests, and of which he says, 'I do assert, that all and every drug introduced shall be of the first quality.' We cannot give Mr. Cox credit for originality in this design, and are inclined to believe that the success of some others has prompted him to this undertaking. However as the device is harmless, and even tends to promote popular knowledge we cannot object to it. Mr. Cox's book will serve as a good family dispensatory, and the medical information which is scattered through it, will at least do no harm: this we think commendation enough.

We ought to add that Mr. Cox's laboratory is at Gloucester where this book is printed.

ART. 32.—*A Letter on Vaccination, or the Propriety of inoculating Infants for Cow-Pox, considered; addressed to those whose Example may influence the inferior Orders.* By T. W. Wadley, Surgeon. 8vo. Murray.

MR. Wadley does not profess to advance any thing novel on the vaccine disease or the practice of vaccination. But he seems conscientiously to recommend it, from the successful result of his own experience, having in conjunction with his brother and coadjutor inoculated many hundreds, and not met with an untoward event. He therefore considers it his duty to recommend the practice to universal adoption, and has enforced his opinion by arguments, which we trust will carry conviction to every unprejudiced and well disposed mind.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ART. 33.—*The Lady's Economical Assistant; or, the Art of cutting out, and making the most useful Articles of wearing Apparel without Waste; explained by the clearest Directions, and numerous Engravings, of appropriate and Tasteful Patterns.* By a Lady. Designed for domestic Use. 12s. 4to, Murray, Fleet Street. 1808.

IT cannot be supposed that we hoary-headed philosophers should be sufficiently proficient in the art of cutting out, to be able to criticise the present performance; but as we know that our review is honoured with the perusal of some persons of the softer sex, we were unwilling that the present performance, which is the production of a very sensible matron, should pass entirely unnoticed. These are times in which no lady need blush to be an economist in cutting out; and if we unsightly reviewers ever took a wife we should wish her to be one who was a proficient in the art; conscious that our fondled *daughters* would not then play before our door in garments as ragged as colts that have passed the winter on a common. We therefore solicited an active, sober, and judicious housewife of our acquaintance to favour us with her opinion of the work. That opinion is as follows: The most useful part of these instructions is that which tends to make the workwoman an adept in the useful art of cutting out *without waste*, and which defines the exact quantity which the dress or dresses will take according to the width of the material which is employed for the purpose. Single or married ladies will do well to devote a few mornings to the study of this very judicious book; the patterns are well drawn and very clearly and simply explained. A girl of twelve years of age may with a little attention perfectly comprehend the essentials in the art of cutting out. Nothing requires greater nicety than child-bed linen making: and no work is more pleasant to do; the mind and the affections are charmingly interested whilst the fingers are employed in providing for the little sensitive innocents comfortable habiliments or elegant

decorations. We cannot select one part of this book which is more useful than another; the patterns, which are in twenty-seven plates, are all good and plain, but modern, neat, and convenient; and a good workwoman will readily accommodate her scissors to the variations and caprices of the mode.

ART. 34.—*The Cutter, in five Lectures upon the Art of cutting Friends, Acquaintances, and Relations.* 8s. I. Carpenter. 1808.

THE contents of this book are divided into five lectures: 1st. The introductions and definitions. 2nd, Art of cutting acquaintances. 3d. Art of cutting friends. 4th. Art of cutting relations. 5th. First lines for the ladies. In these lectures are ample instructions, with their proper phrases, such as the *cut poignant*, the *cut direct*, and the *dead cut*, &c. We opened this book with the hope of being entertained with something very gay, lively, and smart on the present modern manners; but we were obliged to lay down the book, wearied by the tediousness with which it must affect all who attempt a perusal. The instructions are so destitute of sprightliness or wit that it is difficult to pick out a paragraph which is worthy of attention. In describing the various methods of cutting we extract the following as one of the best. 'From what has been said it will be easily understood, that the *cutter* signifies the agent, or inflictor of a *cut*; and that by the *cuttee* is meant he, on whom the cut is made. A *dead cut*, or to *cut dead*, is that most effectual method of cutting, which cannot fail to make the *cuttee* perfectly sensible of it: as for instance to *stare him full in the face, with a look partaking of indifference and contempt, and, as he approaches with a countenance of conciliating humility, to turn on your heel and seek for amusement on the other side of the way*; or to pass him without so much as a nod of recognition.' Five coloured prints adorn the work for the elucidation of the different kinds of cuts to be practised, and if the set study of them can give our readers the smallest satisfaction or amuse them for five minutes, we must own that they are much more easy to be pleased than ourselves.

ART. 35.—*Antiquity, a Force, in two Acts.* Reynell. 1808.

THE peculiarities of an antiquary afford considerable room for ridicule; but we fear that the author has not made the most of his subject; at least we have found nothing to relax the gravity of our muscles during the perusal. Perhaps the author will retort—that is not the fault of my wit, but of your gravity.

ART. 36.—*The Royal Legend: a Tale.* 12mo. 5s. Effingham Wilson. 1808.

IN this legend many shafts are aimed against the character of a certain illustrious prince; but though they may have been dipped

in gall, they are shot with a feeble arm ; and the virtues of the great personage to whom we allude, are made of too stubborn stuff to be pierced even by the slanders of a more able calumniator. We must however express our abhorrence of any attempt to debase exalted characters by anonymous defamation.

ART. 37.—*British Chronology ; or a Catalogue of Monarchs, from the Invasion of Julius Caesar, to the Conquest of William Duke of Normandy ; to which are added Chronological Tables of English History, from the Conquest to the present Reign, calculated to afford Assistance to young Students of either Sex, who are desirous of attaining a Knowledge of the Annals of their Country. By the Rev. George Whitaker, A.M. Domestic Chaplain to the Marquis of Lansdowne, and Master of the Grammar School in Southampton. 12mo. Law. 1806.*

THE object is explained in the title, and we have no fault to find with the execution.

ART. 38.—*Melanges Historiques et Littéraires, par F. L. Hamel. 8vo. Symonds. 1808.*

THIS Melange, or Recueil of history and literature is in no respect inferior, and in many superior, to the other numerous works of the same nature, which have of late years issued in loads from the groaning printing offices of this town ; we therefore recommend it to the perusal of the young masters and misses of the fashionable schools of the metropolis and its vicinity, where the study of the French language constitutes a principal part of modern education.

List of Articles, which, with many others, will appear in the next Number of the Critical Review.

Zouch's Memoirs of Sir Philip Sidney.
 Account of Jamaica by a Gentleman.
 Translation of Boileau's Satires.
 Fauche-Borel's Accounts of Picagtu and Morra.
 Boyer on the Bones.
 Macgill's Travels in Turkey.
 Jervis's Standard of the English Constitution.
 Kett Smith's Narrative of Major André.
 Tighe's Plants ; a Poem.
 Williamson's Mathematics.

The Appendix to vol. XIV. of the Critical Review, containing various articles of Foreign Literature, with a Digest of Literature and Politics for the last four months, will appear on the 1st of next month.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The inaccuracies to which Mr. Simmons refers, were owing to the precipitation of the press.

THE

APPENDIX

TO THE

CRITICAL REVIEW.

VOL. XIV.

No. V.

ART. I.—*Histoire Critique de la Republique Romaine, &c.*

A Critical History of the Roman Republic, in which Work it is proposed to destroy the inveterate Prejudices, with respect to the History of the first Ages of the Republic; the Morality of the Romans, their Virtues, their external Policy, their Constitution, and the Character of their celebrated Men. By Peter Charles Levesque, Member of the Institute and of the Legion of Honor, Professor of Morality and History in the College of France. 3 vols. 8vo. Paris. 1807.

THERE is nothing perhaps which has so great an influence both on the improvement of individual intellect and on the general interests of truth, as the sober exercise and proper regulation of the faculty of *doubting*. If lightly employed, and injudiciously directed, it involves us in infinite embarrassment, imbecility, and misery. But if, on the other hand, we are induced by indolence or timidity to stifle the freedom of its operations, and bury one of our most important talents in fruitless inactivity, the understanding will gradually forfeit all its vigor and originality, and our noblest powers will be overwhelmed by the accumulated rubbish of unquestioned authority, and unexamined prejudice.

Of these two dangers we are of opinion that the latter is the most formidable; it is certainly by far the most frequent.—We laugh indeed at the child, or the rustic, who professes his implicit belief of preposterous facts, because he has seen them printed in a book: but are we sure that the convictions of the scholar and the statesman are always founded on a surer basis?

APP. Vol. 14.

G g

Is any thing more common than to observe that facts are not only admitted to be true as facts, but are relied on as the guides of future conduct, merely because they form a part of *history*? And what is history? Not indeed, as Voltaire rashly defined it, "a romance, which is believed;" such general and indiscriminate censures are as hostile to truth, and as revolting to philosophy, as the undistinguishing admissions of weak credulity: but history is nothing more than a collection of facts depending on the testimony of men, and consequently more or less entitled to credit according to their means of information, and their willingness to speak the truth. If recurrence were more frequently had to this simple definition, we should at least learn to postpone our decisions on facts to an examination of evidence, and probably might be led to believe that the common argument in favor of their truth "that they form a part of history" is almost as much a cause of suspicion as a ground of implicit confidence.

Among those who have attempted to teach men to think for themselves, by a bold attack on established errors, M. Levesque holds a distinguished rank. His enterprise is hardy and difficult, in proportion as the common history of Rome has been long and universally accepted, devoutly believed, and ardently admired. The historical facts which first become familiar to our understanding, the deeds of valor and generosity which earliest warm our hearts, the examples of honor, patriotism and friendship, which first form our little code of morality, are drawn from the Roman republic. It has been canonized for ages by sentiments approaching adoration; and we cannot help considering the present author in the light of an *avvocato del diavolo*, who now questions its title to the honor and applause it has so long commanded. He aspires indeed to the character of a judge; but he is far indeed from the grave moderation and impartiality which authorise a solemn decision of the cause, though his address, his acuteness, his various knowledge and versatile talents, qualify him to throw great light on every part of it. He is an excellent counsel, and that love of system, of which it is peculiarly necessary to divest ourselves when we wish to pronounce with fairness, brings to our view many important observations which might have escaped a more calm enquiry. He comments on the probability of particular facts, and the consistency of the entire narrative; confronts the witnesses, exposes their contradictions, attacks their credit, or denies their sources of information. And the mortifying result of his argument is that the boasted virtues of the Romans are all traced to a period so little known and so obscurely recorded, as almost to deserve the epithet of fabulous, while the ages, of which an accurate and credible narrative has

reached us, are distinguished by corruption, tyranny, cruelty, every thing that is mischievous in politics, and disgraceful in manners.

With respect to the witnesses, it would be unjust to conceal that they do not suffer materially from his cross-examination. Livy in particular, though he, like M. Levesque, thought it right to preserve all that was reported of the early ages of Rome, is so far from stating them as certain facts, that he frequently pauses to express his doubts, often laments the deficiency of details, and the want of authority. He goes farther. In summing up the facts related in the five first books of his immortal work, he throws a doubt on the whole recital, from the defective manner in which all the records had been preserved. He frankly acknowledges them to be obscure from extreme antiquity; and hardly discernible from so great a distance as that at which he wrote, and adds another important cause of their uncertainty, the want of letters, the only sure guardian of the memory of events*. This important observation, which is alone sufficient to rescue the discernment of the great historian from the stigma cast on it by the character of many facts related by him, may be considered as the germ of the work before us; and if modern compilers had reported the statements of Livy with the same diffidence with which he made them, there would have been little room for historic doubts on the early ages of this illustrious people. The good sense, however, of the following passage, and its application to the chronicles of other nations will plead our excuse for laying it entire before our readers. Preface, p. ii.

* To establish the degree of confidence, which ought to be granted to the history of an antient people, we should inquire if they were in the familiar use of writing, or if on the contrary they had only slow and difficult processes for tracing their ideas, or were even unacquainted with any. There is no such thing as history, for a people, which cannot write; there is nothing but tradition, and the character of all tradition is to change in passing from mouth to mouth, and from age to age; to confound names, times, places, circumstances; to be incessantly overloaded with new elements; to lose all those, which formed its origin, and in the end to be no more the same. Such is the fund of the history of every time, in which there was no writing.

* *Quæ at condita urbe Romæ ad captam eandem urbem, Romani sub regibus prætorum, consulis deinde ac dictatoribus, decemvirisque ac tribunis consularibus gerere foris bella, domi seditiones, quinque libris exposuit: res, cum vetustate nimis obscuras, velut quæ magno ex intervallo loci vix cernuntur; tum, quod perraræ verè eadem tempora literæ fuere, una custodia fidelis memoria rerum gestarum: & quod etiam si quæ in pontificum aliisque publicis privatisque erant monumentis, incensâ urbe, plerumque interire. Tit. Liv. l. 6. c. 1.*

'The Greeks, the first people in Europe who were raised to a high point of civilization, for a long time made little use of writing; or rather, they were long ignorant of writing, and understood only the art of inscribing on stone, on wood, on lead. In consequence, continued and detailed history began with them very late,—about the time of the Median wars. They put into verse all of which they wished to preserve the remembrance, to aid the memory by rhythm and metre. Their laws were in verse, and even in verse that was sung; their morality was versified, and it was less presumptuous but wiser than that which afterwards the philosophers established; their histories were poems, and it was from these poems that historians spoke of antient events.

'The origin of wooden tablets plaistered with wax cannot be determined: they were little fitted to receive works of any extent, and still less so to ensure their preservation; and the process by which characters were traced upon them by the aid of a sharp instrument, was rather engraving than writing properly so called. When the Greeks had at last discovered a liquor proper for tracing characters, they still were long before they procured a substance capable of commodiously receiving its marks, and contented themselves with rolled skins, which they called *diphtheræ*. Herodotus informs us that these skins were in use before his time, and that when he wrote, they had been long abandoned, and the papyrus preferred. This was the only convenient substance for receiving writing known to the antients, till the invention of parchment.

'But the Greeks could not have been acquainted with it, so long as the inhospitable Egyptians rigorously excluded foreigners from their country, and refused all commerce with them. At length Psammetichus acquired the dominion of Egypt by the assistance of some Ionian and Carian pirates driven by the weather. His benefits fixed these strangers with him; and he opened the entrance of his empire to all those Greeks whom the example of their good fortune might attract. Commerce was then established between the two nations.

'One may believe that the papyrus was not one of the first articles that occupied the Grecian merchants. Some time must have passed before they had occasion to be acquainted with it, still more, before they could wish to be charged with it. Before this merchandise could excite their attention, some curious men, with minds superior to the age they lived in, must have gone into Egypt. This happened about the sixth century before our æra. Thales, Solon, other Greeks, whose names are less famous, went thither to seek more knowledge than they could as yet find in their own country, or rather to corrupt, by the false lights of Egyptian science, that purer light which Homer and Hesiod had displayed in Greece. It was not till this epoch that works began to be composed in prose, because there was no longer the same necessity to afford to the memory the aid of metre. It was then that Pherecydes, the master of Pythagoras, first wrote in prose on subjects of philosophy; that

Cadmus of Miletus and Acusilaus of Argos first gave the example of not enslaving history by the incumbrance of versification; and that Pisistratus caused the writings of Homer, before dispersed, to be collected. Possibly they then first became continued works, and were then perhaps *written* for the first time;—an opinion, which at first seems paradoxical, but on fuller examination appears highly probable.

Three centuries rolled away before this discovery reached the Romans, who had no communication with the Greeks till near the time of the expedition of Pyrrhus in Italy. They had first graven written characters on pannels of oak, they afterwards engraved them on tables of copper, they painted them on leather, at length, they bethought themselves of writing on linen. But people write very little, when they have only such inconvenient methods of writing. It appears then that they had only *fasti*, in which they recorded the names of the magistrates for the year, and apparently the principal facts which had occurred during their magistracy.

He then goes on to observe that even if these antient annals were much more detailed than the state of writing makes it probable they were, the Gallic conflagration had swept away almost all monuments, whether of a public or private nature. What memorial then could remain at the earliest period of writing history, of the infancy of the republic, and still more of the kingly government?

In this manner M. Levesque has confirmed and expanded the observation of Livy. Nothing can be more ingenious, or, in our own opinion, more satisfactory; but let it be remembered that the observation proceeds originally from Livy. It certainly affords a fair ground for disputing every part of the early history of Rome, which is highly improbable in itself, or inconsistent with facts better authenticated. Some facts of a public nature, as treaties, decrees, &c. are placed beyond the reach of doubt, by having been recorded on brass at the time, and found so preserved in subsequent ages. But those readers who have not been in the habit of turning their minds to such enquiries will be astonished to see how many facts, long uncontroverted and unsuspected, are placed in a very doubtful light, and how many are proved to be absolutely incredible. We are under some difficulty in forming a selection, because the remarks are in a great degree connected with minute facts and uninteresting details: besides, the same want of authentic information, which leads our author to question the received account, necessarily prevents his substituting any other. It may be sufficient to observe that all the particulars of the history of Rome under her kings are considered as unworthy of credit, not only from the marvellous recitals, which are connected with it, and fairly bring the whole into disrepute, but from many apparent contradictions on the very face of the relation. The

author does not agree with those who think the duration of the monarchy shorter by a century than it is represented in the ordinary chronologies, though he strongly exposes the improbability of seven successive reigns in an elective monarchy extending to the period of 270 years: on the contrary he appears to be of opinion that the foundation of the city should be referred to a much earlier period, in order to account for that perfection in the arts, which some of the public works of that epoch prove to have been attained, but which was certainly lost in the first ages of the commonwealth.

The invasion of the Gauls in the year A. U. C. 363, is related at large—the defence of Clusium by the Fabii, the defeat of the Romans near the Allia, the consequent desertion of the city, the stern immobility of the senators, waiting to be murdered at their doors in their robes of dignity, and at first mistaken for the images of divinities by the barbarous foe, by whom they were afterwards massacred, the general resort to the Capitol, to which the enemy find access by tracing the steps of a young messenger to Camillus, the seasonable alarm given by the consecrated geese of Juno, the sale of the city for a certain weight of gold by Brennus, who would have cheated the purchasers by a false balance, and the expulsion of the Gauls at that critical moment by the arrival of their fugitive army,—all these extraordinary events are faithfully copied from the fifth book of Livy. When the narrative is finished, the critic proceeds to observe upon it, vol. i. p. 281.

‘One is stopped by improbabilities at every part of the relation. Taking each circumstance separately, one might defend it, and present it as one of those facts which are out of the common order of things, but yet are not impossible; but all together are out of the class of events of which criticism can admit the existence, and belong to that of fables inspired at once by superstition and national vanity.

‘From the commencement of the recital, I think I can perceive anachronisms in manners. Doubtless the Romans, when conquerors of Pyrrhus and the Carthaginians, might conceive so high an opinion of themselves as to believe that every thing ought to obey their voice: doubtless, one of their ambassadors might then inclose the king of Syria in a circle, and forbid him to quit it till he had given him an answer. But how could the three Fabii, young and imprudent as they might be, suppose that a powerful army of the Gauls would obey their first orders? Could such a presumption enter into the character of a people, who had indeed been powerful under their kings, but who, since their expulsion, had only conquered some of their neighbours, and which had just employed ten years in the siege of a town, that had easily been taken in the time of the monarchy.

* Another fault against the observation of manners, is the supposition that all the old senators expected to bend the anger of the gods, by devoting themselves to death, and that sitting motionless on their curule chairs, they waited for the blow that was about to strike them. This self devotion is not in the character of their age. Superstition, and even patriotism, which sometimes degenerates into superstition, may introduce enthusiasm into a few ardent heads, but not into a great number of heads cooled by old age.

“ Can we believe that the Gauls, ignorant as we must suppose them, could at first have mistaken these senators for statues of the divinities? Could those old men, in their immovable state, repress even the motion of the breath, and that of the eyelids? Plutarch here abandons Livy, and contents himself with saying that they regarded these motionless senators as superior men. *But since all that remained in Rome received death on that day of blood, how can it be known that it was the senator Papyrius, who first irritated the enemy, by striking a disrespectful Gaul?* Plutarch might as well have declined to copy Livy in this instance also.

‘ The footsteps of the young Pontius indicated to the Gauls the road which he had passed, and taught them to follow in their turn. They did not want this instruction: for Livy, whom Plutarch has had the prudence not to translate in this place, relates that after the voyage of Pontius, C. Fabius Dorso had descended from the Capitol to offer a sacrifice on the Quirinal hill, and dressed in sacerdotal robes and bearing the sacred things in his hand, he passed through the midst of the Gallic guards.— As this pious voyage was made in open day, they might observe the road taken by the pontiff.

‘ Lastly, the Gauls mounted in the night time. We are told that the sentinels did not hear them, and that the very dogs were mute. The geese consecrated to Juno betrayed them by their cries, and the flapping of their wings. In this event we discover a miracle: the goddess chose to reward the piety of the Romans, who, in the horror of famine, devoutly nourished her geese, instead of eating them.

‘ I will not raise any doubt on the capitulation made with Brennus, nor even as to the gold which they consented to pay him, particularly if we reduce the quantity.—I will admit that the sword was thrown in, to increase the weight of the basin: it is a trait of Gallic guile, of which that La Hire would have been capable, who said that if God had been a gen’d’arme, he would have been a plunderer. The phrase “*væ victis*”—woe to the conquered, is pregnant with meaning and inspired by the circumstances.

After remarking the improbability of the too seasonable arrival of Camillus at the very crisis of his country’s destiny, he thus sums up his opinion on the whole account, p. 287.

‘ The Gauls took Rome, and retired by capitulation: this can-

not be doubted. It is too great an event not to have left deep traces, and tradition would be sufficient to preserve the remembrance of it. All the rest is a fable, founded partly on uncertain traditions, and partly invented by the patricians.'

The above passage is a fair specimen of our author's style of argument and observation. It shews him as he often appears to be, disposed to push his reasoning to an extreme, and sometimes to weaken a point, by labouring it too much. The remark which we have printed in italics is quite sufficient to disprove the incredible story of the senators who waited to be butchered, and the other arguments are as superfluous as were the ninety-nine remaining reasons of the officer for not doing what he was required, when he had set out with declaring it impossible.—We also see in this extract a disposition to flatter the ruling power in France, and keep the public opinion attached to a monarchical form of government, by observing that the republic was a much less formidable power than the monarchy had been. And we may perceive a still more direct mode of pleasing the vanity of his countrymen, in the eulogies which are here and in many other parts of the work, most lavishly bestowed on their Gallic ancestors. And an opportunity is afforded us of pointing out that, though the Gauls are decidedly the favourites of our author, yet there is a general disposition to embrace the cause of every nation and every army, which is at any time arrayed against the power of Rome. The name of *Brennus* is supposed to be a generic term for a captain, and not the name of an individual, otherwise the victorious chief, who is so designated by the Roman writers, would probably have been the prominent hero of these volumes: but Hannibal, Viriatus, Spartacus, all in short who are found in arms resisting the republic, are mentioned with a degree of esteem and partiality, for which they appear to be less indebted to their respective merits, than to the aversion entertained by the historian against their haughty foe.

From the commencement of the second Punic war, we find the evidence clearer, and the narration more intelligible. The questionable reports which were inserted in it by the pride of Rome bear but a small proportion to the general mass of events, and the 'sage Polybius' will always secure us from serious error. The whole series of events from this period to that of the civil wars is related in the present work with equal spirit and judgment; and few portions of history are more abundant in entertainment, interest, and instruction. The character of the Carthaginian commonwealth is successfully vindicated from many of the dreadful imputations cast on it by the Roman historians, from whom alone we have taken our reports of that

powerful adversary. The progress of Hannibal is traced with the most partial admiration, and we cannot forbear transcribing the observations on the battle of Cannæ, for the sake of the curious, though endless, speculations, to which it naturally gives birth. Vol. ii. p. 116.

‘ After the battle, Maharbal said to him, “ Do you know what you have gained ? In five days, you will sup at the capitol. Go with the cavalry, and arrive, before you are known to be on the march.” Hannibal praised the counsel of Maharbal, but added that it required time to reflect on it. Maharbal replied, “ The gods have not given every thing to all men. You, Hannibal, know how to conquer, but not how to take advantage of a victory.”

‘ Polybius says that on hearing of the fatal battle of Cannæ, the Romans themselves thought their power destroyed, and that, in their consternation, they expected Hannibal every moment.

‘ If then he had arrived at the same time with the dreadful report, before the senate had had time to deliberate, at the time when the citizens wished to fly, and it was necessary to place guards at the gates to prevent their departure ; if he had shewn himself at the gates of Rome, when she heard that she had no longer an army, who can believe that those gates would have been shut against him ? Who could have prevented his entrance ? Would it be prevented by those old men who composed the senate, who would have had no time for concert, or union of counsel ? Or by the people without chiefs, without arms, and plunged in depression ?—And if Hannibal had once been master of Rome, who could have chased him from it, when he had dispersed the senators : when the piquets had invested the forum, and prevented the assembling of the people ; when the least project of insurrection would have been punished with death ; when the allies would have declared for the conqueror ; when the majority of them, knowing the weight of the Roman yoke, and not yet knowing that of Carthage, would have thought their liberty recovered ? Astonishment would have begun the work ; the politic caresses of Hannibal would have completed it ; time would have consolidated it, if the conquerors had acted with prudence. We may believe then that Maharbal was not mistaken, and that Hannibal knew not how to take advantage of victory. Whatever may be said of the great character of the Romans, the people are every where the same ; conjunctures only make the difference. They are haughty, when circumstances gave them a great idea of their power and inspire them with enthusiasm : they are base, when circumstances only leave them the impression of their weakness. Florus perhaps has only transmitted to us the opinion of the most judicious Romans, when he has not feared to affirm, without any hesitation, that the day of Cannæ would have been the last of Rome, if Hannibal had understood how to take advantage of victory, as well as how to conquer. Livy had also said that it was generally believed that the delay of a single day had saved the republic.——’ The Roman

name would perhaps have ceased to be. Italy, divided into small states, would not have been one power, or, united under the denomination of Carthage, it would have become a Carthaginian power, and the whole history of Europe, from that epoch to our own times, would have been very different from what it is. Perhaps this part of the world would not yet have been civilised; perhaps its civilisation, its sciences, and its arts would have been different; for it received every thing originally from the Romans, who had received every thing from the Greeks.'

This concluding sentence, is considerably at variance with an opinion which is elsewhere expressed by the author, of the high degree of civilization which the rival people had attained at the time of its destruction. And there appears to be no reason for imagining that so great a maritime power as Carthage would not have established a constant intercourse with Greece, at that time the most-cultivated nation on earth. The great difference in the result would probably have been the more general diffusion of a commercial spirit, and a great diminution of the dreadful trade of war.

We cannot take a final leave of the bloody field of Cannæ, without extracting a short but very striking passage, in which a reluctant homage is paid to the magnanimity of the Roman senate. Every one knows that the calamity was occasioned by the rashness of Terentius Varro, the plebeian consul, who had obtained that dignity by the lowest arts of popularity. He saved himself in the hour of defeat with difficulty, at the head of a small body of men; his colleague, Æmilius Paulus, the favourite of the senate, was among the slain. But that august body disdained to reproach the unhappy survivor, and his return to the city, whose existence he had endangered, is thus related: Vol. ii. p. 123.

'The consul was called to Rome. He had left the city with the acclamations of the populace, and his colleague had alone received honors on the part of the senate. The same senators, after a defeat which he had drawn upon himself, thought themselves bound to respect in him both his misfortune and the dignity of the only magistrate that Rome had preserved. They went forth to meet him, and thanked him for not having despaired of the safety of the republic.'

When M. Levesque arrives at the period of the civil war, which ended in the destruction of the republic, he assumes the tone, and writes in the spirit of a mere party-man. Perhaps the late events in France are by him regarded as parallel to the revolutions of Rome, and he may think that his defence of the perpetual dictator of ancient times extends to the founder of

the imperial dynasty, which gives the law to modern Europe. In relating the events, which paved the way for those fatal dissensions, he is extremely severe on the weakness, inconstancy, and vanity of Pompey, condemns all the measures taken by the senate for securing their own authority, and the permanency of the existing constitution, and throws a veil over all that was suspicious in the conduct, and perfidious in the designs of Cæsar. He maintains that originally he had no views upon the liberties of his country, but that his multiplied attacks on the senatorial authority, and his continual exertions to introduce innovations and overrule the force of the established laws, were prompted by the most disinterested wish to promote the unlawful ambition of Pompey, to whom he believes Cæsar to have been attached by the ties of pure friendship. We cannot help thinking these opinions preposterous, and in this part of the work both the facts and the observations are to be very narrowly watched. Again, when he speaks of the behaviour of the conqueror, after the battle of Pharsalia, he finds nothing but subjects of unbounded panegyric. The addition of six hundred to the number of senators, and the promotion of new men to the highest honors, are discussed with the respectful delicacy which might be expected from a member of the legion of honor. And in speaking of that awful lesson to tyrants and usurpers, which was given on the ides of March by Brutus, Cassius, and their comrades, when private citizens assumed that authority of punishment of which the criminal himself had disarmed the law, he has no better title to bestow on the last of Romans, than those of murderers and assassins. Of the usurpation of Cæsar he mildly and courteously observes, that 'that great man was fully sensible of the necessity for *changing the form of government*.' After all, his laboured justification is far from being satisfactory, and we really think the case of Napoleon stands on a better footing than that of Julius. Happy, if in imitating the seductive example of his fortunate crime, he had shewn himself capable of the magnanimous policy of converting his enemies by clemency. On this most attractive feature in the character of Cæsar, we meet with an observation so wise and just, that we have pleasure in transcribing it. Vol. iii, p. 220.

‘It may be said that Cæsar was merciful, through policy, and that even this letter * proves it. Rather let us say that his policy

* The letter inserted by Cicero in that from himself to Atticus, which is placed the eleventh in the ninth book of his Epistles.

received its impression from his character. It was because his heart was humane, that he thought sound policy invited him to humanity. It was also from policy, but with a very different character, that Pompey wished to triumph with cruelty. Policy is a noble thing, when it counsels a noble conduct.'

The summary of Cæsar's character is not drawn up with peculiar originality or force; and the writer's resolution to find nothing to praise in the republic, and nothing to blame in those who established, or contributed to establish, an imperial power in Rome, is pushed to such an extent, that it becomes ludicrous. Mark Antony, while the creature of Julius, is held up to our admiration and esteem; no sooner does he become the rival of Augustus, than he is represented in the most degrading light. The triumviral proscriptions are palliated with excessive charity. After enumerating the bloody contests of the three profligate colleagues in the oppression of their country, M. Levesque most feelingly exclaims, "Such was the series of calamities which was produced by the murder of Cæsar,"—when it would have been quite as just to ascribe them to the usurpation which provoked his death, as to that event itself; and when it was impossible to doubt that, from whatever cause his death had proceeded, and at whatever time it might have arrived, it must in the nature of things, have given rise to the most eager disputes between the patriots, who wished to restore the commonwealth, and the servile followers of the dictator, who would set up a claim of succession to his authority. It is then asserted that the monarchy of Rome was vicious *because it sprung from a vicious republic*; not because the minds of the emperors were intoxicated, and their hearts hardened by the possession of supreme power; nor because their dread of men who had once been free, and might resume their rights, alarmed them into acts of wanton cruelty.—We are sorry that so able a writer should have been betrayed into reflections thus partial and unjust, and which so manifestly tend to deprive history of its powers of moral and political instruction. And to prove that our censure is not lightly thrown out, we will add under this head, that an elaborate apology is offered for the character of Tiberius.

It is scarcely necessary to pronounce a formal judgment on the general merits of this work, after having so freely animadverted on a large portion of its contents. The scrutiny into the early history of Rome is most ably and acutely carried on; and the several wars in which she was engaged, from her second rupture with Carthage to the time of Julius Cæsar, are related with force, distinctness, and animation. The appearance of that illustrious person on the stage of public affairs, ac-

accompanied, as we suspect, by a secret assimilation to the recent circumstances of France, has given a false colouring to the medium through which our author has contemplated the history of the civil wars. But on this part of the subject, the testimony of numerous historians may be constantly referred to, for the purpose of correcting his statements; while in regard to the two earlier periods, his observations will be found most valuable in appreciating the evidence of many facts, which have hitherto been too easily admitted.

The whole work is interspersed with frequent comments on the constitution of government; the political maxims, and the moral character, of the ancient Romans. The first was unquestionably faulty in the extreme, while the popular and senatorial orders had opposite interests, and undefined powers, without the possibility of mediation between them. We should be naturally led by this train of reflection to consider the general nature of mixed governments, (at once the most delicate and the most important subject in the science of politics) if we had not already detained our readers so long on the present article.

For the same reason, we must decline entering at large into the observations on the political maxims of Rome. Indeed our opinion would not be different from that here professed; but it is here perhaps only fair to point out the barbarous state of the world, as affording some justification to the violence of their external policy. Their ungenerous and impolitic oppression of the provinces is hardly reprobated with sufficient severity.

Their moral character is unjustly traduced. One great mistake runs through all that is here brought forward on this subject. The examples of what Dr. Young calls 'doing right in stern despatch to nature,' as the sacrifice of paternal affection to the sense of an imperious duty of a higher nature, are quoted as proofs of habitual harshness and ferocity in the Roman character; whereas it is clear that they are always considered as great exceptions demanded by extraordinary conjunctures.

Magnum aliquid dubiâ pro libertate—and the very nature of their transcendent merit, which consisted in the sacrifice of men's natural feelings, shews how much those feelings must have been cherished on common occasions. No comparison with modern times can here be properly instituted, because no act of an individual could now produce the effect, which might be derived in the small society of an infant republic, in a barbarous age from the seasonable sacrifice of tenderness to patriotism or public justice.

Holding these unfavourable sentiments of the Romans, M.

Levesque is indignant that any parallel should have been drawn between them and his countrymen. Yet we doubt whether they might not challenge the French of modern times, on any one of the three grounds, on which they are most violently attacked. Their morals, though of a very different cast, were probably not much more open to uncharitable interpretations; their republican constitution, was at least of a stronger *stamina* than that of our neighbours, if we judge of the duration of both; and their conduct to other nations can hardly be thought more violent than that which has lately been endured by Switzerland and Prussia, Spain and Portugal. M. Levesque, however, disclaims all participation with the Roman character, and devoutly imprecates on England the curses attached to an admiration of it.

Dii meliora piis, erroremque hostibus illum!

At such a time, and from such a quarter, we accept the omen: and we trust this prophecy will be confirmed, if ever the long anticipated struggle shall arrive, by our emulation of ancient Rome, in firmness, courage, union, and the unconquerable love of liberty.

ART. II.—*Versuche, über den Einfluss Galvanischen, &c.*

An Enquiry into the Effects of Galvanism, in ascertaining the Influence of certain Poisons or Medicines, upon the Irritability of the Animal Body. By Frederick Pilger, formerly a Captain of Dragoons in the Austrian Service, now a Veterinary Surgeon in the Principality of Hesse. 8vo. Darmstadt.

HITHERTO we have seen the effects of galvanism applied to one branch of the animal economy only, and the subject has been familiarized to every class of readers by the numerous publications of those who have directed their attention to this curious and novel department of science.—Their experiments however seem to have been confined to the demonstration of this principle, namely, that muscular irritability continues for several hours after an animal has ceased to live, and that galvanism affords the means of exciting this irritability in a more decisive manner than any other stimulant.

We know that all experiments of this description have succeeded best, and the vibrations produced in the muscles have been strongest when the animal has died or rather has been killed suddenly, the muscles in this case being fresh and vigo-

uous. For this reason, when the effects of galvanism are to be proved on the human subject after death, those miserable beings who have suffered death by the hands of the executioner are generally chosen, and the success of the experiment has been allowed to depend entirely upon their bodies being submitted to the galvanic influence as soon as the fatal injunctions of the law were complied with. The shocks experienced by the animal economy are then brisker, and more general* than those obtained upon a subject which has died perhaps in an hospital, after a tedious disease, or after one of such a nature as to exhaust the system. It was natural to conclude from this difference, that when the irritability excited by galvanism was feeble, the antecedent disease, or the remedies administered had already in a great measure exhausted this irritability: hence the galvanic test might, to a certain extent, measure the degree of irritability possessed by an animal body at the moment of death.

The author of these Enquiries goes still farther: he believes that galvanism may be employed in order to ascertain the effects of particular poisons, or of certain medicines upon the irritability of the system. With this view he has made numerous experiments, and if not more interesting, they are unquestionably of more direct utility than any yet published. The topic has the merit of appearing before the public in a new dress, and M. Pilger's example may perhaps stimulate some enlightened experimentalist to apply his knowledge of pathology and the materia medica to the perfection of a branch of science which seems to promise much and of which we know too little.

M. Pilger had begun his career as a disciple of Galvani by a course of experiments upon frogs and rabbits: but the calamities of war having rendered great number of horses unserviceable, and which were afterwards killed, he experimented upon these in preference to lesser animals, which besides, were less analogous in structure to the human subject. His first object was to ascertain, by means of galvanism applied immediately

* *Aldini*, when in London, used to say that he would undertake under certain circumstances to restore animation to any person who had been executed.—Dr. Kömmering one of the German illuminati has outstripped the modest Italian.—Captivated with the success of some puerile galvanic experiments he has written a large quarto in which he denies the total extinction of *sensibility* by decapitation! He does not leave his readers long in the dark as to the meaning of this word *sensibility*. He tells us that he once bargained with a criminal for his head to be delivered after the executioner had severed it from his body. The doctor galloped home with his purchase—irritability was excited by the galvanic battery: he then called upon the criminal three times by his name, the head and eyes immediately turned round to the direction from which the voice came.—*Credat Judæus Apella!*

after the death of the animal, the influence or effect of different poisons on the irritability of the system. In this view he administered to a horse at the longest practicable interval after feeding,—either the poison or the remedy the effects of which he wished to ascertain. These were given in such doses as were deemed capable of producing a powerful and striking effect, either instantaneously or after an interval. He then carefully observed the pulse of the animal—its degree of heat, the colour of the tongue and nostrils—the respiration—dilation or contraction of the pupils—motion of the limbs—natural evacuations, urine and dung—state of appetite, &c. As soon as the dose appeared to produce a sensible effect, or when it had been given sufficiently long to afford ground for presuming that, although no apparent or external effect was produced it had nevertheless exerted all its operative power on the irritability of the system, or when, through the effects of the poison, or the induced disorder, the horse appeared to be dying—he was killed.

As soon as the animal appeared to be completely dead, a part was immediately skinned—it was generally that which covered the plexus brachialis, so as to expose all the nerves of the part, together with those which bordered on the fore leg. These nerves, and the adjoining muscles were operated on—viz. placed in contact with silver or gold leaf on the one side, and a plate of zinc on the other. These metals were afterwards made to communicate with each other, either immediately, or by a copper wire, or some other metallic conductor, and by those means, any particular muscle was put in a state of contraction. The greater or lesser degree of these contractions, compared with those produced by similar means on an animal of the same species, and every way circumstanced alike, except that of having taken the medicine or the poison determines to what degree the irritability of the animal has been increased or diminished by the effect of the particular dose administered.

But care should be taken to commence this process speedily, lest the nerves should be unfavourably affected, or the blood dried by the air; and frequently to cleanse the plates of zinc to prevent an accumulation of oxygen, circumstances which greatly injure the effect of galvanism, and lead to false and precipitate conclusions—for instance, by attributing to the doses previously administered an apparent diminution or increase of the irritability, which in fact is entirely owing to the manner of operating.

It is to be further observed, that lean horses, those which are chiefly kept upon oats, and those which feed in dry, cold, or elevated situations, are more liable to the effects of galvanism, than

those that are fat, or kept upon hay, straw, grass, roots, or who feed in low, wet, or marshy grounds. From these causes the Hungarian horses are susceptible of stronger contractions than those of Friesland.

It is with reference to these various considerations that Mr. Pilger thinks he can estimate the greater or lesser effect produced on the irritability of horses, by the different medicines or poisons which he administered previous to his killing them, and applying the galvanic influence.

The different substances by means of which he attempted to ascertain the above influence, were arsenic, corrosive sublimate, muriate of *barylet*, emetic tartar, orpiment, camphire, opium, bella-donna, water-hemlock, cherry-bay, yew (*taxus baccata*) water-fennel (*phelandrium aquaticum*), æther or sulphuric acid, vinegar, sea salt, ipecacuanha, wine, phosphorus, valerian, vanilla, &c. &c.

All these substances being frequently employed in medicine as remedies and some of them acting as poisons, and producing dreadful effects, it was important to determine, as far as practicable, their respective influences on the animal economy. It will perhaps be objected that, in order to ascertain this by direct experiments, it is necessary these should be made upon men and not upon horses, because it is very possible that there exists no relation between the human and the brute creation with respect to the origin of diseases.

‘Let us not calculate hastily, on this head,’—says Mons. P. ‘Without doubt the simple life of animals, their nudity, their constant exposition to the air, the strength of their nerves, and the light circulation of their blood, modifies in them the varieties of disease; but their diseases proceed originally from similar causes, and are of the same nature as those of men. If the state of the atmosphere subject the latter to inflammatory diseases, horses and horned cattle are liable to be affected in the same manner—the exhalation from marshy grounds will cause in them, as in us, intermittent fevers.—They also, as we, are subject to rheumatisms and fluxes in consequence of obstructed perspiration, and the humidity of stables produces in horses glandular obstructions and ulcers.

‘With respect to medicines;—spirits, bitters, astringents, and neutral salts, produce the same effects upon horses as upon men. It is not, however, the same with respect to poisons and narcotics. A horse will stand, in one dose, and without injury, six grains of sublimate, ten grains of arsenic, two drams of tartar emetic, one ounce of opium, four ounces of bella donna, two ounces of water-fennel, and several other strong vegetable stimulants, in large doses. But they cannot support vinegar or other acids. One pound of concentrated vinegar is sufficient to destroy a horse, and with the most frightful symptoms of agony.

Acc. Vol. 14.

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'These exceptions, however, do not preclude the consideration, that in general the effects of medicine or poison on a horse may be regarded as analogous to those on a man, in as much as in general the difference lies more in the *quantity* given than in the thing itself. A greater quantity of arsenic or of sublimate is necessary to destroy a horse than a man, with reference to the dissimilarity of size; however by augmenting the dose of these poisons the life of the horse is as certainly destroyed as that of the man, and the accompanying symptoms of the destruction of the animal economy are of the same nature in both. There is therefore reason to suppose, that in general all those agents which are found decidedly to augment or diminish the irritability of the system in the one, will also produce corresponding effects in the other.'

Taking all this for granted, we shall proceed to consider M. Pilger's experiments:

1. One of the substances which appeared to have the greatest effect on the animal economy, either as a medicine or a poison, was the *white oxyd of arsenic*. We know that in large doses it will speedily kill a human being, with symptoms of great inflammatory irritation of the stomach and intestines, and also of great agitation and disorder, generally, in the functions of the nervous system, spasms, convulsions, delirium, &c. In very small doses, continued for some time, it has been used with success in intermitting fevers, and sometimes also in obstinate complaints in the head, in cancers, &c. We are ignorant, however, whether it be perfectly correct to say, that the white oxyd of arsenic is frequently employed with success for internal diseases. Fowler's solution of arsenic, which is the most used of any preparation of the kind, is neither composed of arsenic itself, nor of the white oxyde of that metal. It is a neutral salt, in which the white oxyde of arsenic is neutralised by potash, and as the properties of compound bodies differ materially from their elemental natures, it is probable that the effects of the arseniate of potash are very different from those of the regulus of arsenic or of its simple oxyde. We cannot suppose that the properties of nitre (nitrate of potash), are in the least similar to those of nitrous acid: nor those of Glauber's salts (sulphate of soda) with those of concentrated sulphuric acid. Why then should not the effects of the arseniate of potash, and those of the substance itself be discriminated? We regret, therefore, that Mons. P. had not tried the first of these preparations in preference, as it is by far the most frequently employed as a medicine.

In the way of external application, we know that the white oxyde of arsenic acts as a violent caustic. We must naturally suppose, that it will greatly augment the irritability of the system. Yet a horse, to which had been given, at first, one grain four

times a day, and afterwards, more than forty doses in the thirty-five following days, at the end of which he had consumed three drams, without any apparent sensible effects, manifested on the galvanic experiments, after death, very slight indications of irritability—the motions were very feeble, or rather the muscles were merely agitated, and the effect entirely ceased at the end of about six minutes.

In the case of another horse, which was treated in a similar way, with this exception, that the arsenic was administered in a lesser quantity, and continued for a shorter interval, the muscular motions were considerably stronger, but still far short of those exhibited in life.

Lastly, A third horse, received in one dose forty grains, from this little more resulted than a slight colicky affection. The next day eighty grains were given, and he died in an hour after. The process of galvanism produced no indication of irritability in this subject.

It is not a little extraordinary that orpiment, which is merely a sulphuret of arsenic, produces no effect on horses.*

With regard to orpiment, it has been administered on two successive days, in doses of an ounce at each time, to an old mare, which was not in the least affected by it. On her being killed, the galvanic process was applied, and the irritability of the system was found to be neither increased nor diminished.

2. But, as pure arsenic evidently diminishes, it should appear that corrosive sublimate, which upon the human system has effects nearly as destructive as those of arsenic itself, should produce effects somewhat similar upon horses. Nevertheless, a horse, which had taken in the interval of fourteen days 112 grains in doses gradually augmented, and was then killed, exhibited, on the application of galvanism, a very striking degree of muscular agitation. It was the same in the instance of another horse, which had received a dram of it in a single dose, and died at the expiration of forty-six minutes. In both these cases the muscular motion was continued twenty-seven minutes after death.

To what cause then is this striking difference between those poisons to be attributed? If the arsenic had been given in one large dose, or altogether, we should have some reason to infer that the irritation which it must produce would have been

* On this occasion, we have to repeat our foregoing remark, viz.—The properties of compound bodies differ essentially from those of their elemental parts. The combinations of sulphur with metallic substances, have in general a very little effect on the animal economy. Thus æthops and cinnabar which are sulphurets of mercury, are almost inert preparations, while the oxydes and metalloids are highly active in their operation.

sufficiently strong to destroy the irritability of the system, and produce that indirect weakness, which according to the Brunonian system is the immediate consequence of all excessive stimulants. But as it has had the same effect on the irritability of horses, whether administered in large or in small doses, at different times, or altogether; and as the influence of the poison was found, in the three experiments, to be only in proportion to the whole quantity the animal had taken, such an inference must be inadmissible.

3. The muriate of barytes, the influence of which upon the human system has not been yet satisfactorily determined, but which after producing very sensible effects, especially upon glandular tumours, appeared rather to augment it; has, on the contrary appeared to diminish that of horses. Such was the effect, whether by giving the animal a dose of two drams at once, his death took place at the end of four hours; or after administering to him four doses of sixty grains each, for fourteen successive days, he was killed. The movements produced by the galvanic experiment, more resembled tremulous agitations, than true muscular motion.

4. We know that horses are not susceptible of vomiting; emetics, however, affect them strongly. A dose of an half ounce of tartar emetic was given to a horse. It produced immediately strong spasms, a general perspiration, and a continual obstruction of breathing.—He was killed in about an hour in the midst of his sufferings. The galvanic operation produced considerable movements. Thus tartar emetic which has been administered in small doses with so much success in febrile complaints, in order to *diminish* the irritability of the arteries and the heart, is found, when given in a large dose to produce the contrary effect, on the muscles of a horse.

5. In another point of view, we see that *camphor*, which is given in nervous affections, and malignant fevers, as an anti-spasmodic capable of greatly diminishing the irritability of the system, appears to act upon horses not only in a very different but an unequal manner. Half an ounce given to this animal in one dose, has produced speedily a rapid pulsation, a straining and prominency of the eye, and all the signs of a much increased irritability. When killed, the galvanic process has a strong and sensible effect, and induces a correspondent motion for more than forty minutes, and the irritability subsides by degrees. It was nearly the same in the instance of a second horse, to which was given at once six drams of this medicine, and which was killed in about two hours and a half, when the camphor began to operate: on this animal, galvanism excited permanent, convulsive, and generally rapid motions, rather than regular muscular movements. But a third, to which an

ounce was given, and had died in consequence at the expiration of five hours, was found on the application of galvanism, to have lost all his irritability—nothing but scarcely perceptible agitations were produced, and these entirely ceased in about twelve minutes after his death.

This variation is easily explained, according to the system of Dr. Brown, by the exhaustion of the irritability, which as we have already observed, proceeds from a *continued*, uniform, and *excessive* application of a powerful stimulus. The above are not the only proofs of the kind furnished by the experiments of M. Pilger. When he gave horses a sufficient quantity of wine or brandy to render them lively and spirited, and when he killed them in this state of elevation, the galvanic process induced very strong emotions: but when such a quantity of these liquors was given as to produce absolute intoxication, the muscular contractions were very feeble, merely a tremulous motion. It was nearly similar when a quantity of pure and concentrated vinegar was administered; of this a pound was sufficient to produce violent cramps and spasms, and fatal effects. But if the death of the animal, so produced, took place some time before the application of galvanism, the irritability was found to exist no longer, whereas if it were killed at the height of these paroxysms, a considerable degree of muscular agitation was obtained.

6. *Opium*.—This precious remedy, so often successfully employed as an antidote to pain, to produce sleep, to moderate or repress even convulsions; but which, given in large doses, induces lethargy, and often death, produces on horses a very extraordinary effect. On these it appears to act as a renovator of strength, it in a great degree obviates the infirmities of age, and these animals receive with beneficial effects prodigiously large doses. An ounce at one dose, has been given to a horse who was blind, and very much exhausted.—In about half an hour, he eat with great appetite, appeared lively, and looked quickly about him at every noise he heard, pricking up his ears, but beyond these no other effects were apparent. He was then killed, but the galvanic process only induced muscular emotion a little stronger than ordinary. A similar experiment was tried upon a horse who was young, but very lean.—The opium greatly increased his spirit, strength and appetite; on this animal galvanism had little more effect than if he had taken nothing. But on a third, worn down with age and labour, to which an ounce and an half was administered at once, it produced astonishing effects. All his faculties were reanimated—his eyes brightened with the fire of youth, his jaws were braced, the ears stood erect, and his limbs appeared to recover their youthful agility and strength—he trotted, and was in

every respect as lively as a young horse. In this state of temporary regeneration he was suffered to exist but an hour. The galvanic operation produced considerable and lively movements, and which continued very nearly an hour after death.

We cannot here avoid remarking that the assertion of some writers respecting the beneficial effects of opium employed as a counter poison to camphor, is not verified by the experiments of M. Pilger : who tried it not only upon a dog, and upon horses, but on himself. In all those cases, it appeared that opium, so far from diminishing the deleterious effects induced by excessive doses of camphor, on the contrary, always aggravated them, and in the case of horses, galvanism produced little or no effect after death, a proof that the co-operation of these two medicines when given in large doses greatly diminishes the irritability of the system.

7. If opium produces little or no effect upon horses except in very large doses, other narcotics have a correspondent or even a lesser effect upon men. The distillation of bay leaves, which upon the human species, is one of the most speedy and efficacious poisons, operates very slightly on those animals. Eight ounces have been given to a horse, without any apparent effect, he was then killed, when the galvanic process produced no extraordinary effects. To three other horses still larger doses, (nearly a pound) had been administered, and to which half a dram of the essential oil of the same vegetable was added. These doses at first seemed to impart a degree of briskness, and a keenness of appetite, afterwards they appeared heavy and inert; this affection, however, soon passed away. The application of galvanism, after the death of these animals, *produces no effect*. This is the language of the author. We are however uncertain, whether he means that they manifested positively no signs of irritability, or merely that the doses given produced no additional effect.

8. The same was experienced with respect to *water-hemlock*, which is said to be that kind of poison with which the Athenians caused the death of Socrates, and which is known quickly to induce the death of men. Eight ounces of the liquor distilled from this plant, with one dram of the essential oil, was given to two horses : little effect was produced, and after death, the galvanic experiment was attended only by very feeble movements, and these entirely ceased at the expiration of twenty minutes.

9. *Besladonna* has still less efficacy upon horses. They eat it as they do hay. M. Pilger tried it as a medicine with horses affected with indurated glands. He gave them as much as weighed four ounces per day, with an equal quantity of grass, during four successive weeks, without observing any extraordi-

nary effect. Anxious to ascertain its efficacy in very large doses, he gave to two horses eight ounces of the root in powder, and two ounces of the essential oil as fresh as possible. Still no effects were apparent, and after death galvanism produced no extraordinary effect.

10. It was, however, very different with respect to another plant, which although it has not been used as a medicine for the human species, has always been considered as strongly operative on the animal economy, viz, the yew, (*taxus baccifera*.) Of this the whole of a young tree was given to two horses. They eat it with great appetite, and shortly after they became feeble and heavy, their legs spread as if to preserve them from falling, the pupils were dilated, while the ball of the eyes was manifestly contracted, in a little time they fell into convulsions and died. and after death, the galvanic operation proved that their irritability was quite destroyed.

11. Among the stimulants which were administered, it appeared that gentian and colocynth root although given in doses from two to three ounces—the former during several successive days, and the latter once, had little or no effect on the irritability of the system. On the horses to which these substances were given, the effects of galvanism on such as had taken the gentian were not in the least extraordinary: but in the cases of those which had taken the colocynth they were weaker, and of less duration than usual.

12. The flowers of arnica, the seeds of water-fennel (*phelandrium aquaticum*) a medicine which German physicians have recommended in the last stages of asthma and consumption, constantly produced a great irritability of the system, and the application of galvanism after death excited forcible and long continued movements.

13. *Valerian*, which is so successfully administered in nervous affections as a tonical antispasmodic, produced a great effect on those horses on which M. Pilger tried it. The briskness and duration of the movements produced by galvanism were greatly increased in consequence of its being previously given. Those horses to whom three or four ounces had been administered at one time, displayed a very extraordinary degree of briskness and activity: it was, however, not found accompanied by any symptoms of inflammation.

We have thus endeavoured to follow M. Pilger through his interesting experiments, and we have to express our obligations for the services he has rendered to science by his publication. Those of our readers who are acquainted with the means used to promote the diffusion of knowledge throughout Germany, will not be surprised at the publication of a work on medical science from the pen of a captain of dragoons. Al-

though many of the experiments may excite feelings of commiseration for the miserable animals which were the subjects of them, M. Pilger seems to be a man of more than ordinary humanity, and frequently expresses his regret at the sufferings of his victims, a regret, he assures us, which was only alleviated by the hope that his labours might perhaps be rewarded by a general benefit to mankind.

ART. III.—*Memoires particuliers, &c.*

Private Memoirs, extracted from the Correspondence of a Traveller with the late M. Caron de Beaumarchais, in Poland, Lithuania, White Russia, Petersburg, Moscow, the Crimea, &c. Containing new Observations on the military Power of Russia, her Finances, her Manners and Customs, &c. Published by M. D—— Hambourg and Paris. 1807.

‘IN the year 1787,’ says the Editor in his Preface; ‘a powerful commercial house of Marseilles, united both in business and friendship with the late M. Beaumarchais, made an attempt to realise some ancient ideas of trade with the southern frontiers of Poland. Circumstances presented new facilities of which these able merchants would have profited had not a certain person, then in power, on whose cooperation it was necessary for them to depend, ruined by his private arrangements hopes which ought not perhaps to have been founded on his well known character. The Editor of these letters cannot allow himself to enter into the details of an operation which belongs to those who conceived it; but he is able, without impropriety, to state that it was designed to have brought down by the Dniester into the Black Sea, all the exportable commodities of the Polish provinces. A young merchant was sent to the spot. He was to have established at Akermann a house of trade to be united with houses at Constantinople and Marseilles. The object of his mission was frustrated by the arrangements of the person whom we just mentioned; and he then employed himself about other affairs which detained him several years in Poland and Russia.’

From this it should appear that the commercial plan proposed by general Joris and communicated from him by the traveller to the house of Beaumarchais, of which we have somewhat of a detailed account in the last letter of this selection, was an idea subsequent to that on which he was originally dispatched; although this also related to the navigation of the Dniester, and contained a proposal for the establishment of a factory or commercial depôt on the banks of the Euxine. Part

of the design of the publication is probably to submit this plan in a respectable manner to the consideration of Napoleon le Grand; but how far his present connexion with Russia may enable him to carry it into execution is a question which we cannot answer any more than how long that connexion may subsist. There is no question as to the very weighty advantages that their conquests may draw from a *permanent* alliance with Russia, and in his present want of a maritime force, this very plan may be calculated to produce some of the most important results. We appear in many instances to have fallen into fatal errors respecting the real power of Russia, and to have contemplated her as a great military empire (which she is not) neglecting, what she really possesses, the means, in a commercial view, of most materially injuring us, and yet more materially benefiting our implacable rival. Perhaps, however, the time has already gone by in which Bonaparte could take advantage of the *politiques* (as the French politicians say) afforded by a Russian alliance. God grant it may be so! and that we shall in future have more wisdom than to risk the loss of a most useful friend for the acquisition of a few rotten hulks.

The work before us was apparently published soon after the commencement of the campaign in Poland. The editor, who is an excellent courier, tells us he has omitted all that part of the correspondence which related to the government of Poland, because in contemplating the alterations which it is about to undergo under the Napoleon dynasty, we necessarily lose all interest in objects so remote and obscure. 'The fate of Poland is about to change, and every thing presages that a government conformable at once to the interests of the people and to the wise policy of that great man who is employed in ruling them, will soon rejoice and re-create these *beautiful* regions.'

There was another object in the publication; 'to reassure those who are afraid, or pretend to be afraid, that the present war with Russia will be dragged out to a tedious length.' We must indeed give our traveller the full credit of having discovered, fifteen years ago and upwards, a fact to which our politicians seem to have been wilfully blind, and which, after the fatal experience of Friedland we doubt not many will still be hardened enough in their prejudices to deny; that *Russia is not a great military power*. 'It is impossible,' he says, 'for Russia to support a war of any length against a potent nation.' This assertion is not only justified by events, but founded on the most self-evident principles. It was made at a time when no events had happened to justify it, by a person who had no interest in making it, and addressed to persons who had no interest in believing it, at a time when Russia was in perfect

peace with France as well as England, and when there was no prospect of any events taking place to entangle her in a war with either; and it was made by a person who had nothing but common sense and common observation to guide him in making it.

‘The Russian army of the line, which is described to us as being so numerous, amounts to no more than 250,000 men in time of peace; and to raise it in time of war to 350,000 requires considerable efforts and a degree of severity in the levies of recruits so great as to be extremely inconvenient and not quite safe. I know that in war-time, they can add to these forces about 100,000 animals, equally base and ferocious, who are united under the names of Cossacks, Calmucks, Tartars, &c. I know that these wretches, without clothes, without arms, and without pay, abandon themselves to massacre, and pillage, and render their names to a certain degree formidable by burning women, children, and old men. But besides that the peasantry is in itself sufficient to exterminate these savage hordes, and to save sovereigns the trouble of sending regular forces to subdue them, it is impossible to place any real confidence in men whom you do not pay.’—‘I cannot consent to value such a militia as this according to their number; and, if I allowed them for an equivalent to half the same number of regulars (a calculation very much in their favour) I should make the Russian army in time of war amount only to 400,000, spread over a territory as extensive as all the rest of Europe, and having to defend it against the Poles, the Turks, the Persians, the Swedes, and the Austrians, all of whom are the natural enemies of Russia.’

Added to this deficiency of numbers, the *unparalleled** corruption in all ranks of officers and all departments of office, and the now-acknowledged imbecility of a semi-barbarous government, will serve to complete the picture of the Russian army; and, if such were its situation in the latter years of Catherine, can we imagine that things have been much amended during the administrations of Paul and Alexander? Nevertheless we know some people who, after reading such an account of this, will continue to say, ‘The Russians were not beaten at Friedland. The peace of Tilsit was not a compulsory measure, but a voluntary sacrifice of the liberties of Europe.’

The recent events in Spain, have raised hopes which (whatever may be their termination) are at least better founded than any which we have built on the mighty armaments of imperial Russia. If freedom ever visits Europe again; she will come,

* We venture to use the word “unparalleled,” notwithstanding the recent deductions made in our military departments.

‘not from the north, nor from the west, nor from the east, but from the south.’

On other points the correspondence of our traveller is certainly very entertaining. His remarks are not often particularly profound; but they are generally dictated by good sense; and they are adorned with a great deal of that vivacity and sprightliness, which, though very distinct from humour, render the French style of narrative so peculiarly attractive. As a book of travels, it possesses one great disadvantage, that of having been written from fifteen to twenty years ago. The very natural curiosity of mankind which contributes to deluge the press with works of that description feeds only on novelty, and is ill satisfied with any but the very latest accounts of people and places. Keyser’s travels are much better worth reading than Sir John Carr’s. Yet the former are almost forgotten, while the latter are hardly to be procured at the circulating libraries from the number of applications.

After describing the inns of Poland, and the persons and manners of the beastly Jews who keep them, all which the reader will doubtless remember to have met with in Mr. Burnett’s late account of that country, our traveller gives a few sketches of the Polish character, its habitual indolence, good-nature, and indecision. He has just given some account of Grodno, ‘the ugliest and dirtiest of all great towns; and then proceeds;

‘As for Wilna it is quite a different thing: the town is much larger, better built, and contains a numerous and select society. Many rich proprietors either retire to that place or frequently visit it and enrich it by their residence or their visits. When Prince Radzivil Palatine of Wilna comes there, or passes through it at the time of the contracts, he is followed by 4, or 5,000 men for his escort. I have elsewhere spoken to you of the originalities of this singular Sarmatian (whom you must not confound with Prince Michael Radzivil) *Castellan* of Wilna, an amiable, polished, and enlightened man, moreover the father of a numerous and charming family. The *Palatine* possesses immense riches, the employment of which once scattered plenty over the town and its environs; now, unfortunately, his affairs are all in disorder, and will to all appearances long remain so. Some years ago a proposal was made him to clear off all his enormous debts by the selling of one of his most considerable forests; he had consented to it, but recalled his consent on deliberation. ‘What will become of the bears?’ said he to the *économiste* who advised the measure; who having nothing to advance in reply, no more was thought about it, and nobody cared “what may become of tens of thousands of ruined creditors.”

The character of the Russian nobility is as much distinguished for want of order and economy as that of the Poles for trifling,

inconsistency, and *inconsequence*. The following observations suggested by some particulars in the conduct of general Joris, a distinguished favourite of Catherine's and possessor of immense territories around the town of *Sclouf* on the Russian frontier, are very *French*, but contain at the bottom a great deal of good sense.

'The lands of *Sclouf* are very considerable, being worth, they say, 200,000 rubles (more than 800,000 francs) of revenue to the proprietor. With this fortune, he is almost in want, and often has not at his command a sum of money which a private person would be ashamed to stand in need of. It is true he plays, and sometimes loses much money, but he wins also in his turn, and does not pass for a man more unlucky than his neighbours. The expence of his *Corps de Cadets* is but a trifle in a country where a landed proprietor has nothing to purchase; his buildings are castles in the air, as much as the new towns in the Crimea: it is then in the inextricable disorder which surrounds him that we must seek the reason of his continual embarrassments. This sketch of the fortunes of general Joris, put it into my head to ask by what expression the word *order* was rendered in Russia; you will, no doubt, suppose that I am burlesquing when I say they have none in their language: and yet it is a fact which I warrant, and you may boldly challenge all the world to tell you, without a periphrasis, what is *order* in Russ; let me explain myself, however: by the word *order* I mean that which is called in Latin *ordo*, in German *ordnung*, for, if you mean by the word *order*, *Jussus*, oh! for that there are a thousand interpretations; they give and receive *orders* every minute; they also confer *orders* and dignities on distinguished citizens; but they know not what is that *order* which ought to reign in a house, and in every other establishment.

'May I confess to you a weakness which you are at liberty to call by what name you please: I own that this want in a language of a word in my opinion so necessary, has given me a kind of prejudice against the nation: I cannot conceive how the word can be wanting where the *thing* is known. I do not mean on so simple a ground and on so light a suggestion to set you against a whole people; but if, when I know them better, I find my presentiment justified, then you will allow me to say to you, like Monsieur Dacier, *Maremarque subsiste*. In the mean while, I promise you to distrust my own sagacity; to keep my observation in reserve, and to examine all I see, just as if I never had made it.'

At Mohilow (Mohilof) circumstances gave him an opportunity, which few travellers possess, of estimating very precisely the characters and manners of the inhabitants of country towns, which in almost all nations (perhaps least of all in England) differ very materially from those of the capital, at

the same time that they form so large a proportion of the national bulk, that it is never quite fair to talk of the character of a people without giving them a full share of contemplation. It is hardly possible for the mind to be in a more degrading state of stagnation than, from the sketch here presented, we should conceive to be that of the inhabitants of Mohilow, equally destitute of the means and of the inclination of improvement. Two parties divided the town; the most *dignified* was that over which the governor (or *Namechnik*) and his mistress *Maria-Seguerrna* presided; the most *entertaining* that which ranged itself under the banner of two or three private ladies, whose birth elevated them as much *above* as their want of connexion with office placed them *below* the great man's lady. These parties hated each other with the most cordial detestation, and every day passed in intrigues to diminish the rival influence, in scandal and in cards. Not a thought appears to have occupied a single mind in the place beyond these three topics. *Maria Seguerrna* was vain of the remembrance of beauty, haughty, insolent, and vulgar. The *Namechnik* ignorant and stupid, swollen with the pride of office, and totally unconcerned about all the duties connected with it. The only service by which he merited the place he enjoyed was one by which (in any other country of Europe except under the government of Bonaparte) he would have merited the wheel or gallows, the murder of Peter III. which was executed by himself and one or two other equally gallant *patriots*.

Our traveller, in mentioning this circumstance of which he speaks with all due horror and detestation, both defends the character of the poor emperor (in many respects certainly very severely treated by historians,) and justifies the subsequent conduct of the empress, a species of contradiction which nobody but a Frenchman would, we think, venture upon. As in the case of the Queen of Scots, the whole world may labour in vain for ages to counteract the plain inference from this fact. She did not punish, but she rewarded, the murderers of her husband.

On his arrival at Petersburg, our traveller first discovers a new class of society which he does not hesitate to prefer (and, we doubt not, with strict justice) both to the nobility and peasantry of the nation, a class which in the present commercial state of Europe must be more or less extensive in any country, but is probably less so in Russia than any, that which he calls the higher order of the *Bourgeoisie*, composed of the great mercantile houses and of the national and foreign bankers.

From these, he enters on some long and interesting details respecting the state of the peasants whom he represents (in com-

mon with all other travellers) as being 'chautels, in every sense of the word.'

'As we say, an estate of so many acres, they say, an estate of so many peasants. If the contributions of war or the devastations of sickness carry off more than can be supplied by the common rate of reproduction, the revenue of the lord is so much diminished. Instead of saying of a man 'he is possessed of so many thousand livres of income,' they say here 'he has two or three thousand peasants.' 'The English who say that a man is worth three thousand guineas, meaning that he is possessed of so much, would say here that he is worth three or four thousand peasants; which would be at the same time a truth, and a great falsehood.'

The custom of portioning them out in different trades according to the option of the lord, and the yet more odious custom of marrying them off according to his caprice, are painted in a very amusing manner. A good account is also given of a country-wake in Ingria; but we have not room for many more quotations.

The radical vices of the church, the army, the police, and the government departments, are touched upon with some acuteness and with no sparing hand. But, being written twenty years ago, they are of little present interest compared with the details of more recent travellers. The system of education in Russia (which may be considered as the foundation of every thing else in the state) is discussed more at length and drawn with a great deal of spirit and humour. It appears that Peter the Great has either been immoderately extolled for the provisions which he made in this most essential department of policy, or that his successors, so far from improving on his plans, have paid no attention whatever to them, and suffered them to grow useless and corrupt without an effort to preserve them. The education of the Russian nobility this traveller represents to be entirely committed to a few ignorant and needy Frenchmen or other foreigners who are selected without any examination, treated only as hireling domestics, and paid just enough to enable them with tolerable oeconomy to work their passage home again at the expiration of the time for which they are engaged.

Before I give any of those instances which I am enabled to furnish on this subject, let me tell you how a Russian nobleman, who lives on his estate, proceeds when he sees his son or daughter of an age which requires what he calls *education*. He waits till the wants of his family oblige him to send some confidential servant to town. When this journey is determined on, he sends for his valet de cham-

bre. Iwan, says he, you must go to Petersburg to buy wine, liquors, and stuffs of such and such descriptions. You will make haste to return, and in your way back you will bring with you also a French *Outchitel* (private tutor.). You will inquire what this will come to, and make the best bargain you can.' Iwan comes to Petersburg. Of the three or four days given him for the dispatch of all his business, he spends two in drinking and diverting himself with his acquaintance. Then he makes haste to execute his commissions, and when he is ready to set off goes into any coffee-house where he is told there are some Frenchmen, and asks in a loud voice, if any body has a mind to become an *Outchitel*? Many present themselves immediately, and he chooses the best drest because he supposes him to be the best informed, which is sometimes the case. He asks him to come with him, promises him five or six hundred rubles for wages, his board and lodging, white coffee for the morning, and black for the evening; which are conditions that all *Outchitels* both male and female insist on having inserted in their contracts. The bargain is struck, and Iwan gives the man, who is about to take upon him the education of his young master, just half-an-hour to make up his bundle and come to join him at such an inn where the carriage is waiting. After some days travelling, the *Outchitel* arrives, quite knocked up with fatigue, at the place of his abode. At first they receive him graciously enough; but if, upon inspecting his wardrobe, they see any trace of the misery in which he was, perhaps, at the time of becoming instructor, they take great care to measure according to this appearance of distress or to his supposed easy circumstances the degree of consideration which he is thenceforward to enjoy. The young man whom they trust to his care is the first to judge of the rank which he holds in his master's esteem, and you may guess the consequences.'

Our traveller is a young man and runs away with a number of ridiculous stories about these instructors of youth, the police-officers, and other dignified characters which have all the appearance of being no better founded than those which boys at schools and colleges are apt to pick up and retail of their masters, tutors, &c. We must not, however, do him the injustice to say that he represents them as positive facts, though perhaps he attaches more weight to them than older and graver men will think they deserve.

In the course of his residence in Russia, he takes a journey to Moscow, and gives an account of the state of society in that ancient capital, and of the general character of the inhabitants of the province, and the whole Moscovite peasantry, which forms a very pleasing contrast to the state of Petersburg and the thieves and drunkards of Ingria and the surrounding governments. He says very truly that it is absurd to talk of a *Russian character*, since no people can be more widely separated from

each other in every particular which constitutes a national character than those of the different provinces of this immense incoherent empire.

In his account of the Russian stage, he gives an anecdote of Banti (at that time a performer at the Opera of Peter-burg) which will not, we believe, be discredited by those who had the happiness of her acquaintance in England, though many will, perhaps, think it strange that our traveller affects to rank her in the *mediocre* class of performers.

‘ They have reason enough to say in France that great artists are very favourably received at the court of Petersburg: They pay great respect to the *mediocres* also. Signora Banti, who received from the court a sum of four thousand rubles for singing two little airs every week, thought that this treatment fell far short of her merit.

‘ She went one day to find the director-general of the theatres, and represented to him that she could not live on 4000 rubles, and would quit the service if they did not pay her better. The empress having answered to this threat that she was at liberty to depart when ever she should think fit, the general, intending to soften this dismissal to the Signora, said, ‘ the princess had remarked that she costs her as much as the generals of her army.’ ‘ Eh bien,’ answered the singer, ‘ qu’elle fût chanter ses généraux !’

ART. IV.—*Reflexions Morales sur les Delits, &c.*

Moral Reflections on Public and Private Crimes, being a Sequel to the Work which obtained the Prize of Utility in 1787. By M. Delacroix, Judge of the Civil Tribunal of Versailles, and formerly Professor of Justice (de Droit public?) Paris. 1807.

M. DELACROIX is the author of several works, which have acquired considerable celebrity in the French metropolis; particularly his Description of the *constitutions of the principal states of Europe and the United States of America*; his *French Spectator*, both before and during the revolution; and the work to which the present is a sequel. His second series of *Spectators*, he informs us, had nearly proved fatal to their author. The original title of the last work was “*Philosophical Reflexions on Civilization.*” Its object was to call the attention of the supreme power to the impolicy and injustice of the torture; the cruelties exercised on prisoners immured, as he tells us, “in obscure dungeons where filthy and noxious animals contended

with them for their food ;" and other subjects connected with criminal jurisprudence, with the justice which is due to the unfortunate, and even to the malefactor, who is paying the forfeit of crimes regularly and judicially proved.

M. Delacroix is not of that order of writers who are distinguished for the novelty of their thoughts, or the depth of their reflections. But he uniformly pleads the cause of virtue ; his style is flowing and equable, his sentiments animated, and he sometimes rises to eloquence. We may complain, perhaps, that he has put too much of ornament to subjects which require not the aid of artificial decoration, and in which the mind is seeking for instruction, rather than the imagination for amusement. The pictures of the crimes which deform the face of human society and which empoison the seats of what ought to be domestic happiness and domestic confidence, give us a dark and revolting view of human nature. When we read of parricide, of fratricide, of infanticide, a well regulated mind is apt to shrink with horror and to exclaim, can these things really be so ? Whence can arise such shocking outrages ? Is it the defect of education ? We willingly and eagerly cling to this idea ; but we fear that facts will show it to be an ill-founded hypothesis. Too often have there issued from the purest stock germs (sons we can hardly call them) ungrateful and unnatural, on whom have been vainly and prodigally bestowed the lights of reason, and the benefits of the most careful instruction. In vain have the best examples been set before their eyes ; the precepts of the purest morality have been vainly impressed upon them. The more their desires have been gratified, the more insatiable have they become ; and because some still remains for them to expect at the decease of a parent, their souls are absorbed in monstrous projects to accelerate the destined period of nature.

We agree with M. Delacroix that these and similar monstrosities prove some radical moral disorganization ; and force society to introduce the passion of terror as a substitute for the natural and legitimate affections. But as this disorganization seems to be absolutely in many individuals incorrigible, and inherent in their very nature, all severity of punishment seems unjust, if carried beyond the necessity of self defence and self preservation. We regard a man of morals incorrigibly depraved and a mad man in nearly the same point of view ; and the one we think as much the object of commiseration as the other. We do not think that in some of these essays, (for the volume may justly be entitled a series of essays) the author has been very consistent in pursuing the consequences of his own principles. Had he been so, he would, we think, have spared or have very much mitigated the extreme harshness of

the sentence he passes upon a large and unhappy portion of the feeblér sex.

It is on this perverse class that the eye of an attentive police ought to be constantly fixed; it should follow them into their most secret haunts to deprive them of the power to perpetuate calamities. Too much haste cannot be made to *extirpate* them from a world which they perpetually corrupt, and by terrific examples to preserve the rising generation. If transportation into countries at present uninhabited is the only efficacious remedy, it should be employed without delay. If you please, let every succour be given to these female corruptors of humanity, which indigence and misery may require: let the evils of banishment be softened by sacrifices of which they are little worthy: but let the ocean be made the barrier between them and the youth of the country; and let all those who would be inclined to imitate their example have before their eyes the dread and the shame of this eternal exile. Yes, as long as these pests of the human race are suffered to wander in our cities and our fields, or to follow our armies, it is in vain to look for amelioration of manners, augmentation of population, or consistency of legislation. Let me hear not of the necessity of tolerating houses of infamy in great cities, to preserve the peace of private families from the impetuosity of the passions. No desire is more imperious than hunger; and if a wise police can preserve us from the violence of the one, it will more easily secure us from the furia of the other, which are more rare.

M. Delacroix surely overlooks an essential difference in the two cases, which he considers as parallel: hunger is usually satisfied; were it otherwise, we believe that the wisest police, backed by legions of bayonets, would hardly secure the rich from the violence of the poor. By the mediation of the class against whom he rages so furiously, the other passion is tolerably allayed too. Were this *deportation* to be seriously carried into effect, we believe in our conscience that the confusion and disorder introduced into society would be infinite. Let us not deceive ourselves. Every class in human society springs necessarily out of the civil institutions of the social body. Matters are so contrived that multitudes have it not in their power to marry. Well then, they provide for themselves as well as they can! But why all this *exterminating* fury against the weaker vessel? Are they more blameable than their corruptors? Let us not stifle the feelings of humanity against any human being, however depressed by misfortune and debased by vice. The misery of these poor creatures is great: their faults may not be small; but it dwindles into insignificance when compared to that of the perjured husband, or the adulterous wife.

We have been better pleased with the following remarks; We heartily subscribe to their truth and propriety, and recommend them to the serious consideration of writers, who are tempted to sacrifice decency to the extravagances of a wild and voluptuous imagination.

Poets who have not known how to repress the wanderings of a depraved fancy, and have yielded to the inspirations of a licentious muse, have been justly punished by the stings of remorse. What would not the authors of the *Metromanic* and the *Fidèle François* have given to have been able to purify their works from the ode and the epigram, for which they blushed to their dying moments.

The bard of Henry the Great never ceased to disavow the degrading descriptions, which dishonour one of his poems, I well recollect, and can fancy that I see at this moment, one who had the misfortune to be the author of a monstrous production, the name of which I dare not mention, and which, by an inexplicable fatality, too often finds its way into the hands of young people. His air was melancholy and silent; he seemed always anxious to avoid observation, and to withdraw himself from an ignominious reputation. Pleasure was for ever extinct for him, who had crowded together so many hideous pictures of voluptuous enjoyment. He would have preferred the silence of the cloister, from which he had drawn his principal characters, to the murmur which seemed to haunt him in places of public resort, where he appeared solitary and desolate.

This picture is equally spirited and faithful, though perhaps a little too highly coloured. Modern society seems indeed to feel more sensibly infringements of decency, than of virtue itself. It is at least a homage paid to the substance when men will not suffer violations even of its form and shadow. We wish that the principle were carried to its proper extent. Would those who really regard virtue both in its form and substance unite to expel from their society all who were guilty of gross infractions of the great rules of morality, public manners, we believe, would receive a greater improvement than from all the codes of pains and penalties that were ever devised.

M. Delacroix seems an enemy to all violent innovations: things as they are is the order of the day with all connected with the court of the Tuilleries. He is therefore an advocate for the punishment of death, though adverse to all cruelty in the infliction of it. There is but little merit in this display of leniency, since the public opinion of all Europe has already condemned as an outrage of human nature all acts of needless cruelty at public executions. Mons. D. grounds his defence of capital punishment on the extreme depravity of human nature, a defence in which we fear there is too much truth. Certainly in

point of justice what an individual may lawfully do in self-defence, it can hardly be contested that the community may do in defence of the whole body. But we cannot agree with the author that experience has determined that milder methods would be ineffectual to preserve the order of society, and the security of private persons. 'The profession of assassins and robbers,' says our author, 'is embraced only by a class of vile beings ignorant and obscure, who attach no value to public opinion, and upon whom infamy and civil degradation have no effect. Coarsely clothed and grossly fed, they would submit to servitude, were it not for their aversion to labour and their craving for intoxicating liquors, the great object of all their desires.' We doubt not the justness of this description. What then are we to think of governments, which licence and encourage this diffusion of liquid poison in every corner of our cities, and even in the most secluded of our villages? But we regard at present this question as more likely to exercise the wits of contending disputants, than to engage the serious attention of legislators. Whilst governments immolate their subjects, by thousands to gratify their hatred or their ambition, they must regard with ineffable contempt, or perhaps with feelings still more hostile, theories which are such a bitter satire on their own habits and conduct.

Though the distinct essays of which this volume is composed have a common relation to the subject of the whole, yet they are so disconnected as to put it out of our power to give an analysis of the whole. We shall therefore select one of them; that which we have chosen is on bankruptcy; a subject of great interest to all commercial countries, and to our own as much as to any: it is certainly rather a singular phenomenon in the history of civil institutions, that in the most commercial country upon earth the laws concerning bankruptcy should be confessedly the most defective of its civil code.

Under the common name of bankruptcy are included cases which have not in a moral estimation any common relation or qualities whatever. There may be understood by it either the deepest misfortune or the darkest of crimes. At the first blush, therefore, it seems a strange incongruity to subject all who are involved in this condition to a common lot. Reason seems to suggest that a fraudulent bankrupt should be the object of punishment, that the degree of punishment should be proportionate to the enormity of the offence; whilst the unfortunate bankrupt is so little the object of severity, that it seems doubtful whether the claims of just creditors ought to be enforced to his utter ruin. M. Delacroix traces, we think, to its proper source, the abundance of crimes which infest society, and involve so frequently the innocent and the guilty in a common ruin. He says:

'It cannot be denied that it is almost always the fault of men, if such a multitude of crimes are propagated in the midst of them; they grant with so little consideration their respect to the appearance of riches; they refuse it with so absurd a disdain to the exterior of poverty, that they force the latter to make use of every device to conceal its true condition, and to assume some appearance of consequence. This weakness of human reason doubtless does not render the want of probity excusable, but it explains the cause of the progress of dishonesty among us.'

He proceeds :

'Can we be surprised if bankruptcies are become in our days more frequent than ever? All men are tormented with the thirst after riches; all wish to gain with rapidity what cannot be acquired but by constant economy and a prudent and laborious activity. The number of traders is greater than that of consumers: men without fortune, without credit, without intelligence, embark in commercial speculations, and have no other view than to dazzle and impose upon the manufacturer, whose productions they absorb. They can remain in a profession, into which they ought never to have entered at all, only by multiplying hazardous engagements. If they liquidate some trifling debts, it is only with a view to accumulate greater, and to extend a credit to which they have no claim. As the funds from which they draw their subsistence is not their own, it little concerns them what they retain in their own hands: to day they devour the substance of one, to morrow they will consume that of another; and they will not be betrayed, till dupes are no longer to be found. Perhaps many failures might be prevented, if the right to engage in commerce were less readily granted, and it were confined to men who could give some pledge to society.'

'Many regulations which have been designated as barbarous and tyrannical, are perhaps to be regretted, and I know not if we have gained more than we have lost by the annihilation of these corporations, against which the system of the economists was directed. The liberty of industry has at the first view a seductive appearance; but it has also its abuses which are not easily repressed, and industry, which gets forward without the help of fortune, is often an object of just suspicion.'

'The arts and trades which are exercised in society require an apprenticeship, knowledge, and preliminary studies. But now-a-days every body is allowed to embrace the profession of a merchant or a banker. He engages in enterprizes in the single confidence of his own powers and his own intelligence; insurance stands in the stead of instruction, and experience; and if he can contrive to procure a few advances, he boldly marches in the path which is to conduct him either to riches or to infamy. The most adventurous he

is in his speculations, the more are the chances either for or against him, and the security which he affects himself is communicated to those whom he has contrived to involve in his concerns. It is only at the moment when he can no longer deceive himself, that the charm is broken, and men shudder at the danger in which they are engulfed.

The laws of France have ever made a distinction between the unfortunate and the fraudulent bankrupt, and have proceeded against the latter as a civil offender, his crime being in truth a robbery, accompanied commonly with circumstances of the greatest aggravation. A declaration passed so long ago as the year 1716 contained many excellent regulations, which were equally advantageous to the creditor and the honest debtor. To the former it secured as much of his property as accrued from the effects of his debtor; to the latter it furnished, what to an upright mind is inestimable, the means of justifying the purity and integrity of his actions and intentions. But to enact good laws is but half the duty of wise legislators; to ensure their execution is the other half, equally important and much more difficult. Fraud and chicane were too powerful and too much interested in eluding the salutary provisions of this ordinance; and it had for many years fallen into disuse and almost into oblivion.

'At the moment,' observes the author, 'that a commercial man perceives that it will be impossible for him to fulfil his engagements, and that he has before his eyes the painful perspective of a failure, he ought to regard himself as a stranger in his warehouses, and in the midst of his stock; and to be convinced that the smallest article of which he disposes to the prejudice of his creditors, is a larceny, the object of criminal justice.'

'Unhappily the want of shades and gradations, which renders our laws imperfect, introduces likewise confusion into our opinions. A banker whose creditors suffer a loss of twenty per cent. is as much dishonoured in the public opinion as he who has failed for fifty or sixty per cent. Thence it happens that a man will not declare himself a bankrupt till the last extremity: often he has even a sort of vanity in not failing for a trifle: as if the robbery were ennobled by the magnitude of the plunder.'

There is certainly truth in this observation. To remedy the evil, M. Delacroix would give a reward to every merchant who called his creditors together the instant he was assured that his private fortune was gone, and would affix a severe, and in truth, a well merited punishment upon him who deferred declaring himself a bankrupt till the last extremity. It is obvious however, that the proof of such a crime is often in-

involved in the greatest difficulty. He would moreover proportionate the punishment to the loss sustained by the creditor. Thus he proposes, that if a man pays 50 per cent, the punishment should go no further than to affect his reputation; but that if the loss sustained be greater, the degradation should be greater, and a term of imprisonment should be added. But all general rules are inevitably attended with private injustices. Suppose, for example, a man of integrity, but not rich, has a large sum of money entrusted to him. He for security takes it to his banker, who on the morrow fails, and the poor man has not enough left to pay his creditors sixpence in the pound. Is he to suffer imprisonment too in addition to his calamity? This is not a feigned case, we have known something very like it happen in real life. Every case, in truth, stands by itself, and ought to be weighed by its own merits; and it would be very desirable that judicatures should have a degree of discretionary power, in all cases where the exercise of such a power is not liable to great abuses.

But it accords with every notion of justice and equity, that a fraudulent bankrupt, like every other robber, should upon conviction be subject to condign punishment. The present French code enacts '*Every bankruptcy made fraudulently and with intent to deceive the legitimate creditors, shall be punished by six years imprisonment in irons.*' M. Delacroix properly remarks that the laconic brevity of this law, attacks with too little distinction offences more or less serious, and which on that account ought not to suffer the same punishment either in kind or duration, and he well concludes, that

'If families derived their lustre from honour and a high reputation for probity; if delicacy influenced the choice of their connexions, commerce would not be disgraced with so many failures, and the justice of the tribunals would have fewer occasions of punishment.'

Having taken a view of the crimes which are the principal objects of criminal justice, having unfolded their origin, weighed the degrees of moral offence attached to them, and suggested what he deems adequate and efficacious punishments, M. Delacroix, in a third part of his work, enters upon an examination of the forms which ought to precede condemnations. This includes subjects of the first consequence to individual security,—the forms of accusation, the steps necessary to secure the appearance of the accused, courts of justice, the laws of evidence, witnesses, council, and jurics. The curiosity of Englishmen is naturally directed to the opinions of an impartial and enlightened foreigner, (for such we must esteem M.

Delacroix on the favourite institution of these islands, and which was adopted in France perhaps with a childish avidity at the first revolutionary effervescence. Mons. D. does not seem satisfied with the establishment, but yet not so much so as to wish to have the ancient forms re-established. In fact he seems to halt between two opinions. He complains of the unfeeling indifference of magistrates, accustomed to the spectacle of crimes and misery. He confesses that, in spite of his respect for the magistracy, and the justice he is willing to render to their penetration and intelligence, he would rather be tried by dispassionate and disinterested men, endued with good sense and an upright spirit, than by those whose hearts have been hardened by the custom of seeing criminals, and of condemning them. With equal frankness he avows that he should tremble, though conscious of the most perfect innocence, to see his fate depend on the opinion of a jury taken by chance from the country, or the class of ignorant artisans, men destitute of all judgment, and of all sensibility. His own project is to canoble the function of juries, so that all honest citizens should be ambitious of fulfilling them, and of seeing their names inscribed on the honourable list from which they should be taken. It should be a grievous dishonour to be struck off the rolls, if from indifference, partiality, or any sinister motive, a man shall have merited such an affront. These ideas are well deserving consideration in a country in which the institution is novel. But we should dread any innovation on our English fashions. With all their imperfections, the obligations of this country to the spirit and integrity of our petty juries are incalculable. Can we forget the acquittal of the man whom Pitt would have brought to the scaffold for pursuing with a little too much eagerness that reform which himself projected? Had they shrunk from their duty, it would, we think, have been the death-blow to the freedom of the country.

M. Delacroix has added considerably to the interest of his work, by interspersing it with little anecdotes which have occurred to him either in the exercise of his profession, or in the common intercourse of life. We shall select two of them for the amusement of our readers. They are extracted from a chapter on duels.

'I recollect, on this subject, the observation of a man proud of his birth; he was saying that one of his friends had, very properly, run a brother officer through the body, for remarking that his account of an adventure was not correct. I took the liberty to remark, that it would have been right first to ascertain whether the fact was so or not. - What signifies it? replied he. Know, Sir,

that a lie from the mouth of a gentleman, is more to be respected than the truth from that of an ordinary person. That is indeed a maxim so broad and so new, I replied, that certainly I shall never forget it as long as I live. I turned away instantly to speak to another person. But if I was shocked at such insolent presumption, a very different scene reconciled me to the dignified pride of a general officer, who repelled a challenge given him by a gentleman, who pretended to have received an offence from what he called a lie. For what reason, said the old officer, should I place myself on the same footing with you? What glory can I acquire by killing you? Your family, perhaps, who will be very little concerned about the matter, will demand from me the price of your blood. If you really possess courage, as you would wish us to believe, show yourself, as I have done, in twenty combats against the enemies of France, and you will have no need, in order to display your valour, to be so very touchy on the point of honour. A strange way indeed, replied the gentleman, of extricating yourself from the affair. Attribute my refusal, Sir, if you please, replied the general, to apprehension. Attempt to persuade the world that you have been able to inspire me with terror. He pronounced these words with so martial a tone, and with an air of such superiority, that his adversary was disconcerted. He muttered out an answer which nobody heard, and withdrew.

The marshal, as calm as before the dispute, spoke with an air of indifference of an affair which occupied the public attention, and which left upon all minds an idea of his immovable firmness.

Our kind-hearted author has appended to his essays a project of a foundling hospital.—We beg his pardon—that is a name at which he has taken offence, and France has plenty of them already. Well then, it is *Un Hospice Maternel* for the reception of foundling children. He bemoans with much feeling, the fate of the unhappy innocents, the fruits of illicit love. ‘The young ones of the wolf are less objects of pity,’ he says, ‘since they have a mother who gives them suck, who runs to them after having been separated, to obtain her nourishment.’ We do not know why the young wolves should be an object of pity at all—but this *en passant*. We hope too that his pity for these little deserted human creatures, when taken into public houses of reception, is also misplaced. The feelings of nature are so strong in the female breast of all ranks and degrees, that we are confident that a foster mother, placed under the inspection of numbers of her own sex, will not dare grossly to neglect her charge. The reproaches and indignation of her companions would quickly remind her of her duty; terror and shame would extort from her the assiduities which she has no motive of affection to bestow.

In each department, at the entrance of the principal town, should one of these houses of reception be placed. Here every child that is brought is to be received, no questions asked, and the greater the number of children that were brought, the better would our author be pleased. This we think a little strange, after all his exterminating rage against the unfortunate females, who, with all their activity in the service of the public, are rarely destined to enrich the state with new citizens. How better treatment is to be secured to the children in their infancy, than what they now receive, we are not informed. But in the breeding up of them it is that M. Delacroix displays the grandeur of his conceptions. These bastards are to be formed into a new cast, a new tribe in the state, from which are to issue for the service of the country, 'military men distinguished for their bravery and their intelligence. and ministers of public worship wholly devoted to their august functions.' Some of them, it is true, may be rather stupid, and such must be contented with a humbler lot, they are to cultivate the earth 'with the instruments which nature has not refused them,' mowing, we presume, their legs and arms. His notions of the education proper for the priesthood, may be gained from the following passage :

'The children whose character is calm and gentle, and who do not seem agitated by the violence of passion, should be particularly directed to the study of morality and sacred history; they should only learn the Greek and Latin languages in the sacred writers; the former of these languages should be taught them by translating the eloquent discourses of St. John Chrysostom, and his affecting homilies. Their knowledge of Latin should also be derived from the principal fathers of the church; they should be kept in ignorance even of the poems of Horace, Ovid, Terence, and Tibullus. Their imagination should never be excited by paintings which genius has too much multiplied, and which haunt the minds of infants even in their dreams. The same cares which Lycurgus bestowed to form invincible warriors, I would apply to furnish the state with priests as pure as the service of religion requires; they should have no other knowledge of the origin of the world but by the inspirations of the bible and of the sacred writings, or by the eloquent discourses of Bossuet.

'The foundations of the church, its persecutions, its combats and triumphs, should be presented to them in the impartial pages of Fleury. Some odes of Rousseau, the tragedies of Esther and Athalie, the poem of Religion, should give them an idea of the magnificent language of poetry; they should fortify themselves against the arguments of infidelity by the reading of the great discourses which form the glory of the apostolic chair.

'All profane writing should have in their eyes no more value than the celebrated library of Alexandria in those of the caliph Omar.'

To every thing, said the wise man, there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven. And we had thought indeed that the season for publishing notions of this kind was for ever past. What greater affront can be offered to religion itself, than the supposition that its ministers, defenders, and preachers ought to be kept in utter ignorance of all polite and useful learning?

We order these things better in England. Our experience teaches us, that if we set before men sufficient motives, they may be made to support any opinions, any dogmas, any systems whatever, however contrary to reason, and shocking to common sense. Bishoprics, deaneries, prebendaries, and fat livings, produce the same happy effects which M. Delacroix expects from his proposal of making churchmen read only one side of a question; they do not indeed produce a total darkness of intellect, but they affect the mental vision in a peculiar and extraordinary manner. They make the patients able to see only the part of the argument which suits their interests, all the rest is involved in total darkness. One precaution, however, M. Delacroix seems to have omitted; which is having made them just the beings he wishes, how is he to keep them there. In the human mind there seems implanted a wonderful disposition to continue in motion, when once it has received an impulse. We see not how, therefore, our pure and zealous pastors can be kept stationary except by a seclusion as rigorous as that with which eastern tyranny guards the objects of its unceasing jealousy. Mons. D. ought to revive the monastic institutions as the only fit abodes for his innocent and ignorant pastors. They ought never to be allowed to set their foot in the open world. There they will meet, in spite of all precautions, with the wicked works of Horace and Ovid, and Terence and Tibullus, and a thousand modern authors still more prophane to awaken their curiosity, inflame their imagination, and introduce the unhappy art of doubting and reflecting, and reasoning.

The treatment he proposes for his young military pupils is less revolting to reason. Rousseau has furnished him with his outlines; he has filled up the picture prettily enough.

But he observes very gravely that nature, anxious to preserve all her productions and perpetuate the species, the fruit of her fecundity, has divided it nearly equally into two sexes nearly equal in numbers.—Well we must expect then as many girls as boys in our maternal hospital, and our author seems rather puzzled to know what to do with them. A part indeed are very reasonably disposed of, and had he treated the whole in the same manner, boys as well as girls, we should have heartily subscribed to the prudence of his choice.

'The inclination,' he says, 'to servile employments, hard labour, and vulgar professions ought not to be contradicted; they should be put apprentices to masters of acknowledged probity; the mayors of the communes should be engaged to point out good farmers and opulent labourers, who are willing to receive healthy and robust children, and give them work in the country.'

This is common sense. But it does not satisfy our author's magnificent ideas. Some of these poor girls will be beauties; their grace and their dignity will show that they have sprung from no vulgar loins. Such are destined to be the prize of valour and of virtue. Others again will be very clever; they are to be formed (*visum teneatis?*)—into actresses, or as M. Delacroix sublimely phrases it,

'I will consecrate to Melpomene and Thalia those who shew themselves most worthy to be offered to these muses. If they are victims, they shall be pure ones, and with spotless hearts they shall become the organs of love. They shall paint every sentiment, and be themselves strangers to them. I will make them Iphigenias, Phedras, and Andromaches. But till they find an Achilles, they shall be strangers to love. The passion they shall feign for Hypositus shall inspire them with more horror than inclination to vice. When weeping, as the widow of Hector, they shall learn the value of conjugal fidelity. If they act the part of Antigone, they will perceive that the condition of orphan is not alway a misfortune; and that there exist brothers so vile that it is often better to have no relations than to be obliged to blush for those whom nature has given us.'

We are surprized that such a tissue of extravagances can have escaped from the pen of a sensible writer. But in forming a *project* the imagination runs wild, and no more harm is done than blotting so much paper. We think with the author, that deserted children should be taken care of by the country. We think that they should receive elementary education, which is the right of all civilized communities. But not a step farther would we go. If marriage be really the most useful, it ought to be the most honourable of human institutions. Foundling hospitals in general, therefore, are only to be considered as necessary evils, which the corruption of our manners force us to tolerate. But let us not give prizes to licentiousness, let us not stimulate to vice, by removing all the ill consequences which ought naturally to flow from its gratification. Treat the deserted offspring of irregular passion humanely; give them fit food for the body, and form their minds to regular habits of industry. But do not raise them a single step above the labouring classes of the community. Of what

can they complain, since so nourished and so educated, their lot may be as good (we wish we ought not to say better) than that of the great mass of all civilized communities?

M. Delacroix takes several opportunities of informing his reader that he is oppressed with the load of years. We think that this circumstance has had an influence on his writings; many of the opinions to which he seems to cling with the affection of a settled habit, we suspect that in the more vigorous periods of his life he would have submitted to a more rigid scrutiny, and perhaps have discarded as antiquated prejudices. We think, likewise, that the desire of conciliating or the fear of offending a despotic master, has damped his energies, and bound his mind in fetters. Some of his speculations have extorted a smile, but the obvious goodness of his intentions has thrown a veil over (we pronounce the words with reluctance) their weakness and absurdity. On the subject both of religion and education, we have met with sentiments which seem to be wholly at variance with the dictates of reason and good sense. But we must acknowledge, that where we have even failed to reap instruction, we have commonly received pleasure; and that if we cannot give the author credit for views distinguished for their novelty or their profundity, he has displayed rectitude of design, sensibility to those even who have forfeited their claims to the benevolence of their fellow creatures, and an earnest desire to promote the best interests of human society.

Histoire Critique du Philosophisme Anglois, &c.

ART. V.—*Critical History of English Philosophism, from its Origin to its Introduction into France inclusively.* By M. Tabaraud, 2 Toms, 8vo. Paris. 1806.

THE object of this publication is truly catholic, it being intended to prove that all impiety and irreligion took its rise from Luther's reformation, and that England in particular has been the nurse of apostacy and the parent of every crime which flowed from the infidelity of the French revolutionists.

'This work', the author informs us, 'was originally to have formed only a single chapter of the history of French philosophism; but as we became engaged in the perusal of those English authors who have written on the question, our matter swelled under our pen, and the result has been the two volumes now communicated to the public. Even after we had undertaken to give in a more ample detail the particular history of English philosophism, our first idea was simply to translate the excellent work of Leland on the deistical

writers of his country; but that would not have satisfied our end which was to distinguish the relations between the French and English doctrine. This author, moreover, has entered into no personal details respecting his writers. These details would, doubtless, have possessed but an inconsiderable interest in his own country where they are sufficiently notorious; but in ours where little is known about them, they will become more curious. They appeared to us also essentially to appertain to the history of English philosophy, because they often contribute to give a better insight into the spirit of works and design of the authors; for this reason, in the short notices which we give respecting the persons of these men, we have selected those circumstances of their lives which are most proper to let one into an understanding of the character of their books.

It would have been to fail in our principal end if we had confined ourselves to exposing the doctrine of the English deists. Our object was less to satisfy a vain curiosity than to labour for the instruction of our readers. In forewarning them against false systems, we thought it our duty, after the example of Leland, to oppose to them that of the learned apologists of Christianity, their fellow countrymen who have distinguished themselves in this kind of controversy; and whatever we have perceived that these last, carried away by the erroneous principles of their own church, either have given unsatisfactory answers on certain questions, or permitted themselves to make assertions which unbelievers may abuse, we have borrowed from the catholic apologists more conclusive arguments and truer maxims. This work may then be considered, as far as the critical and dogmatic part of it, as an analysis of all that has been produced of the greatest importance both for and against religion, not only in England but in France also. Wherever we have found materials proper for our plan, we have made use of them. The character of historian, the only one which we assume, gave us the right to do so, abandoning to controversialists by profession the care of treating these grave questions with greater comprehensiveness and depth. Our only merit is to have placed in one point of view and presented in a tolerable compass (considering the abundance of matter) on one side the arguments of unbelief, on the other the very superior answers of the defenders of religion. The work, such as it is, was composed in England, in those moments of leisure which were left to us from employments of a very different nature, rendered necessary by the evils of a long banishment. They are the spoils of the Egyptians which we bring back into our own country without, however, having done any wrong to the generous hosts among whom we collected them. Under these circumstances, and for the sake of the good cause which made us undertake the work, it solicits some indulgence on the part of the friends of religion, since it is principally for them that we write.' Preface.

This extract is sufficient to save us the trouble of analysing the nature of the work before us. The introductory chapter,

entitled 'Of the Origin and Causes of English *Philosophism*,' more clearly explains the views and principles of the writer. Under certain conditions he does not deny the truth of Voltaire's assertion 'that there is no country where the christian religion has been so strongly attacked, and so learnedly defended as in England;' but he adds, that 'without denying the English theologians any of the praises due to their zeal, their knowledge, the extent of their researches, and the depth of their reflexions, it cannot be disputed that the fundamental principle of the reformation which necessarily mixes in all their discussions with unbelievers, greatly weakens the force of their proofs and has often counteracted the success of their arguments.'

'That regulating principle of protestantism,' he adds, 'which gives to every individual the indefinite liberty of submitting all things to human reason, is a very active dissolvent, of which the one party never fails to make use in its attacks on revealed religion, and which always in some degree embarrasses and confounds the defence of the other. When the unbelievers avail themselves of the mode of examination in order to attack the dogmas of Luther and Calvin, the disciples of those two great leaders of reform are forced to say, that this mode, though good for well exercised understandings, is insufficient for the community. Thus they lose themselves in wanderings which evidently discover their embarrassment, and pretend that those who are not in a condition to discuss the contested dogmas, ought not to judge of what they do not understand, but to remain in suspense, to abandon controversy to the theologians, to restrain themselves to the fundamental principles of christianity, to attach themselves only to what they comprehend, to chuse out of the different confessions that in which all parties agree for the fundamentals of religion; that if all the instructions to which they have recourse, do not dissipate the obscurity in which the contested dogmas are enveloped, it is a proof that those dogmas are false, doubtful, or at least unnecessary.' P. 2, 3.

The inference intended to be drawn from this statement is plain. None but the sound unshaken catholics can successfully oppose the reasonings of the unbeliever. None but he who denies the authority of human reason, can with any effect dispute the modes in which that reason is exercised.

'We must conclude from this simple view that, acknowledging no authority which irrevocably pronounces on the truths of faith, and willing that no man should decide on the choice of dogmas except by the aid of his own reason, the protestants must, to be consistent with themselves, fall first into Socinianism, and thence precipitate themselves into Deism by the mere application of their principle. Seeing that there is nothing fixed in their sect, that their

principles determine nothing, that their different churches are as much at variance with each other as with the church of Rome, they cannot sincerely persuade themselves that Jesus Christ is the author of their religion. Hence they are already on the brink of deism. It is the vice of this method which renders their most excellent apologies for the christian religion so very defective.

Through the remainder of this chapter, the author draws with tolerable historical precision, a picture of the origin and progress of our reformation, of the various sects to which it gave rise among us, of the introduction of free thinking, and the gradual propagation of all the various modes of unbelief. In one passage he is betrayed into something like an acknowledgment of the insufficiency of his own argument, by attributing the irreligion of Charles the Second's reign, more to the excessive profligacy and immorality of the times, than to any cause connected with our abandonment of the church of Rome. How then, when he comes to compare the state of opinions in the worst times of this country, with that which prevailed in France during the revolution, does he forget that the manners of the French nation, previous to that revolution, were infinitely more corrupt than those of our own country, even during the latter years of the Stuart dynasty? And, if to the corruption of manners may be ascribed the decay of religion in England, why should not the same causes, aggravated to the degree in which we have witnessed it in France, have produced that aggravation of the same effect which we have also witnessed there?

The preservation and recovery of our religion from so deep a state of depravity, M. Tabaraud attributes entirely to our church establishment which, by laying down on its own authority a certain rule of faith, has tacitly disavowed the very principle on which it originally departed from the church of Rome, has denied the sufficiency of human reason and acknowledged the necessity of a fixed and arbitrary guide. The catholics are right in attributing this merit to our establishment; since, as long as we admit the authority in question, we retain a stumbling block in our own path and leave a most powerful weapon in the hands of our adversaries. If human reason is an insufficient guide, then the principle of the reformation was wrong, and the catholic system, as being the most ancient, is the only safe religion.

There can be no doubt that, until a reformer arose hardy enough to assert the rights of our reason, there could be no such thing as systematic infidelity in existence. But the advocates for freedom of opinion will have no hesitation in declaring such a state of blind credulity infinitely more disagreeable and contradictory to true religion than the widest differences intrep-

duced by rational and free inquiry. However, in that sense, we must be content to admit that the principle of the reformation is the parent of infidelity as well as of sound and judicious belief. It was natural that, the chain once broken, mankind should at first run wild into all possible diversities and extravagances of opinion; and it was also natural that the wanderings of intellect should by degrees subside and settle into a calm and quiet course of unrestrained belief. The history of the reformation in England affords, in fact, one of the most honourable testimonies to the truth of Christianity; since with all the licence of thinking which it gave, the cause of fidelity has been uniformly triumphant, and even our adversaries acknowledge that her best champions have been found among the free and enlightened professors of protestantism. That the triumph of religion in this country has not been yet more complete, we attribute to the very cause which our catholic opponents would set up as the only medium of our salvation, an exclusive national establishment. When all mankind are free to form their opinions, not only legally free, but morally so, free from any worldly bias, from the influence of any extraneous motive on their judgments, then, and then only, will the triumph of religion be absolute and unquestionable.

We shall next proceed to examine what M. Tabaraud has said respecting the several champions of infidelity whose lives and doctrines he proposes to exemplify; and, if we discover in this portion of his work any novelty of observation or depth of argument or research, in short any thing that should entitle it to the praise of originality, we shall make it the subject of a future article.

ART. VI.—*Gallerie de Caracteres Prussiens.*

Gallery of Prussian Characters, 12mo. Germany. 1808. No name of place, of printer or publisher.

AS we believe that only a very few copies of the present work have found their way into this country we shall present our readers with a rather copious account of its contents. It throws considerable light on the state of the Prussian court previous to its last fatal rupture with France, and shews in some measure the degree of virtue and intellect which was to be found in the councils of Frederick William III. at the time when he ventured to attack the colossal power of Bonaparte. Most of the portraits, which amount to twenty-two, and comprise all the great civil and military characters of the Prussian court, appear in general to be drawn

with sufficient fidelity and discrimination. The author evidently understands what mode of policy Prussia ought to have pursued previous to that moment of infatuation which impelled her to engage in an unequal contest with France, which precipitated her into that gulph of ruin from which she is never likely to emerge.

The first picture in the Gallery is that of general Kockeritz, of whom we shall say little, for little deserves to be said. He is designated as having the air of a soldier, but combined with such a vacant physiognomy that the duke of Brunswick compared his head to a hollow pumpkin without any light within. Yet this man, whose principal passion appears to be *good living*, and whose bosom was no better recipient than an open street for the secrets of his sovereign, had no small share in accelerating his destruction. 'Nothing' as the author well remarks, 'is more easy to corrupt than probity when it is devoid of sense.' Heed this ye sovereigns; and in your councils, let moral worth be combined with intellectual sagacity! The second picture, which will engage a little more of our attention, is that of Charles William Ferdinand, duke of Brunswick Wolfenbüttele, grand marshal in the service of the king of Prussia. At different periods of his life the duke of Brunswick attracted our admiration and excited our abhorrence, inflamed our hate and interested our compassion. He certainly displayed military talents of no ordinary kind in the seven years war; and the manner in which he regulated the internal œconomy of his hereditary dominions proves him to have been both beneficent and wise, and though the proclamation against France which appeared in his name in 1792 roused the indignant feelings of every lover of freedom and humanity in Europe, there is something in the ultimate issue of his political and military career, which forcibly arrests our attention, which mitigates our aversion, and almost makes us shed tears.

The author in some measure exculpates the duke of Brunswick from any share in that proclamation which brought such accumulated infamy on his name. He says that count Schoulenbourg Kehnert, who was at this time (1792) at the head of the department of foreign affairs, ordered one Renffner to compose this celebrated manifesto. Renffner eagerly embraced this opportunity of paying his court to the count, and of gratifying the inveterate animosity which he had conceived against the French. The proclamation menaced the capital of France with the fate of Jerusalem, if it did not immediately return to its allegiance to Louis the sixteenth. But, says the author, 'nothing could less accord with the character of the Duke of Brunswick than such a manifesto. But what could he do? could he substitute another for that which he disapproved?'

We think that he should have remonstrated with the court of Prussia against the impolitic and sanguinary manifesto, and at least rather have resigned the command than have put his signature to such a scandalous production.

After retiring from the field the duke could no longer advise the continuance of the war; and after the peace of Basle he never encouraged the renewal of hostilities.—In the ten last years of his life the duke seems to have experienced the debilitating effects of age; at least he could not elevate his faculties to a level with the extraordinary phenomena of the times, nor would he reform his military experience, and accommodate it to the new principles of warfare which the French revolution had produced. Hence he was an advocate for peace, ‘and if Prussia preserved peace for ten years it may be ascribed to his counsels.’ Towards the end of the year 1805 he is said to have written to a person of distinction in England, that if the war with France were continued, it would for a time destroy the liberty of the continent and be destructive even to the interest of Great Britain. He saw with secret regret the alliance which the court of Berlin was forming with that of Petersburg, and he augured nothing but evil from the impolitic league. The real object of his last journey to Petersburg is to this day an impenetrable mystery.

Those who had nearest access to his person from the latter end of September to the 14th of October found him totally destitute of energy. The most vigorous measures were requisite but nothing could reanimate the lassitude of his frame. Like the Marquis de Lucchesini he indulged in the fatal delusion that Bonaparte would entrench himself behind the Saale in Franconia, and keep on the defensive to prove to Europe that he was not the aggressor. All his arrangements were formed on a false supposition, which was evident at the first glance. The French had actually reached Naumbourg before the infatuated duke could be persuaded that they were on their march. It was not till the 13th of October that the veil fell from his eyes and that all the danger of his situation stared him in the face. Colonel Massenbach, who, on this day spoke to him for the last time, told him frankly that the army was in the most deplorable condition; that it was without bread, without forage, and after a few rounds were fired would be without ammunition. At this discourse the duke regarded him for some time with a fixed look of horror and amaze; after which, recovering from the shock, he threw himself into an arm chair, and exclaimed in a faint voice, “But my God! is there no remedy? Is there then an end of our political existence!!!”

Nothing could retrieve the fatal impolicy of the past: and the events of the following day seem to have consummated the

ruin of the Prussian monarchy. On the morning of the battle the greatness of the danger served to communicate new vigour to the duke.

'He was on horseback in the environs of Armstadt; the enemy suddenly appeared under the cover of a thick mist which concealed both his numbers and his position. In such circumstances the duke was averse from hazarding an attack. He returned rapidly to the king, related to him what had happened, and advised the action to be delayed till the mist had dispersed, and the whole army could be brought into action. This advice was worthy of an experienced general; but it was not pursued.'

Nothing more remained for the duke than to put himself at the head of his grenadiers and begin the conflict in the midst of the mist. But in a short time a musket-ball which deprived him of his sight obliged him to quit the field. He was conducted to Brunswick and on the approach of the French to Altona. He bore his sufferings with admirable fortitude, and uttered not a word of impatience nor complaint, though his wound must have occasioned excruciating pain. He was buried at Ottensen in the same church which contains the ashes of Klopstock and Arminius.

The next picture is that of prince Hohenlohe, who is described as prodigal, corrupt, vain, possessing personal courage but destitute of military capacity. Of Frederic Christian Louis, prince of Prussia, known by the name of Louis Ferdinand, we shall say little because we shall have occasion to notice his character at length in another article. He appears to have been a person of considerable talents; but of which the usefulness was destroyed and the lustre obscured by those vices which the defective education of princes seems almost naturally to produce. His character was marked by a degree of restless activity, which, if it had taken the direction of the arts, and sciences, might have rendered him an ornament and a benefactor to his country. As a relief from *ennui* he seems to have plunged into a course of low debauchery; and in those intervals when he appeared to emerge from the sway of women, and of wine, he became the prey of passions which threatened to endanger the safety of the government.

'If,' says the author, 'circumstances had been more favourable, he would have acted the part of Cataline, to whom he also bore a close resemblance in his pecuniary embarrassments, in his ebriety and other excesses.'

Levin de Geuseau was seventy-one years of age at the commencement of the last war between Prussia and France. Ho

was then at the head of the engineers and of the *etat-major*. He was not without talents but he was destitute of genius; and nothing but genius can accommodate itself to new circumstances, and to those changes of sentiment and conduct which such circumstances require. Geuseau, like many other of the Prussian officers, would have been thought equal to his station if France had introduced no innovations and reforms into the military art. But Geuseau, as if his mind had been only a piece of the most stubborn mechanism, persisted in his old train of ideas, when the improvements of the enemy required one intirely new. The contracted notions of Geuseau had a most unfavourable influence on the conduct of the last war. To him may be ascribed the want which the army sustained of ammunition and provisions. The military hospitals were totally unprovided, the fortresses had been suffered to fall into decay, and in his neglect, the commanders may find some excuse for the apparent facility with which they surrendered Magdeburgh, &c. to the enemy.

Adjutant-general Kleist possessed no commanding talents which might have supplied some means of counteraction to the imbecility of Geuseau. 'There was a time,' says the author, 'when the destinies of Europe were in the hands of Mollendorf. This was in 1794, when the French having driven the English, the Austrians, and the Dutch, from the Low Countries, menaced Holland.' He was admonished that the conquest of Holland would be fatally adverse to the continuance of the continental war; but Mollendorf, who was insensible to any considerations of political interest, suffered the opportunity to be lost of saving Europe from the grasp of the French. The apathy, the ignorance, or the selfishness of Mollendorf, combined with the avarice of some Jews, who had entered into a contract with his adjutant, prevented any succour from being sent to Holland with that promptitude which might have opposed a barrier to the progress of the French. After the battle of Jena the Emperor Napoleon respected the old age of Mollendorf, 'he continued his pension without any diminution and admitted him to his table and his concerts.'

General Kuchel was a good general of division, but a bad commander in chief. His early promotion in the army inflated his vanity, and aggravated his presumption. He was brave and generous; but his judgment was too much under the controul of his passions. He was principally instrumental in producing the war which has desolated his country. The author well remarks that while Prussia had the title of a military state, 'there was no country in the world where with some exceptions military science was more neglected, unless we honour with that name the diurnal exercise of the parade, and the mechanical manoeuvres of a review.'

Of General Blücher, on whom so much praise has been lavished in the English papers, the author says that he 'is a good general of division, but he seems not to possess that comprehensive mind which can unite many discordant parts into one harmonious whole; or which can direct an enterprise that requires extent of foresight, great sagacity in the plan, and great skill in the combination of the means. He seems to possess a genius admirably adapted for a *piece-meal* war, a war of petty incursion, sudden surprize, and adventurous desperation, where the display of personal heroism and even the incautious temerity of courage are of most avail. All this may be meritorious in a general of division, but 'a commander in chief,' as the author well remarks, 'should direct all his measures against the *whole force* of his enemy without thinking of beating him in detail; for as soon as he is satisfied with this, his defeat is inevitable!' At the battle of Jena it was Blücher who precipitated the conflict, and in some measure occasioned the defeat which the prudence of the duke of Brunswick endeavoured to prevent. After the battle he seems to have acted in some measure like a knight-errant, with impetuous bravery, but without any concert with his superiors or any regular plan of operations. Instead of succouring the corps of prince Hohenlohe, he kept aloof even after he was commanded to march to his assistance. Blücher is said to have been passionately fond of play; and pharo was his favourite occupation. But the transcendent merit of a general according to an excellent observation, instead of abandoning any thing to chance like a pharo-player, tends rather to exclude fortune from any share in the event. *The qualities of a general must be wanting in proportion as he possesses those of a gamester.* We hope that this observation will be appropriated to those whom the *cap may happen to fit.*' The fall of the Prussian monarchy shows what in great critical emergencies must be the fate of nations, when their security and independence are entrusted to men of subordinate capacity, to narrow and sordid minds, to faculties torpid for want of culture, which have been debilitated by age or paralysed by debauchery. Every great and extensive enterprise must fail when there is no unity in the measures by which it is to be executed; and this unity is impossible where genius and power are not united in the councils of the nation. Hear this, O genius of Britain! and summon round the throne the wisdom and the virtue of the country before we are sunk in an abyss of difficulties from which we never can emerge!!! Count Kalkreuth, general of cavalry, strongly dissuaded the crusade against France in 1792. In the last war he was appointed to command at Dantzic during the siege; and the manner in which he executed his difficult commission, excited the respectful acknowledgements even of the enemy.

Of general Phoul we shall only say that being sent by the king of Prussia on a mission to Petersburg in 1806, he deserted the sovereign who had loaded him with benefits, and entered into the service of the emperor Alexander!!! The twelfth and last character in the military department is that of Augustus Louis de Massenbach, colonel and lieutenant general on the staff. The author celebrates in terms of no common praise the genius, the virtue, and the patriotism of colonel Massenbach. If his counsels had been attended to, the Prussian monarchy would not so suddenly have been pushed off its base into a gulph of ruin, from which, at least during the imperial sway of Bonaparte, it is never likely to emerge. The Prussian power might have remained tranquil and unimpaired during the convulsions of Europe; and not only have preserved but have increased her grandeur and renown. But the salutary reforms which the patriotic Massenbach proposed in the political and the military system of Prussia were rejected by the dullness which could not comprehend their force, by the envy which maligned their excellence, by the indolence which shrunk with enervated timidity from the exertion which they would have rendered requisite, by the apathy which was indifferent to their effects, or by the selfishness which preferred its own solitary gratification to the safety of the state. The decrepitude which seems to have seized both the body and the mind, both the moral and physical part of Prussia, had rendered her too torpid to feel the impressions of genius or to catch the impulses of patriotism. Massenbach, like Fox, was esteemed visionary, till the calamities of his country proved him wise; but his suggestions were little heeded till it was too late to put them in execution.

Massenbach distinguished himself in the campaigns which preceded the peace of Basle. In 1794 and 1795 he laboured with all his might to preserve Holland from the grasp of the French. Had the advice which Massenbach gave on this occasion been followed a new direction would have been given to the destinies of Europe. But the subjugation of Holland by the French was accelerated by the negligence, the incapacity, and the selfishness of the Prussian agent. After the peace of Basle, Massenbach on all occasions strenuously dissuaded the renewal of the war. He saw in the probable issue only the ruin of Prussia and the aggrandizement of France. He was an enemy to the alliance between the court of Berlin and of Petersburg; he considered it as inauspicious to the interests of Prussia and of Europe. He was desirous that Prussia should form such a barrier as would prevent the barbarians of the north from invading the south. For this purpose he proposed to establish a military communication between the Vistula and the Oder, and between the Oder and the Elbe. He accordingly designed to

fortify a position in east and another in west Prussia; which with Breslau, in Silesia, and with Magdeburg on the Elbe, should form four central fortresses, to each of which he would have adapted an entrenched and permanent camp. But the time in which such a plan might have been realised had passed away; and the boldness with which he predicted the future destiny of Prussia was displeasing to the court. Seeing all his plans frustrated and all his hopes vanish, Massenbach fell into a profound melancholy, from which he had hardly recovered when the great events of 1805 and 1806 again brought him from the bosom of contemplative on the stage of active life. Bonaparte was on his march to Vienna, and a favourable moment had occurred for the interposition of Prussia to check the aggrandizement of France and preserve the balance of Europe. But Prussia hesitated, temporized, and fluctuated in feeble indecision, till the opportunity for action was lost. Though the political theory of Massenbach was adverse to a war with France, yet his patriotism caused him to second the measures of the government. When he found that the Prussian army did not follow Bonaparte in his rout to Moravia, he proposed to invade the French provinces on the Rhine, in order to make a diversion in favour of the Austrian and Russian confederates, and to oblige the French emperor to divide his force. Massenbach foresaw the consequences to which the languid and irresolute conduct of Prussia would lead; but the precautions of wisdom could not avert the ruin of a corrupt and imbecile court!!!

After having given so much attention to the military portraits, we shall pass more rapidly over those in the civil departments of the state. The second part of this gallery contains characters of cabinet counsellors, ministers of state, and literati. They are the following, Beyme, Lombard, Count Schoulenbourg,—Kehnert, Count Haugwitz, some other ministers, Baron Hardenburg, Count Hoym, M. de Stein, Henry de Bülow. John de Muller, Kiesewelter, Hirt, Bouchoitz. We shall select some characteristic sketches of a few of these distinguished personages.

‘On a nearer acquaintance with Count Schoulenbourg’ says the author, ‘we saw a man of an imposing exterior, who spoke with precision, and who when he wanted reasons to support his opinion, would dextrously appeal from them to his experience, as if it were possible for the results of experience to be opposite to reason. Another shift which he made use of was to say—‘These are beautiful visions but which cannot be practically realized; this world is a world of relations and not of ideas; we must know how to conform to circumstances in order to obtain one’s end.’

The following reflections of the author on this subject are full of true philosophy, and good sense.

'It is,' says he, 'a very common prejudice with men of business to suppose that the knowledge which they want can be acquired only in an active life. They seem to be ignorant that the idea which produces action must always be anterior to experience. And besides what is this experience of which they boast? It is only an assemblage of broken pieces, which has no principles to connect it, or which is even contrary to all principles. I have often thought that the world would be better governed if those who are entrusted with the conduct of affairs brought ideas to business, instead of endeavouring to make business the road to ideas. He will never reach that point who waits till he is conducted thither by experience, for his life is too short for this purpose; and amid the inquietudes and distractions of business, there is no leisure for the generalization of facts. In order to mount successfully to the region of ideas, study is necessary, or in other words we must augment one's own experience by that of all ages. He who neglects study, because he thinks it painful or unnecessary, will do wrong to attach much value to his own personal experience, for it must always be very scanty and imperfect. Lord Bacon, who is certainly a competent judge on this subject, goes so far as to pronounce that those who have not consecrated a great part of their time to study (*qui non in libris evolvendis operam collocarunt*) have no aptitude for business, and that the pitiful experience which they attain will never teach them the right measures which they ought to pursue.'

These remarks are verified not only in Count Schoulenbourg, a large part of whose life was passed in the details of office under three sovereigns, but in the late Mr. Pitt, who was versed in the routine of administration for near twenty years. But though this latter gentleman, whom his contemporaries have called a great man, but whom posterity will more correctly appreciate, was so well skilled in all the practical forms of official experience, he was only very superficially read in books. He had not leisure, *in libris evolvendis operam collocare*, nor had he any sufficient interval of repose in the distraction of business for the generalization of the observations which he had made, nor of the facts which had come within his cognizance. Hence, though he was splendidly eloquent he was never profoundly wise. He had not, like Mr. Fox, augmented the comparatively diminutive stock of his own experience by the experience of all ages. Hence none of his measures were formed on a comprehensive scale; they were not a great and perfect whole, but merely a patch-work of temporary expedients. They evinced rather subtlety of artifice than depth of reflection, and rather mechanical adroitness than philosophical investigation.

'The life of Count Schoylenbourg, says the author, 'shews how high a man may rise in particular circumstances by a mere fitness to be a tool, and how low he may fall in others by a total want of merit. If he ever had any affection, it was for the Jews whom he loved for the baseness with which they know how to pay their court to great men.'

The early education of Count Haugwitz, says the author, must have been very bad, since it did not teach him to feel that it is necessary to excite respect if we wish to conciliate esteem. At one period of his life Haugwitz repaired to Lavater in order to be instructed in the mysticism of his art.—Lavater is said at first to have been prepossessed in favour of the count from a certain resemblance which he imagined between him and a head of Christ. But notwithstanding his eccentricities Lavater had too much discernment to be long deceived; and he told his friends to beware of the young count, for he had never seen so much immorality under such a masque. Frederic William II. interested by the agreeable physiognomy of Haugwitz, placed him in the diplomatic department, 'for which' says the author, 'he was not better prepared than many others who are indebted for their education to a French *governess* and a dancing master.' During the important transactions which signalized the close of 1805, Haugwitz was sent at the end of October on a special mission to Bonaparte to make proposals of peace. But the French emperor did not give him an audience till after the battle of Austerlitz. 'On the news of this battle which was not favourable to his mission he cried out in the presence of Talleyrand: Good God! We have conquered!' This piece of effrontery is in unison with his character. A scene which took place between Haugwitz and the Jew Ephraim, who was well known at Berlin by the name of privy counsellor Ephraim, will show some light on the groveling vulgarity of the man. This Jew passed for a profound diver into political secrets which he retailed to his weak or credulous employers. Even the late duke of Brunswick is said not to have disdained the services of Ephraim; who like a lurcher was incessantly sneaking from one ambassador's hotel to another in order to *nose* the secrets of the diplomatic trade. This mean and contemptible fellow was almost daily with Count Haugwitz with whom he appears to have been on terms of great familiarity.—At the beginning of September, when war became inevitable between Prussia and France, Ephraim waited on the count in order to obtain the knowledge of certain particulars by which he might oblige the French ambassador, when the following dialogue ensued, of which Ephraim made no secret among his friends.

'*Ephraim.* But what will the public say of your excellency when

it learns that you are now actually desirous of a war with France, which was not the case last year when circumstances were more favourable.

* *Haugwitz*. The public may kiss my ****.

* *Ephraim*. The public will then taste the ***** of a minister's *****.

What must be the corruption of a state in which such a dialogue could take place between a babbling, fetid, and perfidious Jew, and a minister for foreign affairs !!!

We shall now bring this article to a close. Most of the characters are well drawn, and some with a masterly hand. The work may be read with great advantage in the present times, for as it serves to develop the causes by which a once great and powerful state has been reduced to the very brink of annihilation, it may act as a useful monitor to other governments, and particularly to our own, to avoid the same errors to which Prussia owes her present state of abject subjugation. It particularly admonishes other governments not to trust the conduct of their affairs to weak and inefficient ministers, to men enfeebled by age, wasted by debauchery, contracted by ignorance or degraded by vice.—An English translation of this important and interesting volume is already in the press, and will be shortly published by Mr. Mawman in the Poultry.

ART. VII.—*Gallerie Preussischer Charactere, aus der Französischen handschrift übersetzt.* 12mo. Germanien. 1807.

THIS is a German translation of the above work. We have compared it with the original and find that though it is in general faithful and correct, there are a few omissions in some places and additions in others.

ART. VIII.—*Ausflug, von Constantinopel nach Brussa in Kleinasien im Jahre 1793.*

Excursion from Constantinople to Brusa, in Asia Minor, in the Year 1793. By Ignatz von Brenner. With an Engraved View of Brusa. 12mo. Vienna and Triet. 1808. Imported by a Gentleman from the Continent.

THE author of this pleasing work passed ten years of his life in a diplomatic situation at Constantinople. He undertook this little tour in 1793, and seven years after he corrected his

journal on the spot. The present aspect of Turkey, which cannot but be highly interesting to those who speculate on the political changes which that country is soon likely to undergo, is said principally to have induced the author to publish this description of the ancient capital of the sultans of the house of Osman.

'It was almost the fashion,' says the author, 'for every stranger whom curiosity or business brought to Constantinople to visit the neighbouring town, which in the fourteenth century was the rival of Byzantium, as well as the principal seat and in some measure cradle of the Osmanic dynasty; which afterwards rose to such a tremendous pitch of power.' The author in company with a friend left Constantinople on the 10th of May 1793, on the eve of the feast of the great *Bairam*, and embarked on board a boat which was to convey them across the Propontis to Mudania and Scylace on the Asiatic shore. The sea was unruffled and the night beautifully serene. The author speaks in terms of rapture of the splendid spectacle which Constantinople exhibited on the night of the *Bairam*, when the minarets were hung with innumerable lamps, and at the distance appeared like so many pillars festooned with globules of fire. This magnificent exhibition attracted the attention of our travellers till the towers and domes of the capital sunk in distance, when sleep took the place of admiration, till they landed the next morning at Mudania. This place is said to be tolerably built, and to be chiefly inhabited by Greeks. The back ground rises into smiling hills covered with vines. Between these vineyards the author kept the road which imperceptibly led to a height from which the wide vale of Brusa at once burst upon his view.

The first object which attracted his eye on entering this charming vale was mount Olympus, which terminates the prospect to the north east; at the foot of which Brusa is built.

'With solemn majesty Olympus raises his white summit to the clouds; the bow of the ethereal arch seems to rest upon his shoulders, and his head, which is covered with mists, to be the thunderer's throne. As our traveller advanced nearer the city of Brusa, it appeared to recede from his approach. The multitude of trees with which it is surrounded, conceal it from the eye till within the distance of half a league. The whole border of the vale is shaded with mulberry trees which are intersected by a maze of paths, which are rendered almost impassable during the torrent-rains or the melting of the snows. The author left Mudania about noon, and about six in the evening he arrived at Brusa. He passed through a miserable gate into the quarter of the Jews; where he was hospitably entertained at the house of a French merchant.'

'Brusa, antiently Prusa, and which is called Bursa by the Turks, was confessedly the principal town in Bithynia. It lies in lon-

Brenner's Excursion from Constantinople to Brusa, &c. 509

gitude 46°40" and in latitude 39°52'. Historians are not agreed about its origin; many, as Pliny, ascribe it to Hannibal, but others with more probability to Prusias the Bythinian king whom his contemporaries regarded as a paragon of policy.'

In the year of the Hegira 717, (Chr. 1318) Osman the First attempted the conquest of Brusa, but the brave resistance of the inhabitants defeated the purpose of the Sultan. Before the death of Osman in the year of the H. 726 (Chr. 1326) his son succeeded in getting possession of the town by cunning and persuasion; and after his accession to the throne, he removed the seat of government from Jenisei to this place. From this period Brusa has been considered as the principal town in Asia Minor, though Murad I. the successor of Orchan, transferred his court to Adrianople, and none of the reigning sultans after him made it their constant residence.

The population of Brusa is computed at present at 100,000 souls; but this seems beyond the truth, even though 6000 Armenians, 3500 Greeks, and 1200 Jews are taken into the account. The original town, which is inhabited only by Turks, contains about 13000 houses. In the suburbs, where the Jews and christians reside, the number of houses are reckoned at the utmost at from 4000 to 5000. The number of mosques is proportionally large. Report numbers them at 366, but they are not much distinguished by external nor internal decorations. The most antient was erected by Sultan Orchan. But that is far more beautiful which on account of its size is called *Ulu Dschami* or the great mosque. In this are seen some few traces of a better taste, but which vanished with the declension of the eastern empire, and its degeneracy is still visible in the present possessors of the country. Like the Pantheon at Rome, transformed into a christian church, it receives its sober light from a round opening in the dome which is suspended on elegant pillars over the nave. In the middle of the temple, directly under the opening, a fountain of the purest water gushes up from a large marble bason. The author seems to have been charmed with the effect which was produced on him by this well imagined structure.

'The simplicity of the plan,' says he, 'the mysterious *clear-obs-
cure*, and the soft melancholy murmur of the pearly stream contrasted with the solemn stillness which prevails through the whole building, inspires the feeling of reverence and devotion.'

Beyond the suburbs on a little but steep hill covered with many ruins, there is a mosque which was formerly a Greek church, the interior as well as the exterior surface is of white marble. On the road which leads to the baths, there is another, which serves as a burying-place for different princes of

of the blood of Osman, but which has more the appearance of a state prison, than an imperial sepulchre.

'Nothing,' says the author, 'can be more romantic than the view from this height. The town, which lies below, was admirably adapted to be the residence of the proud masters of a powerful Asiatic state. In the front the sight wanders over a vast extent of vale, which, sprinkled with villages, gardens and groves, is stretched out like a variegated carpet beneath; in the back ground, Olympus with his precipitous sides shaded with deep forests, and his summit crowned with white clouds rises majestically to the skies. Those palaces are now only a heap of ruins, a nod from which would once have made the world tremble, from the banks of the Tigris and Euphrates to the Mediterranean, and from the Euxine to the source of the Danube.'

'Some words which fell from our guide,' says the author, 'excited the desire of seeing the ARSENAL, which is in the neighbourhood of these ruins. For this purpose the permission of the governor was necessary. This arrived in about half an hour, and we had to wait about the same time till the key belonging to the padlock of the little iron gate was found. This was at last opened; and we were conducted across a kitchen garden to a ditch of considerable depth; which we passed, not without danger, over a narrow and crazy plank, to an ill formed terrace which was not more than a few yards in circumference. In this place, under the open sky lay the artillery of Brusa, consisting of four wretched cannon, thrown negligently on some boards; we may suppose that their carriages have long since crumbled into dust. What a falling off from the expectations which the high sounding name (of ARSENAL) had produced !'

Under the terrace above mentioned, the author tells us

'is a wide subterraneous vault, into which we crawled through a low half-choaked up door. Within it appears to be about twelve yards square, and fourteen or sixteen high. On the wall, which must be at least nine feet thick, is painted an immense snake, which, according to our conductor, was once an inhabitant of this spot. In the walls are several openings above one another, which seem to lead to as many rooms, but for want of a ladder, we had no means of exploring the fact. The whole building is still firm and uninjured. But we could not procure any information whether it served as a place of security for treasure, as a prison, or for any other purpose.'

The walls round the old town and the little citadel are provided with towers, according to the ancient method. But since Brusa has ceased to be the residence of the Osmanic dynasty, they have fallen to decay. Formerly they might have made an obstinate resistance, but in the present state of military science, they would not be tenable, as they are commanded at many points from the hills above. The au-

thor gives the following instance of what he calls the insatiable curiosity of the Turkish women, with respect to every thing in an European dress. While his companions were employed at some distance in endeavouring to decypher an old Greek inscription, which had been employed in building the walls of the town, he sat down by himself on a block of stone, in a contemplative mood. While he was in this situation, some Turkish women approached the spot. At first they kept at a respectful distance eyeing him from head to foot; the whisper circulated among them; and they seemed to hold a council whether they should draw nearer or pass on. As accidentally no one was nigh they adopted the first resolution. The author determined to remain passive and mute. In a moment he was surrounded by these veiled beauties; one took off his hat, another untied his cravat, a third unbuttoned his waistcoat;—they now tittered and laughed very heartily, and indulged in their remarks without suspecting that the author understood what they said. The author adds that he does not know whether the research of these curious dames would have proceeded farther, or whether his patience would have been equal to the trial, but luckily the appearance of some men put an end to the dilemma and relieved him from his embarrassment.

Brusa possesses some warm mineral baths, to which it is at present in some measure indebted for its fame. They are said to be useful in removing many of the consequences of *sypilis*, but are more particularly famed for the alleviation of rheumatic pains. The different springs are characterised by a difference of temperature as much as by the quality or proportion of the ingredients. One has more sulphur, another more iron, and some a mixture of both; but, what is most remarkable is, that close to a spring which will boil an egg in a few seconds, another spring bubbles up which is as cold as ice.

On the 19th of May the author set out to ascend the top of mount Olympus. This mountain was formerly the abode of numerous monks; but it has for some time been frequented by none but *Nomadie Turkomans*, who drive their herds hither for pasture in the summer and disturb the security of the neighbouring country. This mountain may be divided into different regions which are characterised by different vegetable products. First there is a gradually ascending border of cultivated land and mulberry-trees; next of oats and chesnuts; then of firs, pines and bushes, while the highest top, which during the greatest part of the year, is covered with snow and ice, is merged in the clouds.—After a journey of more than five leagues, which the heat of the sun rendered extremely difficult, the author reached the upper region of Olympus. Here the productive powers of nature gradually disappear, and eternal winter mounts

512 Brenner's Excursion from Constantinople to Brusa, &c.

his frozen throne. The prospect in a clear day is incomparably grand; 'In the north Constantinople and the Black sea; before you the Propontis and the coast of Thrace; in the south a chain of hills in which the plain of Troy and the mystic Ida are included.' The mists, which floated in the distant horizon, prevented the author from enjoying the whole of this prospect, but he was sufficiently recompensed by the landscape that was spread out beneath his feet.

'The diversities of green with which the vale of Brusa was embellished were here exalted by the dark foliage of little romantic woods and there pervaded by glittering streams. Here was a sweet interchange of vineyards and bowers; herds of cattle animated the flowery field; while the impetuous Nilufer*, now vanished from the sight and now re-appeared amid villages and towns till it was at last quite lost behind the hills'—'We delayed our departure,' says the author 'till the declining sun told us to be gone.'

The author next visited Appollonia, or *Abülliont* as it is called by the Turks. This town is situated about six leagues to the south-west of Brusa on a lake of the same name, and on a neck of land, which during the rising of the water is connected with the main land only by a bridge. The lake itself is surrounded by a chain of hills, and viewed from the north, has a very picturesque appearance. To the left some hills rising perpendicularly one above another seem like so many colossal forms, while the town peers directly above the waves. Boats and sails are every moment passing to the Rhindacus by which the lake not far from Muhalitsch empties itself into the sea of Marmora. The circumference may measure about ten leagues.

Appollonia, says the author, is for the most part inhabited by Greeks. They appear to live on singularly good terms with the Turks, many of whom speak their language, which, except in this place and in Cyprus and the Morea, is seldom the case. They carry on a large trade in fish, particularly cod and carp, with which the lake abounds; and in silk of a beautiful species of which the country produces about six thousand *teffet* † in a year.

The trade of Brusa consists principally of raw and manufactured silk. Of the first about eighty thousand *teffet* are usually produced in a good year, in the town and its immediate environs, which at the medium price of thirty piastres a *teffet* will amount to two millions and four hundred thousand

* Nilufer or *Nilufar suji*. The wood-stream which runs through the whole length of the vale of Brusa.

† The *teffet* weighs 600 drachms or $1\frac{2}{3}$ ecka.

piastres. The greater part of this article is sent abroad. The importance of the silk manufacture may be discerned from this circumstance that it is sufficient to keep seven hundred looms constantly employed. The number of pieces of silk and silk-stuff which are every year transported to Constantinople, Smyrna and Egypt amount to about one hundred and twenty-six thousand. If we reckon the mean value at eighteen piastres the piece, this article will produce two millions two hundred and sixty thousand piastres. These stuffs are generally prized in Turkey on account of their beauty and their strength. They are prepared according to any pattern which is desired. Another branch of trade, but which properly only passes through Brusa, is that of tobacco-pipe clay. It is found in abundance in the mountains of Eskischehir behind Brusa. The greatest part is sent into Germany and Russia, and furnishes not only a competent subsistence to seven or eight hundred persons, but procures to the town of Eskischehir itself a yearly profit of two hundred and fifty thousand piastres. At first this earth is moist and heavy; but the watery particles soon vanish on an exposure to the air, when it becomes hard and of an astonishing levity compared with the thickness and fineness of its parts. It is susceptible of a certain polish, and may be cut and turned into any diversity of form.

The culture of the vine about Brusa is not considerable but sufficient for the wants of the town and neighbourhood. The soil itself would admit, not only an increase but an improvement of this product, and would furnish the inhabitants with a new and lucrative branch of trade, as the wines which are made here are very agreeable in their kind. But the oppression of the government, combined with the indolence of the inhabitants, presents almost insuperable obstacles to all improvement. While the author was at Brusa the government of the place was vested in the hands of Ajan Ahmed Effendi, a person of great respectability and worth, to whom the author had procured some recommendations from the Reis Effendi and other Turkish ministers.

‘He received,’ (we translate his own language,) ‘and treated us with distinguished courtesy during our stay. We constantly found him in a very spacious pavilion, the windows of which looked into the garden. This room was fitted up in the usual style; but what rendered it peculiarly agreeable was a fountain which dashing from a basin fell into a long marble reservoir in the middle of the apartment, when, it glided out of sight. This fountain produced a more romantic effect in the evening, when according to the Turkish fashion, large silver lamps are placed on wooden stands in the centre of the room, over which they diffuse only a faint and ambiguous light, while the stillness which prevails without, leaves the ear at

leisure to listen with uninterrupted complacency to the liquid murmur of the bubbling fountain.

‘Water is generally reckoned among the favourite gratifications of the East; the climate and the religion make it an article of transcendent necessity; education and custom complete the decided inclination. The water is what is first praised or censured in any place. When the Turk makes an excursion into the country he is anxious to spread his carpet on the banks of a rippling brook; in the vicinity of a lake, or at least of some piece of water, where with his pipe negligently depending from his mouth, he lies or sits for hours or during the whole day, till he is called back to his harem by the setting sun.’

‘If the Turks possess a summer-house or garden a fountain must be introduced, though the stream should not be thicker than a thread.’

They are particularly fond of the murmuring of water, because it invites repose, and in general, of every thing which softly steepers the sense in oblivious delight.

Must what the author says of the habitual taciturnity of the Turks be ascribed to constitutional gravity, or the effect of a despotic government, which narrows the topics of conversation while it generates a suspicious reserve, and prevents that open gaiety of heart which delights to express all that it feels, and which can hardly be silent even when it has nothing to say.

‘Friends and acquaintance will pass half a day together, and many will linger at a coffee-house without opening their mouths once in an hour; yet they hardly ever complain of the oppressive tediousness of the time, though they have nothing to engage their attention but the volumes of smoke which are incessantly rolling from their pipes.’

‘Sociability, according to our ideas of the word, cannot in general be reckoned among the virtues of Islamism. It is not the sympathetic charm of confidential intercourse, so much as necessity, or some particular object, which with them causes the intercourse of man with man. The reason must be sought not in the natural character of the people, but in the exclusion of the softer sex, which is admirably fitted to tie the tender cord by which the social circle is held together by a permanent variety of delight.’

‘I am,’ says the author, ‘obliged to Ahmed Effendi for the most delicious moment of my life.’ A Greek had assisted a christian in escaping from slavery. He was accused, convicted, and condemned to death. What appeared a capital transgression to the fanatic Mahommedan, was in our eyes a glorious deed. We resolved to

leave nothing untried to save this friend of man. It was in the power of Agar to gratify the desire which we cherished. We urged our request to him with importunate earnestness, but professions of good will, which could not contravene the sentence of the Koran, were all that we could obtain from him. Every unsuccessful attempt diminished our hope, but not our zeal. But even the last ray of hope was extinguished, when to our redoubled importunities, on the evening before the execution, Ahmed Effendi gave us to understand that all further exertions would not serve us and would only distress him. Nevertheless at the moment before the period of execution, we again hastened into his presence. He was surrounded by the principal persons of the town. We had hardly taken our places when he ordered the condemned to be brought before him. The unhappy man drew near dragging his heavy iron chains. His lips were white, his cheeks emaciated and pale. Keeping his eyes steadfastly fixed on the ground, he awaited the awful signal for his execution. At this critical moment a solemn silence reigned in the spacious hall, and our eyes hung in anguish on the lips of Ahmed. At last pointing to us he said, "I make your life a present to those gentlemen. Go! and thank them for it."

On his return to Constantinople, the author visited Gemlick, which is at the farthest recess of a bay of that name. This place under the Greek emperors possessed a fortress of such strength, that Sultan Orchan besieged it for a year, before he could force it to surrender. Here the author and his party supped with the archbishop, and had an opportunity of knowing experimentally the excellent taste and diversity of the fish that are found in the bay. Here he found the conversation more free, but he says, that the trade of the place is confined to the fruit which is carried to the capital. At Gemlick in the fore court of a Grecian monastery, the author was very seriously shewn a long stone on which it was said that the holy fathers of the council of Nice had sat and drank coffee!!! Pious men!!! Egregious saints!!! Would that you had employed yourselves more in drinking coffee, and less in fabricating creeds!!! Our author took ship at Gemlick, and before he reached Constantinople touched at the Prince's island, which he describes with apparent fidelity and eloquence.

ART. IX.—*Anekdoten und Charakterzüge, &c. &c.*

Anecdotes and characteristic Traits of Prince Louis Ferdinand of Prussia. 12mo. Berlin. 1807. Imported by a private hand.

THIS author is a more unreserved admirer of Prince Ferdinand of Prussia than the author of the Gallery of Prussian

Portraits, but we do not think that he appreciates the merits and defects, the light and shade of his character with such force of remark or nicety of discrimination. The author is rather a panegyrist than the historian of his life; and he has brought together an assemblage of anecdotes, the object of which is to prove that Prince Ferdinand possessed all the qualities of a great and an amiable man. To the latter part of the praise we can more readily subscribe than to the first, for though he does not appear to us to have been distinguished by any singular elevation of mind or grandeur of character, yet we are ready to admit that he was generous, humane, and often liberal in the extreme. His character exhibited a continual deviation from common rules, but these deviations were such as give him a title to be denominated rather singular than great. They evinced rather a wayward eccentricity of disposition than real sublimity of mind. There was a frivolity in his pursuits which was very unbecoming in a prince; and which took greatly from the respect which by a more judicious application of his faculties, he might have attained. When a prince stoops to be the associate of fiddlers and buffoons, the dignity of his station cannot atone for the degradation of his taste. Ferdinand certainly possessed talents which, if they had been matured by more diligent and judicious culture, might have raised him to a level with the great, and have rendered him not only an object of admiration to the vulgar, but of respect to the wise. His capacity seems to have been above the common level; his perceptions were quick, his imagination lively, and his general powers of that plastic kind which can readily accommodate themselves to great varieties of exertion. There was in the interior of his frame a spirit of restless activity which caused his mind in some degree to prey upon itself; but the perpetual motion of his intellect seemed always to be occupied more by little and shewy, than by great and serious occupations, suited to the sphere in which he moved. Like many persons of a lively sensibility, he seems throughout life to have been governed more by impulse than reflection, more by momentary whim than by deliberate choice. But the sympathies of his nature, were so attuned to charity, that he seems not to have beheld distress without a desire to relieve it, and this desire was in him an impetuous force which excited to the relief of the object without being allayed by any subordinate considerations. Hence his generosity was often prodigally lavished, and never sufficiently discriminate. But it exhibited proofs of a kind and feeling heart which those in high stations can seldom evince, whatever may be their other defects, without being enthusiastically beloved. When we see the unre-

attained profusion of his liberality combined with more than ordinary affability, we cannot be surprized at the popularity which he obtained among the lower orders, and at the affectionate warmth with which his memory is cherished by his associates.

He was too apt to drink to excess; and like most persons in his station, he was rather licentious in his amours. But the author intimates that love, or a grosser passion which hardly deserves the name, never incited him to transgress the boundaries of morality. To this we cannot give an unconditional assent; though we must say that of persons in similar situations, and possessing similar opportunities of sensual indulgence, many appear to have been more vicious in the use. The last act of his life, by which his friends hope to canonize him as a hero, seems to us rather to merit reprobation than to be a fit subject for panegyric. His death must be regarded rather as the act of thoughtless desperation than of deliberate bravery; rather of a man tired of life himself than of a general who was studious of preserving the lives of his troops; rather of a gamester who had thrown his last stake than of a patriot who is lavish of his life only when the sacrifice can benefit his country. Prussia could reap no benefit from the death of Ferdinand in the circumstances in which he was wantonly prodigal of existence. He was neither a Codrus nor a Curtius, whose death could avert the destiny of an empire. Herode rather like a frantic bacchanal than a sober-minded general into the midst of the French troops when, opposed by superior numbers, he might have retired without disgrace. When surrounded by the enemy, who were anxious to save his life, he refused every proffer of quarter, and made a chivalrous display of courage and contempt of death, from which his country could derive neither advantage nor renown. Temerity ought not to pass for heroism, nor to usurp the same recompence of fame.

We shall now translate a few of the anecdotes from the collection which the author has furnished of the public and private, the civil, and the military virtues of the prince. In very early life he is said to have exhibited many proofs of a benevolent disposition. The pocket-money which he was allowed was principally disbursed in acts of charity.

When only ten years of age he said to one of his friends, I wish that I had every year a million at my disposal that I might make every one happy and comfortable around me.

Sometimes for want of satisfactory employment he devoted himself to the fine arts to which he manifested a lively attachment. He was passionately fond of music, and was not only a prac-

tical performer but a skillfull composer. Many successful pieces proceeded from him in early life. Luther's motto

Wer nicht liebt wein, weib and gesang
Der bleibt ein narr sein lebenslang !

Who loves not wine, women and song,
Remains a fool all his life long.

was exclusively his.'

' In the year 1793. Louis was with the Prussian army at Frankfurt on the Main. He soon became acquainted with all the celebrated musicians of the place, who, captivated by his attractive manners and his taste for the art, collected around him. At this time a foreign musician who had been reduced by long sickness to a state of indigence, brought a letter of recommendation to one of the sons of harmony at this place.'

As this unfortunate artist displayed a considerable degree of musical talent, the person to whom he had been recommended waited on Prince Ferdinand to consult with him on the subject. The prince advised the arrangement of a concert in which the individual might have an opportunity of displaying his powers, and very condescendingly offered to take his place among the performers and play a sonata on the piano for his benefit. The Prince's name was announced in the bills, which produced a large and respectable assemblage of persons and procured a considerable subscription for the indigent musician. The prince performed his part to the admiration of the company. At the end of the entertainment the poor foreigner, thrilling with gratitude, went up to the prince with tears of joy to testify his obligation.

' Do not mention it, says the prince with great good humour, I am glad that I had an opportunity of serving you ; and besides I had the satisfaction to see that my logic was not erroneous. The full house answered my expectation ; I suppose people think that a prince must understand every thing better than ordinary men, and consequently be a more expert musician. You have afforded me an opportunity of being convinced of the truth of my hypothesis, - I am accordingly much obliged to you for this, and so we are quits.'

' Such an occurrence must have added greatly to the popularity of the prince among the vulgar ; but we are of opinion that if he had given the musician a sum of money he would equally have gratified his generosity without degrading his dignity by an occupation unsuitable to his character.

On one occasion when the prince was in Minden, he met with a poor French emigrant, who was begging his bread,

' What were you in France ? said the prince. - A flourishing tradesman in a provincial town, who had a house and shop. Was

it as large as that? said the prince, pointing to a house opposite in which there was a shopkeeper in a small way of business. The emigrant replied that it was. Wait a little; said the prince, and went away. He soon came back in good spirits and said, That house there, with the shop is your property; you may take possession of it in eight days. He had gone and prevailed on the shopkeeper to part with his house and stock to the emigrant for the sum of 10,000 dollars.

This is one of those acts of magnificent generosity of which we love to read and which every benevolent heart would wish for the capacity constantly to realize. Charity appears to have operated on the conduct of Ferdinand less by principle than by impulse; but the impulses which governed him on these occasions were often those which seem to elevate man to a level with higher orders of existence. Benevolence is by no means a cold calculating quality;—but still that benevolence is productive of the most diffused good, which, while it follows the primary impulses of a sympathizing heart, is not altogether unreflecting and inconsiderate.

The Author gives the following instance of the *morality* by which the prince was governed in his amours. As the author assures us that the story is not a romantic fiction but a simple relation of facts we shall not dispute his veracity but present our readers with a faithful translation of the whole transaction.

‘When (Prince Ferdinand) was a young man, previous to the march of the Prussians against France in the year 1792, he fell in love with an officer’s wife who was a very charming woman, and who, as was generally known, had been married to her present spouse against her own inclinations and only to comply with the command of her relations. Probably the consciousness of this might have incited the prince to cultivate the acquaintance of a lady of such captivating beauty: He went often to the house and the oftener he went the more he perceived the disparity between her and her husband. It is no wonder if with his propensity to the pleasures of life, if with the loveliness of a woman who lived unhappily with her husband, with the spirit of the times which in such cases diminishes her scrupulosity;—it is no wonder if he thought that he might be happy while the lady obtained some compensation for the misery of her lot. Besides he was far from being a friend of the husband, who at times behaved without much ceremony to his wife. I will not,’ says the author ‘take upon me entirely to defend the selfishness which there is in this reasoning, nor the want of a rigorous morality, though in such circumstances and in these selfish times there is hardly one young man in a thousand who would have felt differently on the subject;—but he was a man, and he seemed favoured by the friend-

ly smile of the goddess Opportunity. But let us proceed with the story. One evening he was alone with the enamoured fair, and secure from every possibility of disturbance. He made her acquainted with the feelings of his heart and begged for a reciprocal gratification. She was mute; she beckoned him to be gone; her bosom heaved with sighs and tears trickled down her cheeks; but in these tears, in these sighs of an agonizing heart the spirit of virtue was struggling for the mastery with the demon of luxuriating sense. The Prince became more pressing. Young man, said the lady, I am unhappy; would you take advantage of it? my misery does not give me any right to violate my duty. I will not oppose you like a heroine in romance; but I cannot be a wanton that trifles with the solemnity of an oath.—I am a wife! Louis reminded her of all the misery which had sprung from this connection, and again urged his suit with redoubled vehemence; but she remained firm, and repeated her determination. The Prince at last went away provoked and out of humour. She called him back and said with a faltering voice; I know myself and think also that I know you. I accordingly venture to make this confession. You know not what a difficult contest I had to sustain before I made you any reply. I love you; and were I not the wife of another, but a virgin or a widow,—then—then you should have no occasion to require this acknowledgement from my lips! Louis went away; he was piqued for a whole day and felt vindictive and displeased. His frustrated hope prompted to some criminal resolution; but the more he reflected on her conduct and her answer the more he recovered his tranquillity; the more he reflected on the sentiments she had uttered, the more complacency he felt. This feeling at last rose to genuine admiration and esteem. Things were in this situation, when in the beginning of the last revolutionary war the Prussian army took the field. The prince bade the lady an affectionate and respectful adieu. The husband went with him to the field. They soon came in sight of the enemy; and one action followed on another. In one of these skirmishes, the husband with a small body of Prussians advanced much too far beyond the lines till he was placed in the most perilous situation. The prince who was near saw how the balls flew in showers around his head. The scene in the parlour was vividly presented to his imagination. He saw the charming woman, he heard her words; “I love you, and were I not the wife of another, were I a widow I would prove it to you!” Her husband stood now before his eyes in the most imminent peril of his life; the happiness of the one seemed to depend on the death of the other: if the husband felt the prince was sure of the love of the wife. For one moment he indulged the unhallowed hope and cherished the lovely dream; but in the next his better self returned. “And shall I suffer the man and perhaps thirty others with him to die in torture in order to procure for myself one short interval of bliss? Ought I to sacrifice the lives of my fellow-creatures to my lust? No! away with the thought!—God defend me! He shall not be made another Uriah!” He sprung impetuously

forward towards the officer and exclaimed! Away there, sir, don't you hear the balls whizz around you? You are endangering your life without any probable advantage. In a few moments you and your men will be overpowered and lost! "Permit me to be here!" cried the officer blinded with rage. No; answered Lewis—I will not permit it. If you will not comply with my request, I command you as your superior. Fall back, march! The men fell back and the officer was obliged to follow.

The conduct of the lady on this occasion presents an instance of constancy in withstanding temptation which some of our modern females would do well to imitate; and though the conduct of Ferdinand cannot be entirely approved yet it shews that he was actuated by something like a sense of duty which is not always found, as ancient and modern story will abundantly testify, even in the breasts of princes and of kings.

We have great pleasure in relating the following trait of his personal bravery and enterprising spirit. At the siege of Mentz by the Prussians, the French had a strong and well appointed redoubt before the second parallel; the Prussians had to make themselves masters of this outwork before they could in some measure proceed to the conquest of the place. It was determined to attack this redoubt and to take it if possible.

'A leader for the enterprize was to be chosen amongst the principal officers; none seemed very anxious for the perilous service. When Louis freely offered himself and solicited from the king the appointment as a favour. The monarch started difficulties, for he was unwilling to hazard the life of the gallant youth in the dangerous undertaking. But the latter did not desist till he had obtained the royal assent. 'My children what is your opinion?' said Louis as he stood in front of the grenadiers of Manstein who were destined for the expedition, what is your opinion? shall we succeed or not?' O! answered they with one voice, we can't fail when you are with us. 'Good', replied he, 'if you think so, we have already conquered. I will never forsake you; you know me well. Only do as much for me and leave me not behind. Follow me with confidence, I will go first.' And he was as good as his word. It was about ten at night; rainy clouds overspread the horizon and rendered it extremely dark. Under cover of the night and in the most profound silence, they approached the redoubt; it was carried by the bayonet and the enemy expelled; but he returned about one in the same night in order to attempt the recovery but the attempt was vain. Louis here exhibited the most distinguished proofs of the most elevated bravery. While the French were repeating in the redoubt their well-known song: *À ça ira!* he collected his grenadiers and cried out, 'Non, ça n'ira pas! Fol-

low, me children, forwards, march.' HE WAS THE FIRST IN THE REDOUBT.

He had an uncommon affection for his brave and now deceased uncle Prince Henry of Prussia, whose favourite he was. When intelligence reached Berlin of the last illness of Prince Henry, Louis was inconsolable. He instantly prevailed on his father to permit him to set out for Rhinsberg in company with his sister the princess Louisa (wife of Prince Radzivil) and the Prince Augustus Ferdinand. When they came near the place Louis, who was acquainted with the spot sprung forward from the carriage, and flew by the shortest way to the castle, into the chamber of the Prince, and threw himself down with tears on the bed of his sick relation. The dying man still recognised him, pressed his hand and expired!

It is difficult to say what rendered Louis so prodigal of his life at the battle of Saalfeld. His death was not so much that of a hero as of a man in a state of desperation. The writer of these anecdotes says that an extraordinary change was observed in his appearance and manner a few days before the action in which he lost his life. On the 7th of October he is said to have had a conference with Prince Hohenlohe, which lasted for two hours, and no other persons were present. He went into the room with his usual vivacity and cheerfulness, but when he came out a deep gloom was observed on his countenance which did not vanish till his death. He had recourse to music, but there was no longer the same sprightliness in the notes which he produced. Dussek, the musician, one of his intimate friends, observed that his royal highness did not appear the same person since his interview with Prince Hohenlohe. He said a good deal to me, said Louis. My prince, said Dussek, do not let this disturb you. Why should you make yourself miserable to no purpose? 'Ah!' said Louis, 'we are in a bad situation; the Prussian army is in a desperate situation; I consider it as lost.' 'Impossible,' says Dussek. 'It may appear so,' says Louis, 'but I SHALL NOT SURVIVE OUR FALL! I will act! And now not a word more on the subject.' On this day he played, accompanied by Dussek, but his manner evinced the depression of his mind. His despair of preventing the disasters of his country may seem to excuse the temerity of his death—but A PATRIOT AND A HERO OUGHT NEVER TO DESPAIR.

ART. X.—*Der Marsch der Franzosen nach Indien, &c. &c.*
The March of the French to India; Information relative
to the recently projected Invasion of that Country.
 Jenn. 12mo. 1808. Imported by a Gentleman from the
 Continent.

WE believe that the late events which have taken place in Spain and Portugal, will oblige Bonaparte to defer this march for the present; and perhaps, instead of attempting it himself, he will leave it among his *posthumous intentions*.

In the year 1801, the Emperor Paul of Russia is said to have concerted an expedition to India in conjunction with the first Consul of France. At that time there were great difficulties in the way of the execution. Persia was then subject to disturbances; and could not have contributed that aid to the expedition which she now seems likely to afford. But the death of Paul put an end to the project. It seems, however, highly probable that such a scheme formed one of the secret articles of the treaty of Tilsit.

If the invasion of India were undertaken with the consent of the king of Persia; the army would not only not meet with any obstacles in its march through the provinces of that kingdom, but would also be furnished with the necessary supplies. Astrachan on the Caspian is supposed to be the best place of rendezvous for a combined Russian and French army which should meditate such an expedition. From Astrachan the troops might be embarked in ships, and transported over the Caspian.

The Russian part of this army was to consist of 20,000 regular infantry and 10,000 Cossacks. If the French were to send an army of equal force, there are two ways by which it might reach Astrachan. The corps of Davoust, which is stationed on the Vistula might, if destined for the expedition, proceed directly from Warsaw to Zaritzin on the Wolga. This would be a distance of about 230 German miles. Hence the troops might be conveyed by water down the Volga to Astrachan; a distance of about 50 German miles. If the troops which are collected in Dalmatia were employed in the enterprise, they would have to march through a part of European Turkey to the Danube, and might then proceed by water to its mouth. Hence they would cross the Black Sea, and land at Taganrock, on the coast of the sea of Asoph. Hence the army would march along the Don, cross that river at Isbianka, and thence proceed to Zaritzin. From Taganrock to this place are about 70 German miles.

It would take an army at least ten weeks to accomplish the first rout to Astrachan, while they might perform the last without fatigue in six.

At Astrachan Russia was to have every thing ready for the farther prosecution of the project, as artillery, ammunition, and horses for the French cavalry. This would enable the French to march with fewer impediments and less delay; while French commissaries were to be on the spot to furnish the soldiers with cloathing suitable to the climate. This, as well as horses for the cavalry, might be procured in the Russian provinces at less expense than elsewhere.

An essential requisite would be a sufficient number of ships in Astrachan for the transport of the troops, &c. But these might be procured in that harbour and from the other towns which are situated on the shores of the Caspian. When every thing was ready for their departure, the fleet would sail for the opposite coast of Persia, and the army would land at Astrabad. This voyage, owing to the north and north-west winds which prevail on this sea, would at most occupy not more than ten or twelve days.

Astrabad, which is situated in a province of the same name on the southern extremity of the Caspian, is a considerable town. At this place, General Gardanne, the French minister at the Prussian court, and the other officers of his train would have every thing ready which could facilitate the march of the troops and contribute to the success of the expedition.

From Astrabad the troops would proceed straight through the province of Chorasan to Herat. This is one of the finest provinces in the kingdom. The climate is temperate, the air pure and salubrious. It produces all the necessaries of life in abundance; and there is no want of good water. The first stage embraces an extent of seventy German miles.

From Herat the army would march to Terah a distance of thirty-five German miles. The road runs in part through the province of Sijistan and is attended with numerous obstructions. This province is hilly, but the low grounds are in a great measure an expanse of sand; it is but little cultivated and is overrun by the wandering Turkorans and Afghans, against whom the caravans are obliged to be on their guard.

The third stage reaches to Candahar and amounts to thirty German miles; from whence there are about sixty German miles to the banks of the Indus. The province of Candahar is described as abounding in corn and fruit. The plains are fertile and well watered, and the heat during the summer is not insupportable.

The province of Candahar is in modern times considered as a

part of the kingdom of the Afghans, but it is probable that it is again reduced under the dominion of Persia. It is computed that an army may march from Astrabad to the banks of the Indus in forty-five days; and the interval between April and August is considered as the time of year which is most favourable for the expedition. The large caravans which pass between India and Persia accomplish this journey in about thirty-five, or forty days.

It is supposed that the number of troops which would be necessary for such an expedition would be 60,000; but it is certain that if a well equipped army of forty thousand strong were to appear on the banks of the Indus a great revolution might be produced in that part of the world. We will now detail what this German author considers would be the probable result of such an expedition as he has described.

Former expeditions to the East Indies are not to be compared with that which is now in agitation; and so much the less as the power of Napoleon is greater than that of Alexander. Alexander is the only conqueror who ever led an army from Europe to the East Indies.

The expedition of Alexander did not indeed proceed immediately from Europe like that which is at present projected; it was not in fact commenced till he had conquered Persia, and thus it arose out of the Persian war. This is perhaps of greater importance than appears at the first glance.

'The victorious Napoleon,' says the author, 'it is true, always vanquishes his foes; but he would have found the contest more difficult, if he had to fight the battle of Friedland before he encountered the Prussians at Jena. Alexander was in a similar predicament.'

The march of armies is easily delineated on paper, but not so easily accomplished in reality. In India it is true, Alexander had to encounter elephants, but he was not opposed by the tactics of Europe nor the phalanx of Macedon. It was the contest of order against confusion, of rational discipline against custom without reflection. But in the conflict which we are considering, Europeans will have to fight with Europeans, who are aware of their approach and cannot be taken by surprise.

Alexander advanced to the confines of India with an army far less numerous than would at present be requisite for the conquest of the country. He had not any cannon to transport which makes a great difference. Alexander wanted little more in India than to shew himself in the country, and perhaps erect some trophies of conquest. When he passed the

Hvdaspes, he once exclaimed in a critical situation, "O Athenians I would you believe what dangers I encounter in order to be the object of your praise!" We may indeed affirm, in spite of the noise which his expedition has excited, that he really did nothing. He came; he conquered Porus, and went away again. But in the expedition of which we are speaking something very different is to be done; an European people is to be vanquished; and according to the notions of French folly, the British sovereignty of the sea to be destroyed.

Supposing Bonaparte to have overcome all the difficulties of the march, he cannot rely with so much confidence as many think, on the assistance of the native powers. It is very doubtful whether they would consider the arrival of such an army of foreigners to be more for them or against them. The reasons which will determine the judgment of such a people cannot be previously defined, and their conduct will probably squarate even present expectation.

An army of 60,000 men is by no means sufficient for such an expedition. The length of the way will make a great defalcation of their numbers; and who would leave every thing to the sport of those fatalities and mischances to which the largest armies are exposed? Three armies as large as that above mentioned would be requisite; an army of reserve, and an army to keep up the numbers of the other two; and these should be within such a distance of each other as to be able to repair every loss or disaster which the preceding army might experience. But three such armies would at least triple the difficulties of the enterprize.

At all events greater preparations are necessary than have hitherto been attempted or imagined; and even if the plan were feasible, at least a year must elapse before it could be realized. But if fortune should smile on the attempt, if, what is the height of improbability, the East Indies should be conquered, will the conqueror restore the independence of the native powers? can they maintain that independence without foreign aid? But what would be the worth of India if all access to it by sea were precluded? To this question the author adds the following, what would be the worth of a fleet without India? But would the possession be worth the defence? would the possession make any compensation for the sacrifices which the defence would render necessary? though the English East-India Company have a vast territory they are oppressed with a heavy debt. The conquest of India might indeed give a tremendous shock to the mercantile interests of England. But may not the East Indies be considered as a parasitical member, which by a gradual accretion has fastened on the body politic of England; and which, though it might not be

cut off without great present loss and inconvenience, would ultimately be both physically and morally beneficial? We are far from thinking that the conquest of the East Indies would destroy the maritime sovereignty of England; or, as the author supposes, secure to France the trade of the world. The maximum of commercial advantage will usually belong to that nation which has the largest capital; and situation and other circumstances being equally favourable, that nation will always, in process of time, acquire the largest capital which has the freest government; where the greatest security of enjoyment affords the highest encouragement to the accumulation of wealth. Much of what the author has said on the probable conquest of the East Indies by a combined army of French and Russians is rendered null by the recent occurrences on the Continent, which are likely to withdraw the attention of Bonaparte from his wide-extended projects of foreign subjugation to the defence of his own dynasty at home, from the danger with which it is threatened from within and from without.

In this work the author gives, (1.) Some geographical and statistical accounts of the English East-Indies (2.) A short history of the conquest of the East Indies by the English. (3.) A sketch of the routs by which the trade of the East Indies by land, has been, and still is carried on. (4.) A concise history of the more early expeditions to, and conquest of the East Indies. (5.) An answer to the question, can, and in what manner can an united French and Russian army proceed by land to the East Indies? and (6.) An answer to the question, what effects would result to Europe from the conquest of the East Indies by the French and Russians? In the present article we have principally confined our attention to the 5th and 6th chapters of the work; but if the affairs of the continent should assume a different aspect than we expect, and the power of Bonaparte should not experience that diminution which we think that it will, we shall again call the attention of our readers to this subject in the next appendix.

We shall translate a note on opium at page 41,

This inspissated juice of the poppy is one of the most lucrative articles of the English East India trade. The company have usurped the exclusive right of purchasing the opium wherever it is manufactured. In the months of November and December, it is transported down the Ganges to Calcutta; where it is exposed to sale. A large portion of this is consumed on the spot; the inhabitants of Bengal are in the general practice of smoking opium, for which purpose it is mixed with aromatics and made up into balls. But they do not only smoke it but take it also sparingly in the morning in its crude state. Among the Malays and Macassars, it is

sometimes formed into a preparation which raises a tempest in the animal spirits, and throws the person who takes it into a tremendous fit of rage. In this situation he quite loses his recollection, he seizes every thing that comes in his way, and rushes on the bayonet or the sword that is held before him. He appears quite insensible to pain ; and even when he is pierced with wounds, he often succeeds in killing his antagonist at the same time. His physical strength is increased by the tumultuous action of his animal spirits. When these are exhausted, or the effect of the phrenzy is past, he may easily be overpowered ; but it is very rare to take him alive ; he is commonly put to death like a wild beast. The people who make use of opium, use it also for smoaking, as in this case it is sedative and highly soporific, the knowledge of this property is very dexterously employed by thieves. They fill a room where a person is sleeping with the smoke of opium ; by this contrivance he is laid in a death-like sleep from which he cannot be awakened by the breaking open of doors, windows, chests, nor any noise that is made.

DIGEST OF LITERATURE

FOR THE LAST FOUR MONTHS.

HISTORY.

THE only historical work, worthy of the name, that we have to announce, is Mr. Fox's 'History of the Reign of James, the Second.' Public expectation was of course raised to the highest pitch by this work, and great as it was on our part, it certainly was in no respect disappointed. The same soundness of principle, the same love of rational liberty and hatred of oppression, which distinguished that philosophic patriot, when alive, animate his posthumous publication. In the scrupulous search after truth he has been as unwearied as he is unrivalled by any of our historians, and his country has to lament that the labours of the patriotic writer have been confined to so small a portion of her annals. As to Dr. Davies' 'History of Nice,' to say nothing of the trite observations and uninteresting details of which it is composed, the author is one of that class who cannot be contented with what is simple and natural, and never descends to ordinary language. He is always on stilts. We suppose him to be the same person whom we have lately had occasion to censure oftener than once for the extreme affectation and pedantry of his writings, and are at a loss to conceive what end it can answer to him to continue them. St. Helena is so unimportant and so uninteresting a place, that it was hardly possible to write a history of it worthy of general attention. Mr. Brooke's failure may probably, therefore, be attributed in charity to the innate barrenness of the subject.

BIOGRAPHY.

Prejudice and misrepresentation seem to have exhausted themselves in defaming the memory of the illustrious Buchanan. The acquiescence of so many respectable persons, during so long a period of time, in the calumnies which have been heaped upon him, seemed to have confirmed their truth, and to have rendered that truly great character unredeemable from infamy. Several writers have indeed partially endeavoured to remove the dark veil that was thrown over it. But the prejudice had taken so deep root, that it required a regular and

impartial history, completely to expose the falsehood of his calumniators, and to set forth his character in its real colours. Mr. Irving has undertaken and executed this task in a manner by no means discreditable to himself as a literary man, though we could have wished to see some alterations in the style of writing, but his work displays a spirit of liberality which entitles him to the gratitude of the public, and more particularly of the Scottish nation. The biography of that great and virtuous character, Sir Thomas More, is also creditably executed by Mr. Cayley. He has subjoined a new and perspicuous translation of the *Utopia*. Captain George Carleton, whose memoirs were originally written by himself at the beginning of the last century, and are now republished, was an enterprising soldier of fortune, who distinguished himself in the Earl of Peterborough's campaigns in Spain. In the course of his life he met with many singular adventures, which are here detailed. His memoirs, however, will derive their principal interest from their relation to Spain, the inhabitants of which country are making so glorious a struggle for their own liberties and of those of mankind.

POLITICS AND POLITICAL ŒCONOMY.

An anonymous 'Sketch of the State of Ireland, past and present,' displays great knowledge of the subject, and is evidently the production of an author whose views are comprehensive, and whose mind is capable of deep and useful reflection. The Rev. Mr. Chalmers, in his 'Enquiry into the Extent and Stability of National Resources,' manifests talents worthy of a better cause than that which he has espoused—the cause of perpetual war. He makes it his business to prove, that the country is not taxed within many degrees of what it could bear, and that the peaceful arts and sciences, the occupations of industry, and the pursuit of knowledge, could be well exchanged for the trade of arms. That such sentiments should be avowed and supported by a Christian minister, is strange indeed, and the ingenuity with which he defends his anti-Christian tenets, will not compensate for the disgust which they excite. But we must strongly recommend to the very attentive perusal of our readers, Mr. Wyvill's 'Discussion in favour of Liberty of Conscience,' on which we can bestow the highest of all commendations, that it asserts with manly confidence and able reasoning, the great principles of civil and religious liberty.

RELIGION.

Mr. Nisbet's publication, 'On the mysterious Language of

St. Paul, in his *Description of the Man of Sin*, is highly rational and judicious. He attempts, and we think with success, to prove, that the prophecies in that very difficult chapter, ii Thessal. ii. 1--12, which have been in general understood to designate the Romish church, have no reference whatever to the papacy, but designate the revolt of the Jews from the Roman yoke, and the consequent destruction of Jerusalem. The literary reputation of Mr. Fellowes had long been established on a firm foundation. His theological writings are particularly to be admired. He possesses the happy talent of uniting morality with scriptural doctrine, and philosophical reasoning with both. Equally a stranger to the arrogance of the bigot or infidel, he exercises the right of enquiry with freedom, but not with presumption. His style is eloquent to an extent of which few modern writers can boast, and the frequent exertion of his talents in the cause of practical christianity, unmixed with the dross of polemical theology, have, we believe, secured him the high degree of public favour to which he is so well entitled, and which his late publication, entitled, '*A Body of Theology*,' cannot fail to strengthen and increase.

PHILOSOPHY, MORAL, PHYSICAL, AND METAPHYSICAL.

Dr. Thornton's '*New Illustration of the Sexual System of Linnæus*,' is not only one of the most beautiful and magnificent works we ever beheld, but also does the greatest credit to the botanical knowledge of the author. He has simplified the twenty-four classes of Linnæus to thirteen. It is in the arrangement principally that his '*Reformed System*' differs from the old. Gambier's '*Study of Moral Evidence*,' is an unassuming little essay, which, but for the diffidence of the author, might have been amplified into a work of much greater interest. In the '*Theory of Dreams*,' the anonymous writer has shewn himself a person of very weak intellect. Who, in this age of reason, wants to be convinced by two volumes of solemn dullness that it is idle to believe in dreams? And yet the present author has gone about to refute, by grave ratiocination, a parcel of old women's tales, which have long since been disbelieved and ridiculed. Ellis's '*Inquiry into the Changes induced on atmospheric Air by the Germination of Seeds, the Vegetation of Plants, and the Respiration of Animals*,' though not distinguished by any considerable quantity of original experiment, is a valuable collection of facts, and speaks great knowledge and talent for philosophical investigation.

POETRY.

Strutt's 'Test of Guilt,' is the first posthumous publication that attracts our attention in this pleasing department of literature. The author is known by his researches into Archaeology. The 'Test of Guilt,' is a dramatic tale in blank verse, and is characterized by perpetual allusions to the customs and manners of our ancestors, to the study of which Mr. Strutt had particularly devoted himself. The style of writing is affectedly simple; its faults and inaccuracies are numerous, but admit of much excuse, as they do not seem to have been ever intended for the public eye. The author possessed much amusing knowledge, and great facility of expression, but he seldom rises to the elevation of poetry. Whenever a writer of eminence is distinguished by any marked peculiarity of style or manners, he is sure to be followed by a host of imitators, who, forgetting that they possess no portion of his genius, think that by caricaturing his singularities, they may come in for their share of approbation. Sterne in prose, and Darwin in poetry, are striking illustrations of this position. And since Mr. Walter Scott has deservedly distinguished himself in what is termed the *wild* style of poetry, the regular, legitimate couplet has been quite deserted, and the press inundated with the effusions of ballad-singers. We mean literally of ballad singers, for the same talent that gave birth to Auld Robin Gray, would without any exertion have produced much the greatest part of the poems in irregular metre that have lately been so much the fashion. Of this description is one called the 'Crusaders,' or, 'The Minstrels of Acre,' in which there is not a single line that rises above mediocrity. In spite of the numerous versions of Juvenal, and more particularly the recent one of Mr. Gifford, which has superseded almost all its predecessors, we cannot but congratulate the public on Mr. Hodgson's Translation, which, upon the whole, we very much prefer to its rival, though their respective merits are of so distinct a nature, that every scholar will place them by each other's side in his library. Mr. Hodgson's powers are both original and splendid, and if he has not laboured, like Mr. Gifford, to preserve, what is in fact impossible to preserve with effect, the abrupt rapidity of the Roman poet, he has infinitely surpassed him in that grand and oratorical style of poetry, which is a much more noble characteristic of Juvenal, while at the same time he is neither less accurate nor more diffuse. In the eye of sober criticism, the intrinsic merit of ballads and ancient romances is exceedingly small. They are merely interesting, inasmuch as they gratify our curiosity by giving us some insight into the language and manners of ages which are past. That curiosity gratified, they are

unworthy to be classed as a department of the literature of enlightened times. Still they have lately attracted a great degree of attention, and in Scotland they are particularly fashionable. Mr. Finlay's 'Collection of Scottish, Historical, and Romantic Ballads,' will therefore doubtless meet with encouragement, and it may be added, that it deserves to be so, more than many other of the same description. It would be little praise to say that Mrs. or Miss (we know not which) Betham's 'Poems,' are superior to the generality of similar effusions. Though consisting of a number of little pieces, for the most part on trifling subjects, they display both elegance of genius and warmth of heart. The second part of 'The Bees,' a poem, by Dr. Evans, has made its appearance. With the exception of the numerous imitations of the style of Darwin, we can confirm the opinion we passed upon the first part on its publication, that it is a very pleasing production. We have already frequently and unequivocally expressed the delight we take in the romances and fairy tales with which our ancestors were so much captivated. The customs of feudal ages, and the manners of ancient chivalry, add a peculiar charm to the productions of Mr. Scott's original and commanding genius. Without instituting any invidious comparison, it may fairly be said that Mr. Rose's Translation of *Partenopex de Blois* has done as much as can be done in a translation. In the Digest of Literature in our last Appendix, we had occasion to notice one of the late Mr. Strutt's poetical effusions. Another of them, called *Queenhoo Hall*, has now come before us, and possesses, like most of that gentleman's works, little either to praise or blame. We hope, therefore, his friends will abstain from laying any more of his posthumous publications before the world.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

The mountains of Caucasus, which is the general denomination of the whole district that lies between the Caspian and the Euxine seas, have been rarely visited or described by travellers. At the present period they acquire an additional interest from the supposed intention of our formidable enemy to force a passage over them to our Indian possessions. Dr. Reineggs, whose work has been given in an English dress by Mr. Wilkinson, possessed great facilities for exploring those impenetrable countries, and he has investigated with accuracy and zeal their characteristic features and productions. Drury's 'Account of Madagascar,' is more like the Adventures of Philip Quarle, than a serious book of travels. There is reason, however, to believe that the tale is founded on fact, and that the scenes in which the author describes himself to have been a

principal actor, were not imaginary. He was ship-wrecked on the coast of Madagascar about an hundred years ago, and made prisoner by the natives, who sold him as a slave to one of the principal men of the island. After going through numerous adventures, of which an abstract was given in our review of the work, he made his escape to the coast, where at length he met with an English vessel, which conveyed him to his native country. His account of his adventures was first published in 1728, and some person or other has thought it worth while at this distance of time again to bring it before the public. We have found Mr. Parsons a most agreeable and instructive companion in his 'Travels in Asia and Africa.' He was formerly consul at Scanderoon, from whence he had occasion to take several journies to Latichea, Aleppo, Bagdad, and Bussora. From the latter place he went by sea to Bombay, thence to Mocha and Suez, in the Red Sea, and then by land to Cairo and Rosetta in Egypt. Of all those interesting countries he has furnished a number of very curious details, not borrowed from other books of travels, like most of the modern tours, but faithful delineations of what he heard and saw. Although he makes no pretensions to learning, his remarks are always sensible, and evince a mind capable of great discrimination and eager for useful knowledge. The same high degree of praise cannot be bestowed on Mr. Cordiner's 'Description of Ceylon,' which is much more dry than might have been expected from the nature of the subject, and displays a very inferior degree of talent to the last mentioned work. It is on the whole, we think, inferior to Captain Percival's account of the same island. The portion of it which excited the greatest share of our attention, was the detailed narrative of the unfortunate campaign against the Candians in 1803, which ended so disgracefully to the British arms.

NOVELS.

We come again to this barren tract, in which Mr. Dallas, who stands high in the public estimation in consequence of some of his former novels, particularly 'The Morlands,' has, we are sorry to say, lost ground very considerably. The 'Knights,' are professed to be tales illustrative of the marvellous; but Mr. Dallas does not succeed on fairy land. We hope he will relinquish the marvellous, a species of writing for which he seems to be entirely unqualified, and confine himself to the domestic, in which, by his knowledge of character and manners, and his agreeable mode of communicating that knowledge, he has often afforded the public a great share of rational entertainment. The 'Abyssinian Reformer,' by Mr.

Lucas, author of the 'Infernal Quixote,' cannot be called a bad novel, and the author, though extremely inelegant and inaccurate in composition, displays much discrimination and sagacity in his observations, particularly on the important subjects of politics and religion. The *Gulistân*, or *Rose Garden*, of Sady, translated by Mr. Gladwin, may come under the description of novels, as it consists chiefly of moral sentences, illustrated by tales of fiction. This beautiful performance, besides the liveliness of fancy for which the author is so celebrated, displays the profoundest insight into human nature, and we have derived very great gratification from the perusal of it.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The merit of containing much, both of information and amusement, must not certainly be refused to Mr. Malcolm's 'Anecdotes of London during the Eighteenth Century.' The work consists of gleanings from the newspapers, magazines, and other periodical writings of the last century, which the author has connected together, and added his own explanations and remarks. But he has displayed his characteristic want of judgment in the collection of the materials, which are swelled by a number of futile and irrelevant details, and in the style and manner of writing he disgusts us with more than his usual affectation and conceits. Mr. Burnet's 'Specimens of English Prose Writers, from the earliest Times to the present Day,' is not only in itself an amusing work, but may fairly be considered as an auxiliary to the most important labours, for the history of men and manners is inseparably connected with that of the origin, progress, and revolutions of letters. The idea of this compilation was suggested to Mr. Burnet by Ellis' *Specimens of early English Poets*, to which it is in some degree intended as a counterpart. Though its pretensions are of the most unassuming nature, and though in the execution it is not free from faults of judgment, which in a second edition may easily be corrected, yet the author has an unquestionable right to claim a considerable share of praise. Mr. Frederic Shoberl has spent his time very disgracefully in translating into our language a work, miscalled a 'History of the Female Sex,' from the German of Meiners. This scandalous production is a mixture of indecency and absurdity, and instead of being what it professes, a view of the habits, manners, and influence of women, it presents nothing but an undisguised picture of the abominations of human nature (of men as well as women) in the most gross and disgusting colours. The celebrated Italian scholar, Poggio Bracciolini, left in MS. a *Dialogue on the Expediency of Marriage*, which took place,

as is supposed to have taken place, between himself and two of his friends, when at the age of fifty-five he began to entertain serious thoughts of matrimony. Mr. Shepherd, whose name is well known in the republic of letters, discovered the MS. at Paris a few years ago, and by the advice of some learned friends, has now given it to the public, by whom it cannot fail to be favourably received. Dr. Jamieson has at length published his Dictionary of the Scottish Language, which was certainly a desideratum in literature, and in the execution of which he has been occupied twenty years. Though we cannot accord to the author the praise of very extraordinary penetration as an etymologist, yet he displays sound judgment and great good sense, and above all, keeps himself free from those fanciful absurdities by which etymologists are in general distinguished. The town and castle of Pontefract make so conspicuous a figure in the history of our country, that Boothroyd's history of them, which abounds with clear and useful information will be found a valuable and entertaining work. Hunt's *Critical Essays on the Performers of the London Theatres*,^{as} we think, highly judicious, and from the popularity and general interest of the subject, cannot but prove an acceptable offering to the majority of readers.

DIGEST OF POLITICS,

FOR THE LAST FOUR MONTHS.

SINCE our last Appendix was published, a favourable change has taken place not in our domestic, but in our foreign politics.—Bonaparte was marching with rapid strides to the subjugation of Europe. Europe indeed, with the exception of this country, seemed either already trampled under his feet, or calmly awaiting the approach of his imperial domination. All Italy, Spain, Portugal, Germany, Switzerland, Holland, Prussia acknowledged his power; Denmark, Austria and Russia were crouching before him and ready to receive the law at his hands. Sweden protected from his grasp by her remote situation and an arm of the sea still offered a feeble opposition to his will. But this was only a slight cause of uneasiness to the GREAT DESPOT, and presented no great nor lasting obstacles to his ambitious views. But at a moment when Bonaparte thought himself the paramount sovereign of the west, his un-

principled attempt to extirpate the old and to plant a new dynasty in Spain, and thus to render the resources of that country more subservient to his scheme of universal conquest, excited a spirit of resistance among that generous people, which has accumulated in the course of a few months to such a degree of force as will probably surpass even the most desperate efforts of the tyrant to overcome.

The sentiment of resistance to the subjugation of France accompanied with an energetic desire of maintaining the independence of Spain, no sooner exploded in one province than it seemed to become instantaneously felt in all. In those parts, where the formidable forces of the enemy prevented the possibility of immediate resistance, the patriotic flame was smothered for a time, but recent occurrences have proved, that it was only apparently and not really extinguished.

This eruption of patriotic virtue in Spain was no sooner known in this country than it excited the most ardent and universal joy. The event was entirely unexpected; and therefore the pleasurable sensation not having been at all diminished by previous anticipation was of the most fresh and vivid kind. Europe seemed condemned to an ignominious and unresisting slavery, when a whole nation, which seemed the most debased by superstition and the most prone to servitude, rose as one man to shake off the yoke, to hurl defiance at the gigantic despot of France, and either to rescue their country from foreign dependence or to perish in the attempt. The general and unmingled approbation of the glorious attempt which was excited in this country partook of the rapture of enthusiasm; and proved that notwithstanding many opposite appearances, the love of freedom and of virtue is still glowing in the hearts of Englishmen.

Extremes generate contraries. This has been particularly seen in the course of the French revolution. In France the extreme of liberty soon passed into the opposite extreme of servitude. That anarchy which would not submit to the sway of the best, or the rule of law, soon terminated in a submission to the dominion of the worst, or the caprice of despotism. The convulsive struggles of the revolution, and the atrocities which were perpetrated by its advocates, gave for a time a fatal shock to the principles of liberty in this country; they rendered the majority willing to be the passive instruments of oppression or inclined to consider the light of freedom as less pleasurable than the darkness of slavery. But the tyranny of Bonaparte, which since the end of the year 1800 has been receiving continual accessions of strength by his stratagems at home and his conquests abroad, has been attended with some beneficial influence. The fear, which the sight of his overwhelming power

has excited in this country has necessitated a recourse to the long and much slighted principles of liberty as the only means of counteraction. The old and crazy despotisms of the continent, all falling before the young, vigorous and towering despotism of Napoleon, afforded a demonstrative proof that the march of his all-crushing tyranny which had been in vain attempted to be stopped by the efforts of slaves, could be effectually impeded only by the exertions of freemen. Since the accession of Bonaparte to the imperial sceptre with which he has menaced the conquest of this country, despotism has been reprobated even by those in whom the anarchical excesses of the revolution had previously inspired a propensity to despotic sway. Hence the general principles of liberty have been viewed with less jealousy even by the professed advocates of the court, than they were during the tumultuary paroxysms of the revolution. The principles of liberty may not indeed in reality be cherished by the court with more fondness than they have been at former periods, but at least a nominal and exterior regard for them has in some measure become necessary for its own security.

Hence when the Spanish people; who had deposed one king and appointed another, resolved to throw off the humiliating yoke of France, the news was received not only with enthusiastic joy by the people but with a more than ordinary complacency by the court. The Spanish deputies, though coming as representatives rather of the sovereignty of the people than of any individual sovereign, were cordially received by the ministers of the crown. The object of their mission has been accomplished and their most pressing wants liberally supplied. Nay, as a token of the *royal favour* to the patriots of Spain, his majesty's picture, set with diamonds, is said to have been sent as a present to the junta of Oviedo; and the same gracious boon is designed for the other juntas in the different provinces. Had his majesty at a former period sent his picture to the president of the national assembly, or rather had he shewn the same complacency in, and the same desire to promote, the *primary*, virtuous and patriotic efforts of the French to moderate the despotism of the Bourbons, which he has to assist the Spaniards in establishing their national liberty and independence, we believe that the mixed government, which the French first constituted, would have remained to this day, and that Louis XVI. would have been still alive. There was a period when the government of this country by patronising the first efforts of the revolution, and by guaranteeing the *limited* monarchy which the French were anxious to substitute for the old arbitrary system, might have rendered itself master of the revolution; might at least in a great measure, have directed its course, moderated its violence and prevented its enormities. But, by the inveterate

hostility which the cabinet of this country discovered to the revolution from its earliest period, by the countenance which it gave to its enemies, and the abuse which writers were hired to lavish on its friends, the English government lost that influence and authority which it must otherwise have possessed at that period in France, and from which both France and this country might have derived the most important benefits. If the French revolution, which was at its commencement, the fair progeny of wisdom and of virtue, became in the sequel, a hydra headed monster of folly and of crimes, the government of this country ought principally to bear the blame. The cabinet of Great Britain irritated where they might have soothed, and omitted no opportunities, and neglected no effort to increase the frenzy which a mild, pacific and amicable conduct might have appeased.

Fortunately for ourselves, and we think and hope fortunately for mankind, we have adopted towards the partizans of liberty in Spain, a conduct very different from that which we manifested towards those in France; and we congratulate both the sovereign and his ministers on having at least thus far learned wisdom by experience. It is our duty, as we value the sacred principles of liberty, it is our interest as we regard the security of this country, and as we dread the domination of France, to cherish the revolution of sentiment which has taken place in Spain; and to support any political form, whether monarchical or republican, which may be the result.

The first successes of the Spaniards have surpassed the most sanguine expectation; they have covered themselves with glory, they have filled their friends with joy and clothed their enemies with shame. The desperate conflict which took place between the inhabitants of Madrid and the French troops in the month of May, was the fore-runner of that determined opposition which the armies of Napoleon have experienced in every part of Spain. The press, which is one of the powerful enemies of despotism, has been very successfully employed in the different provinces to expose the insidious designs of Bonaparte, and to convince the people that they ought to consider no sacrifice too great in order to procure a deliverance from his tyranny. The different manifestos, proclamations, &c. which have been published by the supreme juntas and by patriotic individuals, breathe a discreet but fervid abomination of tyranny, and the most enlightened love of liberty. These productions lead us to form a very high opinion of the intellectual culture of the higher orders in Spain. If we may judge not only from the tone of these papers, but from the actual conduct of the Spaniards in the most critical circumstances in which any nation was ever placed, we do not fear to assert that there is at this moment a greater degree of public spirit in Spain than

in any other country in Europe. Spain indeed, is not like this country enriched by commerce; but at the same time, she is not corrupted by luxury. Her inhabitants in general are a simple and frugal people, capable of enduring privations and of encountering dangers and toils. Such a people can never be overcome, neither by the old nor the new conscripts of France.

The official account of the state of Spain which has been published in the *Moniteur*, while it is filled with the most artful misrepresentations, and the grossest falsehoods, is at the same time highly interesting from the confession which it furnishes in every line, that the whole country is from one end to the other in a state of determined hostility to the domination of the French. The French could according to their own accounts hardly move a step without meeting with resistance. Every house is a fortress, and the family constitute the garrison. Men, women and children—all are determined rather to perish than to submit to the French. The cities of Valencia and of Saragossa, were destitute of all regular fortifications, but the hearts of the inhabitants proved stouter than walls of brass. Moncey and Lefebvre can attest the fact; and, if they would tell the truth to their imperial master, it would, if his mind be not totally infatuated, be sufficient to make him desist from the vain attempt to subjugate Spain. The French official account alone is sufficient to prove that the Spaniards commanded by Palafox, a hero of more than chivalrous celebrity, must have defended the naturally defenceless town of Saragossa with unexampled constancy and perseverance. Even the gloomy abodes of superstition and intolerance became the receptacles of high-minded patriots. Fourteen convents in the city were fortified in the best manner circumstances would permit, and were not carried by the enemy without the most desperate resistance. The French were allowed no breathing-time; the most desperate conflicts ensued for several successive days. The French say that they got possession 'of three fourths of the town, of the arsenal and the magazines,' but yet the unextinguished valour of Palafox and his heroic associates obliged them at last to leave the place under cover of the night.

The example of Saragossa alone is sufficient to prove that the resistance which the French will have to encounter in Spain, in the farther prosecution of the contest, is not to be contrasted with that which the cabinets of Vienna, of Berlin, or of Petersburg, have opposed to their attacks. The armies of Austria, of Prussia, and of Russia, were not animated by a sentiment of interest in the cause for which they fought. They were led, like beasts to the slaughter; and it mattered little to them whether they were victors or vanquished. But among the Spanish armies every individual feels a direct personal interest in the cause in which he is engaged. He feels that the

interest of his country is his own; that her losses and her gains are his losses and gains; and that he is completely identified with her victories or defeats, with her glory or her shame. Such is the difference between the soldier who is a slave fighting for a despot, and the soldier who is a freeman, fighting for the liberties and independence of his country.

From a wise, a dignified, and a truly patriotic manifesto, which has lately been published by the Supreme Junta of Seville, we see with pleasure that enlightened body recommending the formation of a Supreme Government to be constituted of two deputies from each of the supreme juntas of the kingdom, with an elective president in the absence of all the members of the royal family. Thus the authority of all the supreme juntas, and consequently of the people by whom they were appointed, will be concentrated in a point, and the jealousies of the different provinces will be made to submit to the general will. The government itself will assume a republican form; but that form, which is better adapted than any other to cherish and to support an enthusiastic devotion to the interests of the country, and in the love of liberty to absorb the fear of death, seems best suited to the *present* circumstances of Spain.

The emperor of Austria, incited probably by the intelligence from Spain, and aware that he must sooner or later have to contend with Bonaparte for his crown, if not his life, seems for some time to have been preparing for the last desperate struggle with the power by which he has been so often vanquished. Bonaparte who is well aware of the hostile mind of Austria, seems determined rather to anticipate than to wait for her attack. This must cause at least some diversion of his force, and prevent him, for the present, from exerting all his military resources against Spain.

The two victories which the British forces obtained over the French in Portugal on the 17th and 21st of last month filled us with the most lively joy; not more on account of the victories themselves than of the beneficial results by which, in common with the rest of our countrymen, we expected that they would be followed. In those results we anticipated the unconditional surrender of the French army, and of the Russian fleet. The comparative disparity of circumstances and of force between the French and the English armies naturally warranted this expectation, and prevented every reasonable man from indulging any other. The French army, after the losses which it had sustained, did not amount to ten thousand men; the British force was altogether more than triple the amount. The French were precluded from the possibility of receiving any reinforcements either by land or sea. They possessed no means of escape either by land or sea. Neither desperate valour nor

heroic enterprize, nor subtle contrivance, could in any common probability avert their capture. It might be delayed for a short time by the strength of the works which they occupied; but it must ere long have ensued.

Yet, in such circumstances, immediately after the most decisive victory, our commanders consent to receive the law from the French. The French General Kellerman, on the day after the battle of Vimeira, comes into the English camp, and absolutely dictates the terms of a suspension of arms which Sir Arthur Wellesley signs. In these terms it was provisionally agreed that the French should not be considered as prisoners of war, but that they should be suffered to return to France with their arms, baggage, and all the spoil of Portugal. The articles to which Sir Arthur Wellesley acceded in the agreement for a suspension of arms, deserve particular attention, because they laid the foundation of the definitive convention which followed; and they are, if possible, more humiliating and disgraceful than the terms which appear in that convention. In defence of Sir Arthur Wellesley, it is said that he signed the articles of a suspension of arms only in obedience to the orders which he received. But ought he to have signed what he disapproved? or was he under any obligation whatever thus to attest his own disgrace? There seems to have been a great contest both in the ministerial cabinet, and in what the author of a '*Plain Statement*,' respecting the Duke of York, calls the *domestic* or *family cabinet* of the King, respecting the appointment of a commander in chief to the army in Portugal. Sir Arthur Wellesley is said to have been supported by the majority of the ministers, and we leave it to those who are in the *secret* to explain why he was superseded by Sir Harry Burrard, and Sir Harry Burrard by Sir Hew Dalrymple. The appointment of the latter gentleman, however, is generally supposed to have been rather the result of a complicated intrigue than of any regard for the public weal. Thus the true interest of Britain has been sacrificed to the spirit of party, and the national glory, interest, and security have been less regarded than the sordid, the ambitious, or the selfish views of a few narrow-minded individuals. Sir Hew Dalrymple is represented as an old enervated voluptuary, more fit to repose on the couch of ease than to encounter the hardy labours of a military life. The surrender of Mack at Ulm, and of Whitelock at Buenos Ayres, are those contemporary events, which in point of conduct and of glory, have the closest approximation to the recent transactions of our commanders in Portugal.

The war between the Russians and Swedes in Finland remains in a state of fluctuating indecision; but the preponderance of success has lately been rather in favour of the Swedes.

The possession of Finland has, from its vicinity to Petersburg, long been an object of desire to that court; and it will certainly form a principal topic of contention in any future negotiation between the two powers. Does the publication of an intercepted letter from one of the Prussian ministers, named Stein, to a friend, respecting the hostile disposition of his countrymen to the French, which has lately appeared in the Paris papers, presage the total ruin of the house of Frederick, or was it published in order to tell that fallen court to beware of accelerating that event by her perfidious hostility? The house of Austria, swollen with pride, and yet conscious of imbecility, impatient of submission, and yet fearful of resistance, has for some time been vacillating between the dread of Bonaparte, and the feverish desire to attempt the recovery of the power which she has lost. The late events in Spain may, perhaps, have encouraged her hopes and weakened her fears. It is at least certain that her military preparations have excited the suspicions of Napoleon; and there is seldom any long interval between his suspicions of hostility and his anticipation of the attack which he suspects. It is probable that before Christmas the Emperor Francis will have to contend not only for his capital but his existence. If he is beaten in the field, he will probably be stripped of his imperial honours, and either be transported into France like the King of Spain, to terminate his days in captivity; or be liberated from his regrets by some *shorter process*, which the usurper knows so well how to practise both with subjects and with sovereigns. It is not to be supposed that Bonaparte would make any offensive movements against Austria at a time when so much of his force is occupied by the Spaniards, unless he had previous assurance of the co-operation of Alexander. Is the court of Vienna, exhausted by so many wars, and dispirited by so many defeats, likely to make a vigorous and successful opposition against such a formidable league? Will that court, in order to multiply its resources and redouble the courage of its troops, renounce its own despotism and give liberty to its subjects? Will the example of Spain convince the Austrian cabinet that no fortresses are so impregnable as those which the love of liberty and the sense of the possession can erect in the breast of man?

If Austria should be defeated in the impending contest with France, she will fall to rise no more. If Bonaparte should be beaten, he has triple and quadruple rows of fortresses behind which he can retire, where he may rally his force and recover from the blow. We must however assert that, if it were not for the effect which it may have on the success of the Spanish cause, we should behold the renewal of the war between the court of Vienna and the Tuilleries with perfect unconcern.

It is only one despotism waging war upon another, and humanity must suffer on which ever side the fortune of battle may incline.

If Austria be subjugated, the conquest of Turkey, which has been so long meditated, will be seriously begun. In such a project the Emperor Alexander would certainly very cordially second the designs of Napoleon. But since the late revolution at Constantinople, that power has assumed a more imposing attitude, and we believe that the natural tendencies to enthusiasm, which there are in the Mahometan religion, when operating on the inherent vigour of the Turkish character, may, if cherished and supported by a wise and efficient administration, render the conquest of Turkey a more difficult achievement than is commonly imagined. The Turkish institutions oppose such a bar to the progress of civilization, that there are many persons who would, on that account, readily see Turkey overrun by a Christian power; but is the Russian more civilized than the Turk? or are the legends of the koran more unfavourable to morality than the mummery of the Greek church?

It is impossible to ascertain what were the secret articles of the treaty of Tilsit; but conjecture is always ready to supply the defects of evidence; and it has been shrewdly suspected that the two emperors agreed to partition Europe between them. The western division was to be the lot of Bonaparte, and the eastern that of Alexander. The sovereigns whom they might suffer still to exercise a vicarious rule were either to minister to their splendour or to alleviate the burden of the administration. The formidable aspect which Spain, so lately considered as one of the brightest jewels of the western crown, has since assumed, must have greatly disarranged this plan if it ever were conceived. The salvation indeed of the west of Europe, from the pressure of an overwhelming despotism is, at this moment, at stake on the triumph of the Spanish patriots over the arms of France.

If the Spaniards succeed in establishing a free government; if the political influence of France be totally expunged from the Spanish councils, and both the government and the people recover their ancient vigour and independence; if the intellectual and moral and physical culture of the country experience no mischievous impediments in the new institutions which they may adopt, Spain must, from its natural resources, its situation, its climate, its productions, and the varied genius of its people, soon rise to the rank of a first-rate power. She will become as she was of old, the rival rather than the slave, the terror rather than the contempt of France.

Since the unfortunate union of the French and the Spanish dynasties, no adequate check has been found in the south to

the ambitious attempts of France in the north. But when Spain once more resumes her independence, she will be found a constant and formidable restraint on the aggressions of France on the other powers of Europe. Not only from motives of policy, but from long transmitted antipathies, from ancient rivalry, and from the sense of recent injuries, Spain cannot soon cease to be the enemy of France. But while France has such an enemy in the rear, who can pour troops into the most vulnerable part of her dominions in the south, she must necessarily keep her ambition within bounds, and be taught moderation, if not by the sentiment of public duty, by the pressure of imperious circumstances. When the unnatural alliance, which has, for more than a century, thrown the strength of Spain into the scale of France is totally dissolved, Spain will find a powerful and useful ally in England, and England in Spain; and both England and Spain, united in a firm and rational amity, may controul the turbulent spirit of France, and preserve the tranquillity of the world.

France is a power, which from the lively, restless, and ambitious temperament of her people will always want bridling; and can this salutary purpose be better effected than by the power of England in the north and of Spain in the south? In fighting for the liberties and independence of Spain England is in fact contending, though on Spanish ground, for her own liberties and independence. The interests of the two countries are at this moment the same. They are really one and indivisible; and so they must remain, till the present colossal greatness of France is considerably reduced. We have not often had occasion to bestow praise on the present ministers, but our candour tells us that they deserve the highest eulogy for the promptitude with which they have sent succours to Spain; and from the zeal which they have manifested in their endeavours to support the liberty and independence of that country; which are so intimately blended with our own. It is to be devoutly hoped, however, that the present cabinet will learn a lesson of wisdom from the unfortunate issue of their expedition to Portugal, and that by inflicting an exemplary punishment on the guilty, whoever they may be, they will convince the commanders of British armies that they cannot with impunity suffer the victories which they may gain in the field to be lost by their imbecility or their folly in the cabinet.

AN

ALPHABETICAL INDEX

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